











HER FATHER'S CONSENT.

The Dramatic Reciter

A MODERN BOOK OF ELOCUTION, READINGS,
RECITATIONS, DIALOGUES AND PLAYS

FOR HOME, SCHOOL AND ALL
PUBLIC AND SOCIAL
ENTERTAINMENTS

BY
RICHARD LINTHICUM

WITH INTRODUCTION, SPECIAL SELECTIONS AND LESSON TALKS
BY

MARVIN VICTOR HINSHAW
OF THE HINSHAW SCHOOL OF ORATORY AND MUSIC

PHOTO-PICTURES FROM LIFE

CHICAGO
THE MADISON BOOK CO.

1903

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PREFACE

ONE of the most pleasing and rational forms of entertainment is in those public and private gatherings at which selections from the best literature are read and recited, dialogues and tableaux presented, together with drills, marches, pantomime and musical features, which go to make up the programmes on such occasions. They not only afford enjoyable recreation, but are instructive and educative as well, inculcating and developing sound patriotism, and teaching in the most pleasing way the great moral lessons of life.

The publishers of this volume have learned from experience that there is a general demand for a book to supply the material for these entertainments, which shall not only contain the choicest selections in the English language, but shall have a practical value through the arrangement by an expert of these selections into programmes for every occasion.

In this volume, prepared by a writer of wide experience, both in literature and in the direction of home, church and school entertainments, the publishers feel confident that they have met this demand.

The introductory chapter on THE ART OF ELOCUTION contains complete instructions and rules laid down by the best teachers of elocution, for the guidance of those who wish to read, speak, recite, sing, act, or take part in any entertainment, public or private. This chapter teaches how to cultivate, develop, and use the voice; how to make correct gestures, how to give correct expression in recitations through the use of the head, the eyes, the arms, the body, and the lower limbs, and at the same time teaches the reader how to acquire gracefulness and self-possession, which are so necessary to a successful appearance in public. To these instructions have been added Physical Culture Exercises for the body, which are so simple that anyone can quickly learn and perform them.

Many of the selections both in prose and in verse are original and appear in print in this volume for the first time.

The variety of original and selected recitations and dialogues is shown by the various divisions made with reference to the subjects of which the selections treat:

Juvenile Gems for the Children contains selections suitable for little folks of all ages, from the smallest tot to boys and girls who are verging on young manhood and womanhood. They are all selections which the children themselves like and were submitted to the approval of children of various ages before they were compiled in this volume.

Patriotism and War contains the best patriotic and stirring literature that has been written from Revolutionary days to and including our war with Spain. National and School Holidays contain appropriate selections for each day observed as a holiday either in the nation or in the school, including New Year's Day, Lincoln's Birthday,

Washington's Birthday, Arbor Day, Decoration Day, Flag Day, Fourth of July, Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day, and Christmas.

Around the Evening Lamp is a department containing selections to be read or recited in the home circle after the evening lamp has been lit and the family has gathered around it for entertainment.

A great deal of space has been given to dialogues and pieces in which a half dozen or more persons can take part. There is such a great variety of these that some one or more of them will be found suitable for every occasion or form of entertainment that can arise.

Particular care has been used in preparing and selecting Tableaux, Pantomimes, Drills, and similar features, including the Maypole Dance and the Minuet, all arranged in attractive manner, with full explanation and direction how to present them. Other attractive features and departments in this volume will be found in the departments of Humorous Recitations, Religious and Moral, Dialect Selections, Temperance, Dramatic Readings, Orations of the World's Great Men, Love and Sentiment, and Miscellaneous Selections.

For the guidance and instruction of persons getting up and directing entertainments at home or in the church and school, a series of programmes are presented in this volume which will be found to meet the demand of every occasion.

The magnificent illustrations in this volume are not only sumptuous and beautiful but they have the same practical value as the selections. They are made from actual photographs of real scenes presented at public entertainments, and in addition to their beauty and appropriateness as works of art, they will serve to guide and instruct beginners in the art of appearing successfully in public entertainments.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the claim made for this volume as a COMPLETE AND THOROUGHLY PRACTICAL SPEAKER AND RECITER is well founded.

Very respectfully,

THE PUBLISHERS.

Introduction and Lesson Talk

By MARVIN VICTOR HINSHAW

OF THE HINSHAW SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION, ORATORY AND MUSIC



The art of elocution and oratory is not, as many erroneously suppose, an artificial combination of tones, looks and gestures, but is the scientific portrayal of thoughts and emotions by means of vocal and physical expression. A knowledge of a few fundamental rules and principles which govern these methods of expression will equip the elocutionist or orator to appear to advantage before an audience. The measure of success to be attained afterward will depend upon the speaker's capacity to think the thoughts and feel the emotions to be expressed.

Naturalness, ease and grace are essential to success in public speaking. The easiest and most graceful position is to stand erect, not stiffly, but naturally, with one foot slightly in advance of the other and the weight of the body on the back foot. Then speak clearly and distinctly; do not hurry your enunciation of words, but speak every syllable plainly, sounding all of the consonants at the end of the words, but sustaining only the vowels.

While speaking, support the tone entirely by the breath; do not use the muscles of the throat for this purpose. Speak from the diaphragm, in other words let the tones come from the chest and not from the

throat, otherwise the voice will not carry, and the audience will hear only a confusion of guttural sounds. The power which propels the breath is in the diaphragm and walls of the chest, therefore diaphragmatic breathing is always correct, and *not* abdominal breathing as many suppose. Speak with forceful and compact breath, and never breathe in the middle of the phrase,—but only between phrases—all pauses which occur during the continuance of a phrase must be made without renewing the breath in order to be effective.

Correct phrasing can be acquired by always speaking in phrases, and not by the live or semi-phrase.

While it is essential to correct speaking that there should be no hurry, it is quite as important that the delivery should not be prolonged, but that each phrase and sentence should be spoken with regularity.

Aside from the regular pauses indicated by punctuation, the speaker should always make such pauses as will strengthen the meaning of the words. A word can frequently be emphasized to a greater degree by a momentary pause than it can by any stress of voice.

In another chapter will be found suggestions concerning gesture with the most

important gestures illustrated by photographs. To this I wish to add that although correct gesture is one of the greatest aids of expression, too many gestures will spoil the effect of what would otherwise be a most successful effort. Therefore, I advise the use of few gestures and only such as will tend to emphasize what is said.

The rules for speaking apply with the same force and exactness to reading, for reading should be a perfect facsimile of speaking.

In speaking, reading, or portraying a character in a dialogue or play speak with the face as well as the voice. Exercise the facial muscles and practice until you can control them, for the emotions of Anger, Love, Grief, Fear, Surprise, Hate, etc., should be mirrored in the face as well as conveyed by the voice.

Every part of the body can be made to aid expression—the arms, the hands, the eyes, the legs, the feet, the head—there is use for them all, particularly in portraying characters in dialogues and plays, where

there is wider range of expression than in a single recitation.

But whether the character to be portrayed, whether in recitation, dialogue or play, the speaker should always speak in a voice natural to such a character, and for the time being imagine *himself* or *herself* that particular individual.

The selections in this volume are admirably adapted to the widest range of elocutionary, oratorical and dramatic expression, and embrace a wide variety of the best literature for use in public and private entertainments.

The illustrations are very effective and will greatly aid the speaker to appear before the public to the best advantage, inasmuch as they portray actual scenes in a great variety of entertainments. The photographs which accompany the lesson on Gesture show the expression of various emotions, through the attitude, the position of the arms and other parts of the body. The facial expression is excellent in all of them and they are a safe guide to any student of elocutionary art.

M. V. H.



Photo by Byron, N. Y.

THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD.



A PLEA FOR FORGIVENESS.

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Exercises for the Body



1. With body erect and hands at sides, move the head to right and left, and forward and backward; cultivates the muscles of the neck.

2. With hands on the hips, move the upper part of the body to right and left, and forward and backward; this cultivates the muscles of the chest and back.

3. Close the hands, extend the arms in front, and bring the hands together behind the back; repeat at least twenty times.

4. Stand erect, with arms straight at the sides; move the arms outward from the sides, and elevate them, bringing the hands above the head; repeat at least twenty times.

5. Hold the right arm out horizontally, palm of hand upward; double the left arm, the tips of the fingers resting on the shoulder; then stretch out the left arm, at the same time doubling the right arm and placing the tips of the fingers on the right shoulder; repeat, and then make the movements with both arms simultaneously.

6. Holding the arms straight, swing them with a rotary motion, thrusting them forward as they are elevated and backward as they are lowered, bringing them to the sides, and then repeat.

7. Lift the hands from the sides to the shoulders, then raise the arms at full length above the head, and also extend them horizontally, dropping them at the sides; repeat.

8. Standing erect, with the hands on the hips, lower the body, bending the knees, the weight resting on the toes, and rise; repeat at least fifteen times, but not too fast.

9. Placing the hands on the hips, right

leg forward and left leg slightly bent; thrust the body forward, thus straightening the left leg and bending the right; then placing the left leg forward, repeat movements.

10. With the body bent forward, closed hands between the knees, raise the body and elevate the hands above the head, taking care to keep the arms straight; repeat.

11. Place the hands on the front side of the hips, bend the body forward, and then rise to an erect position, at the same time throwing the head backward; repeat.

12. Steady yourself with one hand on a chair; place the other hand on the hip and swing the leg forward across the other; then backward; repeat and then swing the other leg in like manner.

13. Steady yourself with one hand on a chair, place the other hand on the hip, and swing the leg forward and backward; repeat, and then swing the other leg in like manner.

14. Stretch the body forward, placing the hands on the bottom of a chair; then straighten the arms and raise the body. This must not be repeated so many times as to render the muscles sore and stiff.

15. Extend the arms forward at full length, palms downward; then move the hands backward and forward as far as possible; this renders the fingers and muscles of the wrist pliant.

16. Stand erect with hands on the hips and light weight on the head; then rise on the toes and fall.

17. Extend the arms slightly from the sides, close the hands and then rotate them; this cultivates the muscles of the arms.

The Art of Elocution

HOW TO READ AND RECITE CORRECTLY WITH RULES FOR THE CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE



ELOCUTION is the art of reading and speaking correctly. Its rules relate chiefly to the management of the voice in the expression of thought and emotion.

The vocal qualifications, necessary to enable the reader or speaker to bring out the sense and sentiment of discourse in a pleasing and impressive manner, are:

First, a clear, full, resonant voice.

Second, a perfectly distinct, and correct articulation.

Third, such a control of the voice, as to be able to vary its modulations at pleasure.

Ignorance of the right way of using the lungs and the larynx, in speaking, reading, singing, has caused more cases of bronchitis and pulmonary consumption among students, vocalists, clergymen and other public speakers, than all other causes combined.

The right use of the breathing apparatus, in connection with the exercise of the voice, ought, therefore, to be the first subject to which the attention of the student of Elocution is called. Before the pupil is permitted to read a sentence, he must be taught, not by precept, but by example, how to manage the breath while exercising the voice.

The person thus trained will speak, read or sing, in a clear, full, natural tone, and will grow up, in a great measure, free from the worst faults and defects in Elocution.

BREATHING EXERCISE.

Stand or sit erect; keep the head up and the chest expanded; throw the shoulders well back; place the hands upon the hips, with the fingers pressing upon the abdo-

men, and the thumbs extending backward; inhale the breath slowly, until the lungs are fully inflated, retaining the breath for a few moments, then breathing it out as slowly as it was taken in.

Let the chest rise and fall freely at every inspiration, and take care not to make the slightest aspirate sound, in taking or giving out the breath.

Continue to take in and throw out the breath with increasing rapidity, until you can instantly inflate, and, as suddenly, empty the lungs. Repeat this exercise several times a day, and continue it as long as it is unattended with dizziness or other unpleasant feelings.

EXPRESSION.

Expression includes the rules and exercise which relate to the management of the voice, the look, gesture and action, in the expression, thought, sentiment and passion.

Exercises in articulation should be practiced until a good control of the voice has been obtained.

A good articulation consists in giving to each element in a syllable its due proportion of sound and correct expression, so that the ear can readily distinguish each word, and every syllable that is uttered.

A full pure tone of voice, and a good articulation, constitute the basis of every other excellence in reading and oratory.

TESTING THE VOICE.

To obtain a full, deep, rich tone, the student must resort to every conceivable expedient for modifying the voice. When-

ever he utters a sound that is very pleasing to the ear, or that impresses his mind as being very striking or significant, he should repeat it, until he can command it without difficulty at his pleasure.

The most significant, impressive and pleasing tones of the voice can not be taught, or even described; the pupil, if he ever learns them, must find them out for himself, by careful, persevering practice. In short, he must try every plan, and resort to every appliance that he can command, in his endeavors to perfect himself in the art of reading and speaking with ease, elegance and impressive effect.

STYLES OF ELOCUTION.

One of the most important matters to be considered before engaging in a reading or declamatory exercise, is the style or manner in which the piece should be given.

In Argument, the style must be characterized by directness and earnestness.

In Description, the speaker must proceed in precisely the same manner that he would if he were actually describing the thing spoken of.

In Narration, he must proceed as if narrating some part of his own experience.

In Persuasion, he must use those tones, looks and gestures only, which he knows are appropriate to persuasion.

In Exhortation, he must appeal, beseech and implore, as the case may require.

In pieces of a mixed character, he must vary the style to suit the sentiment and character of the passage.

When the reader understands the principles and rules which have been discussed, sufficiently well to be able to give a correct, practical exemplification of each of them, he ought to select passages for himself, suitable as exercises in cadence, pause, parenthesis, antithesis, climax, amplification, repetition and transition; also in

pitch, force, stress, movement, quantity, in personation, in style, and in every rule in modulation and expression.

He must especially practice in every kind of stress, and with every degree of force, from the most subdued whisper to the shout of enthusiastic exultation.

GENERAL RULES FOR THE CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE.

The only basis upon which a full, firm, pure tone of voice can be formed, is deep and copious breathing. To do this the chest must be well thrown out, the head erect, and the throat and mouth opened so wide that the voice will meet with no obstruction in its course.

The great object in commencing any systematic course of vocal culture, ought to be to deepen and strengthen the voice. To accomplish this, the student must, in his vocal exercises, stretch the muscles about the throat and the root of the tongue, and those that regulate the action of the lower jaw, so as to form the voice lower down in the throat than he is in the habit of doing.

COMPASS OF THE VOICE.

To increase the compass of the voice, declaim short passages which require intense force on a high pitch. The pupil will discover, after the voice has been thus taxed to its highest capabilities, that it will perform its office with surprisingly greater facility and ease on the natural key, and in a lower pitch than he could reach before.

The most contracted and superficial voice may soon be made strong and flexible by this kind of exercise; and it cannot be improved in any other way. If your voice is feeble, practice singing, shouting and declaiming with the utmost force, at the top of the voice, whenever opportunity presents itself, and it will soon acquire sufficient strength and resonance.

Gestures

Gesture, to be appropriate and impressive, must be natural. When gesture has its origin in the mere caprice of the speaker, it will appear artificial and out of place.

The speaker who is unable to manage his



DIGNITY

voice, is never easy and graceful in his gestures.

If the voice is exercised on too high a key, or in a harsh, aspirated, guttural, or impure tone of any kind, the attitude will be stiff and awkward, and the gestures broken, irregular and difficult. But the speaker who has a good command of his voice, if he understands his subject, and is self-possessed, will speak with ease; and

his gesticulation, if not always graceful, will be appropriate and expressive.

Before the pupil can be easy and natural in his action and gesticulation, he must have perfect control of his voice. Any attempt, therefore, which he may give to the cultivation of gesture and action, before he has obtained a good control of his voice, will be labor spent in vain.

Stand or sit erect, in an easy and graceful position, and hold the book in the left hand on a level with the face. Look from your book to the audience, as often and as long at a time as you can, without missing the place. Make but few gestures, and then only when you are looking at your audience. To gesticulate while your eye is resting upon the book is not only inappropriate, but ridiculous.

In didactic or unimpassioned discourse, gesticulation is not necessary, farther than occasionally to slightly change the position and movement of the hands, or to move the head and body sufficiently to look at



RIDICULE

your audience from right to left. In discourse of this character the gestures and movements should be executed slowly, and as gracefully as possible. In stating unimportant particulars, or speaking about matters which require a quiet, narrative style, the right arm and hand should be chiefly used.

There are three positions in which the hand and arm may rest, and, by slowly changing from one to the other of these positions, stiffness and rigidity in the gestures of the arm will be avoided.

First: Let the arm hang naturally by the side.

Second: Let the hand rest upon the hip, the elbow thrown well backward.



AWKWARD IMITATION



DISCERNMENT

Third: Let it rest between the buttons of your vest, on your bosom.

In all these positions the muscles of the arm and hand must be relaxed, so that the attitude may be, at once, easy and natural.

Descriptive gestures are those used in pointing out or describing objects. The pupil will soon acquire skill in the use of these, by practicing in accordance with the following instructions:

Pronounce the names of a few objects near you, and, as you mention the name of



GRACEFULNESS

each, extend the arm and point the fore-finger or the open hand, in the direction of the object, completing the gesture the moment you utter the accented syllable of the name of the word: thus,

1. The gentleman on my right, the lady on my left, the vacant chair before me, the books, maps and pictures all around me.

2. High, Low, Left, Right: on pronouncing the word HIGH, raise the hand gracefully above the head; on LOW, let

it fall slowly and gracefully; LEFT, let the arm and hand be extended to the left; on the word RIGHT, to the right.

3. Before commencing the gesture always let the eye glance in the direction of the object, concerning which you are about to speak.

4. Do not move the arm and hand to the intended position by the shortest course, but describe a waving line, and let the motion be rather slow, until the position is almost reached, then let the hand move quickly to its place, in completing the gesture.



THE AWKWARD SALUTE



SURPRISE

When the student has obtained a tolerable command over his arms, hands and lower limbs, let him select for himself short passages suitable as exercises in descriptive gesture and action.

- I. Their swords flashed in front,
While their plumes waved behind.

2. His throne is on the mountain top,
His fields the boundless air,
And hoary hills, that proudly prop
The skies, his dwelling are.
3. Mountains above, earth's, ocean's
plain below.
4. Death in the front, destruction in
the rear.
5. See through this air, this ocean, and
this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into
birth.

The hanging down of the head denotes shame or grief.

The holding of it up, pride or courage.

To nod forward implies assent.

To toss the head back, dissent.

The inclination of the head implies diffidence or languor.

The head is averted, in dislike or horror.

It leans forward, in attention.



COQUETRY

THE EYES.

The eyes are raised in prayer.

They weep, in sorrow.

They burn, in anger.

They are downcast or averted, in shame or grief.

They are cast on vacancy, in thought.

They are cast in various directions, in doubt and anxiety.

THE ARMS.

The placing of the hand on the head, indicates pain and distress.



CHEERFULNESS



SAUCINESS

On the eyes, shame or sorrow.

On the hips, an injunction of silence.

On the breast, an appeal to conscience.

The hand is waved or flourished, in joy or contempt.

Both hands are held supine, or they are applied, or clasped in prayer.

Both are held prone, in blessing.

They are clasped, or wrung in affliction.

They are held forward, and received, in friendship.

THE BODY.

The body held erect, indicates steadiness and courage.

THE LOWER LIMBS.

The firm position of the lower limbs, signifies courage or obstinacy.

Bended knees indicate timidity, or weakness.

The lower limbs advance, in desire or courage.

They retire, in aversion or fear.

Start, in terror.

Stamp, in authority or anger.

Kneel, in submission or prayer.

These are a few of the simple gestures which may be termed significant.



FEARLESSNESS

Thrown back, pride.

Stooping forward, condescension or compassion.

Bending, reverence or respect.

Prostration, the utmost humility or abasement.



FEAR

**VOCAL EXERCISE PREPARATORY TO
READING OR SPEAKING IN PUBLIC.**

A beneficial influence is exerted on the voice, by the most vigorous and sustained exercises upon the elementary sounds, and by reading and declaiming with the utmost force consistent with purity of tone, immediately before retiring for the night. The organs of speech are thus rendered flexible for exercise on the succeeding day. Even an interval of only an hour or two, between the preliminary exercise and the subsequent effort, will, in most cases, afford the organs of speech time to rest, and resume their natural state.



ANXIETY



REPROACH

The best course that can be pursued to prepare the voice for speaking within a short time, is to repeat all the elementary sounds several times in succession; then declaim a few select passages; first, with ordinary force, in the middle pitch; then, progressively elevate the pitch and increase the force and the rate of utterance; lastly, go over them two or three times in the deepest and lowest tone you can reach.



INNOCENT COYNESS

**HOW TO ACQUIRE A CONTROL OF THE
VOICE IN EITHER HIGH OR LOW
KEY.**

By exercising the voice with great force, for a short time in a low key—paradoxical as it may seem—you will immediately afterward be able to speak with much greater ease upon a high key; and by exercising the voice with great force in a very high pitch, you will be able within a short time afterward, to read or speak, with greater ease than before, on a low or very low pitch.

NATURAL PITCH OF VOICE.

“Every person has some pitch of voice in which he converses, sings and speaks with greater effect and facility than in any other. It should be an object of constant solicitude, with every person who desires to become a good speaker or reader, to find what is the natural pitch of his voice.



WONDERMENT



THE IDEAL POISE.



THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.



National Readings and Declamations



Selections suitable for New Year's, Lincoln's Birthday, Washington's Birthday, Easter, Arbor Day, Decoration Day, Flag Day, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day, and Christmas.

THE OLD FARM KITCHEN.

IN an old New England kitchen, where a warm wood fire burned bright, Sat honest Farmer Ketcham and his wife one winter night.

The wind without was wailing, with a wild and woeful sound,

And the fleecy folds of the drifting snow lay deep upon the ground;

But what cared Farmer Ketcham for the tumult out of doors,

For he had foddered the cattle and done the other chores.

And snug in the chimney-corner in his easy-chair he sat,

Silently smoking his old clay pipe and pooring the purring cat;

While plying her knitting-needles, his wife rocked to and fro,

Humming a hymn and dreaming a dream of the long ago.

Over the old-time fire-place a rusty musket hung,

And a score of strings of apples from the smoky ceiling swung.

While, back in the dingy corner, the tall clock ticked away,

And looked like the sagging farmhouse, fast falling to decay.

The knitting fell from the woman's hands, the old man turned about,

He took the pipe from his mouth and slowly knocked the ashes out;

And, after thinking a moment, he said, with a solemn air—

“’Tis Christmas Eve, but the stockin’s don’t hang by the chimbley there.”

The woman sighed, and then replied, in a sad and faltering tone,

“The years hev come and the years hev gone, and we are ag’in alone,

An’, I hev jest been thinkin’ o’ a Christmas long ago,

When the winders were frosted over an’ the ground was white with snow;

When we sat in the chimbley-corner, by the firelight’s cheerful gleam,

When our lives were full o’ promise, an’ the futur’ but a dream,

When all the rest o’ our folks hed gone away to bed,

An’ we sat an’ looked an’ I listened to the whispered words you said,

Till home from Benson’s store came rollickin’ brother John,

An’ a peekin’ thro’ the winder, saw what was agoin’ on;

Then how the neighbors tattled an’ talked all over town,

Till you an’ I were married an’ quietly settled down.

“While a rummagin’ thro’ the cobwebs in the garret t’other day,

I found a pile o’ broken toys in a corner stowed away;

An’ a lot o’ leetle worn out boots a layin’ in a heap,

Ez they used to lay on the kitchen floor

when the boys hed gone to sleep.
 I looked at the worn-out trundle-bed, an'
 the cradle long laid by,
 An' a leanin' ag'in the chimbley there, I
 couldn't help but cry—
 Fur the faces o' my children came back to
 me once more,
 An' I almost heard the patter o' their feet
 upon the floor.
 I tho't o' the'r happy voices an' the leetle
 prayers they said,
 Ez they used to gather round me when
 'twas time to go to bed.

"Of all the earthly treasures we prize in
 this world below,
 The ones we love the fondest are the first
 to fade and go.
 Of all the beautiful children that came to
 our fireside,
 The one we loved most dearly wus our
 leetle girl that died.
 How calm in her leetle coffin she looked in
 her last repose,
 Ez sweet ez the fairest lily, ez pure ez a
 tuberosse.
 An' I can well remember the sadness o'
 the day,
 When my heart wus well nigh broken ez
 they carried her away.

"The oldest o' our children wus a proud
 and han'some boy,
 He wus his father's fondest hope an' his
 mother's pride an' joy,
 I used to play with his chubby hands an'
 kiss his leetle feet,
 An' wonder ef ever a babe wus born more
 beautiful an' sweet;
 An' many a night, by candle light, when he
 wus snug in bed,
 I've patched his leetle clo's with weary
 hands an' an achin' head.
 We sent him away to college; he did un-
 commonly well,

Till he went to live in the city, an' married
 a city belle—
 O' all our earthly trials; o' all our worldly
 care;
 The cold neglect o' a thankless child is the
 hardest o' all to bear.
 His wife is a woman with only high notions
 in her head;
 She couldn't well knit a stockin', nor bake
 a loaf of bread.
 'She plays on the grand pianner, nor works
 with her lily hands,
 An' she talks in a foreign lingo that no
 one understands;
 Whenever I go to see her, I tell you it
 makes me smile
 To see how it hurts her feelin's to look at
 my country style.

"The youngest o' our livin' boys I never
 could understand;
 He didn't take to le'rnin' no more'n a fish
 to land,
 He wus wayward an' hard to govern, not-
 altogether bad,
 He wus firm, an' proud, an' set in his ways,
 but not a vicious lad.
 An' somehow we couldn't keep him quite
 under our control,
 But I know that he had an honest heart,
 an' a true an' noble soul,
 An' a mother's prayers will go with him
 wherever he may be;
 God keep him safe an' bring him home in
 His good time to me.

"I miss our children's voices, fur all hev
 gone away—
 One hez gone to the better land, an' the
 rest hev gone astray.
 I wonder ef up in Heaven, where all is
 bright an' fair,
 Ef we will meet our children an' they will
 love us there?"

There was a rap at the outside door, the
old folks gave a start;
The woman sprang from her rocking-chair
with a flutter at her heart;
The door swung widely open and banged
against the wall,
And into the farmhouse kitchen strode a
stranger dark and tall.
The mother looked at his bearded face a
moment in surprise;
She saw a quiver about his mouth and a
glad look in his eyes;
She lifted up her hands to Heaven, she
uttered a cry of joy,

And bowed her white head lovingly on the
breast of her wayward boy.

The red flame glowed upon the hearth, the
beech logs cracked and steamed;
And on the floor and time-worn walls the
firelight glowed and gleamed;
That old New England kitchen had never
been more bright
Than it was to Farmer Ketcham and his
wife that winter night.

—From "Original Recitations," by
Eugene J. Hall.

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A BIRTHDAY ADDRESS.

(Suitable for recitation at any birthday party.)

GENTLEMEN:—Since nobody wishes to die everybody must be glad he was born. It is a good thing to have a birthday, but its pleasure is increased when your friends in this substantial way indicate their joy that you came into the world. Artemus Ward said: "It would have been ten dollars in the pocket of Jefferson Davis if he had never been born." But the only limitation upon natal festivities is the necessity of making a speech. The difficulty increases when the occasion has called together such a good company.

It is an indisputable fact that the whole people of the United States were never so powerful, or so prosperous, or collectively and individually possessed so much in opportunity, in liberty, in education, in employment, in wages, in men who from nothing have become powers in the community, and boys who from poverty have secured education and attained competence, as to-day. A young man who can pay a dollar for a dinner and do no injustice to his family has started success-

fully in his career. There is scarcely one now present who cannot remember the difficulty, the anxieties and the work of securing his first surplus dollar. Everyone of you from that dollar has, because of American conditions, and a true conception of American liberty, become a leader in the pulpit, at the bar, in medicine, in journalism, in art, in the management of industries, in the work of firms and corporations and in business of every kind. This assemblage—and its like can be gathered in every state, county, city and village in our country—illustrates that true spirit of commercialism which inspires ambition and makes a career; that true development of American manhood which is ever striving for something better in its material conditions, which has time for the work of the church, for politics, for the public service, for the improvement of the home and the pleasures of and for the family.

As we advance in life we appreciate more day by day the value of time.

With every revolution of the earth there is less left. We must economize it. We who are active in affairs and must meet many people find out who are the enemies and who the friends of our time. The scatter-brain dissipates and the sure-footed man conserves it. The late Leopold Morse, while a member of Congress, was entertained at a big house on Fifth avenue. A guest said: "Delighted to see you, Morse. Where are you stopping?" Morse replied: "At the St. Cloud Hotel." His friend said: "For Heaven's sake, Morse, don't do that again; that's the San Clou." The next day Morse went into his banker's, who said: "Glad to see you, Morse; where are you stopping?" Morse said, "At the San Clou." The banker said: "Come off your perch. That may do in Boston, but here it's plain English, St. Cloud." Morse, much distressed, was stopped on Wall street soon after by an acquaintance, who said: "Morse, I want to come and see you this evening; where are you stopping?" Morse answered: "Hanged if I know." Morse should have been sure of himself and stuck to it. The man who ought to be killed after the first half hour is the one who, having made an engagement, uses thirty minutes in developing a matter in which he knows you are interested and then proceeds, having gained, as he thinks, your confidence, to exploit the scheme for which he came. I always turn that man down.

The sure-footed man is a benefactor. In the pulpit he gives you something to take home to think about and talk over at the Sunday dinner; at the bar he makes the jury in a short time think his way and the judge is influenced by his directness and lucidity. He states his business proposition to you so quickly and so clearly that you know instantly whether you can afford to embark in it or not. He dis-

misses his board of directors with a ten-minute statement which reveals to them the exact condition and true prospects of the company. He tells a story so that the point punctures and delights you without giving you the horrors of knowing it long before he is through. You sit beside him if you can at dinner, you select him for your companion in travel, you take him into your business if he is free and you make him your executor in your will.

My friends, we pass this way but once. We cannot retrace our steps to any preceding milestone. Every time the clock strikes, it is both the announcement of the hour upon which we are entering and the knell of the one which is gone. Each night memory balances the books and we know before we sleep whether the result is on the right or the wrong side of our account. In some measure we can meet the injunction of the poet who said:

"Think that day lost whose low descending sun,
Views from thy hand no noble action done."

There is no cant in this sentiment. The noble action does not mean necessarily anything in the realms of romance or heroism. It may be the merest commonplace in business or association, a word of sympathy, kindness or encouragement, a little help sorely needed and not felt by the giver, but if it has shed one beam of brightness into the life of another the dividend is earned. The older we grow the more we realize that life is worth the living. We think too little of the fun there is in it. We are too parsimonious of laughter. We do not appreciate as we ought the man or the woman who can make us forget while we are amused. We cannot help the past and that man is a fool who lives in it. To-day is a better day than yesterday, but to-mor-

row is the land of promise. Let us walk
through our pathways be they rugged or
smooth, believing in Browning's beautiful
lines:

The earth is crammed with Heaven,
And every common bush afire with God,
But only he who sees takes off his shoes.

—*Chauncey M. Depew.*



THANKSGIVING IN MANY LANDS.

THERE'S Thanksgiving turkey for you,
little boy,

But 'round the North Pole, where it's
quiet,

They're dining to-day on a slice of roast
whale

With fricasseed snowballs and polar bear's
tail,

And the milk is ice cream when it reaches
the pail,

For the cows have pistache in their diet.
Just listen to that, little Johnny!

There's a bonny plum pudding for you,
little boy,

But the little boys 'round the equator
Have cocoanut stew and a salad of dates,

And an orange a minute as big as their
pates,

And a little brown monkey to hand round
the plates,

And bananas are used for potater!

Just think about that, little Johnny!

There's mince pie and doughnuts for you,
little boy,

But abroad all the children are living
On wonderful dishes, I couldn't say what,
So queer and so spicy, so cold and so
hot!

But the best thing of all doesn't fall to their
lot—

For they haven't got any Thanksgiving!
You wouldn't like that, little Johnny!

—*Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.*



THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

(The custom of decorating the graves, both of Federal and Confederate soldiers on Decoration Day, makes this recitation peculiarly appropriate for Decoration Day exercises.)

BY the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass
quiver,

Asleep in the ranks of the dead: —

Under the sod and the dew,

Waiting the judgment day;

Under the one, the Blue,

Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,

In the dusk of eternity meet:—

Under the sod and the dew,

Waiting the judgment day;

Under the laurel, the Blue,

Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,

The desolate mourners go,

Lovingly laden with flowers,

Alike for the friend and the foe:—

Under the sod and the dew,

Waiting the judgment day;

Under the roses, the Blue,

Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our
dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.



WATCHING THE NEW YEAR IN.

GOOD old days—dear old days
When my heart beat high and
bold—

When the things of earth seemed full of
mirth

And the future a haze of gold!
Oh, merry was I that winter night,
And gleeful our little one's din,
And tender the grace of my darling's face
As we watched the New Year in.

But a voice—a spectre's that mocked at
love—

Came out of the yonder hall;
"Tick-tock, tick-tock!" 'twas the solemn
clock
That ruefully croaked to all.

Yet what knew we of the griefs to be
In the year we longed to greet?
Love—love was the theme of the sweet,
sweet dream
I fancied might never fleet!

But the spectre stood in that yonder
gloom,

And these were the words it spake:
"Tick-tock, tick-tock!"—and they seemed
to mock

A heart about to break.

'Tis New Year's eve, and again I watch
In the old familiar place,
And I'm thinking again of that old time
when

I looked on a dear one's face.
Never a little one hugs my knee,
And I hear no gleeful shout—
I am sitting alone by the old hearth-stone,
Watching the old year out.

But I welcome the voice in yonder gloom
That solemnly calls to me;
"Tick-tock, tick-tock!"—for so the clock
Tells of a life to be;
"Tick-tock, tick-tock!"—'tis so the clock
Tells of eternity. —Eugene Field.

GARFIELD'S TRIBUTE TO HIS FALLEN COMRADES.

IF silence is ever golden, it must be here, beside the graves of fifteen thousand men, whose lives were more significant than speech, and whose death was a poem, the music of which can never be sung. With words we make promises, plight faith, praise virtue. Promises may not be kept, plighted faith may be broken, and vaunted virtue be only the cunning mark of vice.

We do not know one promise these men made, one pledge they gave, one word they spoke; but we do know they summed up and perfected by one supreme act the highest virtue of men and citizens. For love of country they accepted death, and thus resolved all doubts and made immortal their patriotism and their virtue. For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict. He must still withstand the assaults of time and fortune; must still be assailed with temptations before which lofty natures have fallen. But with these, the conflict ended, the victory was won, when death stamped on them the great seal of heroic character, and closed a record which years can never blot.

At the beginning of the Christian era an imperial circus stood on the summit of what is now known as the Vatican Mount

in Rome. There gladiator slaves died for the sport of Rome, and wild beasts fought with wilder men. In that arena, a Galilean fisherman gave up his life, a sacrifice for his faith. No human life was ever so nobly avenged. On that spot was reared the proudest Christian temple ever built by human hands. As the traveler descends the Apennines, he sees the dome of St. Peter's rising above the desolate Campagna, and the dead city, long before the seven hills and ruined palaces appear to his view. The fame of the dead fisherman has outlived the glory of the Eternal City.

Seen from the western slope of our Capitol, this spot is not unlike the Vatican Mount. A few years ago the soil beneath our feet was watered with the tears of slaves. Yonder proud Capitol awakened no pride, inspired no hope. The face of the goddess was turned toward the sea, and not toward them. But thanks be to God, this arena of slavery is a scene of violence no longer! This will be forever the sacred mountain of our Capitol. Here is our temple. Its pavement is the sepulcher of heroic hearts; its dome, the bending heaven; its altar candles, the watching stars.

—James A. Garfield.



THE MANGER OF BETHLEHEM.

THERE'S a song in the air!
 There's a star in the sky!
 There's a mother's deep prayer
 And a baby's low cry!
 And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
 For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

There's a tumult of joy
 O'er the wonderful birth,
 For the virgin's sweet boy
 Is the Lord of the earth,
 Ay! the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing,
 For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

In the light of that star
 Lie the ages impearled;
 And that song from afar
 Has swept over the world.
 Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful
 sing,
 In the homes of the nations that Jesus is
 King!

We rejoice in the light,
 And we echo the song
 That comes down through the night
 From the heavenly throng.
 Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they
 bring,
 And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and
 King.



MEMORIAL DAY.

THE cycling years again have brought
 To us, Memorial Day;
 The gallant men who bravely fought
 For us are old and gray.
 Their numbers, year by year, grow less,
 And more are laid away,
 Where we with flowers their graves may
 dress,
 On each Memorial Day.

Then bring the blossoms fair and sweet,
 To deck each grass-grown bed,
 While reverently we all repeat:
 "Here lie our honored dead,
 Whose memory we will all revere
 Till time shall pass away,
 And sacred keep with every year
 A new Memorial Day."

—Emma Shaw.



SIMON SOGG'S THANKSGIVING.

LET Earth give thanks," the deacon
 said,
 And then the proclamation read.

"Give thanks fer what an' what about?"
 Asked Simon Soggs when church was out.
 "Give thanks fer what? I don't see why;
 The rust got in an' spiled my rye,
 And hay wan't half a crop, and corn
 All wilted down and looked forlorn.
 The bugs jest gobbled my pertaters,
 The what-you-call-em lineaters,
 And gracious! when you come to wheat,
 There's more than all the world can eat;
 Unless a war should interfere,
 Crops won't bring half a price this year;
 I'll hev to give 'em away, I reckon!"
 "Good for the poor!" exclaimed the
 deacon.

"Give thanks fer what?" asked Simon
 Soggs.

"Fer th' freshet carryin' off my logs?
 Fer Dobbin goin' blind? Fer five
 Uv my best cows, that was alive
 Afore the smashin' railroad come
 And made it awful troublesome?
 Fer that hay stack the lightnin' struck
 And burnt to ashes?—thund'r in luck!
 For ten dead sheep?" sighed Simon Soggs.
 The Deacon said, "You've got yer hogs!"

"Give thanks? and Jane and baby sick?
 I e'enmost wonder if ole Nick
 Ain't runnin' things!"

The deacon said,
 "Simon! yer people might be dead!"

"Give thanks!" said Simon Soggs again.
 "Jest look at what a fix we're in!
 The country's rushin' to the dogs
 At race horse speed!" said Simon Soggs.

"Rotten all through—in every State,—
 Why, ef we don't repudiate,
 We'll hev to build, fer big and small,
 A poor-house that'll hold us all.
 All round the crooked whisky still
 Is runnin' like the Devil's mill;
 Give thanks? How mad it makes me feel,
 To think how office-holders steal!
 The taxes paid by you and me
 Is four times bigger'n they should be;
 The Fed'ral Gov'ment's all askew,
 The ballot's sech a mockery, too!

Some votes too little, some too much,
 Some not at all—it beats the Dutch!
 And now no man knows what to do,
 Or how is how, or who is who.
 Deacon! corruption's sure to kill!
 This 'glorious Union' never will,
 I'll bet a continental cent,
 Elect another President!
 Give thanks fer what, I'd like to know?"

The deacon answered, sad and low,
 "Simon! It fills me with surprise,
 Ye don't see where yer duty lies;
 Kneel right straight down, in all the muss,
 And thank God that it ain't no wuss!"
 —*W. A. Croffut.*



JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS.

(Recitation for a boy from seven to ten.)

FATHER calls me William, sister calls
 me Will,
 Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call
 me Bill.
 Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a
 boy,
 Without them sashes, curls, an' things
 that's worn by Fauntleroy!
 Love to chawnk green apples an' go swim-
 min' in the lake—
 Hate to take the castor-ile they give for
 belly-ache!
 'Most all the time, the whole year round,
 there ain't no flies on me,
 But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I
 kin be!
 Got a yellor dog named Sport, sick him
 on the cat;
 First thing she knows she doesn't know
 where she is at!
 Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes
 out to slide,

'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all
 hook a ride,
 But sometimes when the grocery man is
 worried an' cross,
 He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups
 up his hoss,
 An' then I laff an' holler: "O, ye never
 teched me!"
 But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I
 kin be!
 Gran'ma says she hopes that when I get
 to be a man,
 I'll be a missionarer like her oldest brother
 Dan,
 As was et up by the cannibuls that lives
 in Ceylon's Ile,
 Where every prospeck pleases, an' only
 man is viie!
 But gran'ma she has never been to see a
 Wild West show,
 Nor read the Life of Daniel Boone, or
 else I guess she'd know

That Buff'lo Bill an' cowboys is good
enough for me!

Excep' just 'fore Christmas, when I'm
good as I kin be!

And then old Sport he hangs around, so
solemn-like an' still,

His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What's the
matter, little Bill?"

The old cat sneaks down off her perch an'
wonders what's become

Of them two enemies of hern that used to
make things hum!

But I am so perlite an' tend so earnestly
to biz,

That mother says to father: "How im-
proved our Willie is!"

But father, havin' been a boy hisself,
suspicious me

When, jest 'fore Christmas, I'm as good
as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of
candies, cakes, an' toys,

Was made, they say, for proper kids an'
not for naughty boys;

So wash yer face an' bresh yer hair, an'
mind yer p's and q's,

An' don't bust out your pantaloons, and
don't wear out your shoes;

Say "Yessum" to the ladies, an' "Yessur"
to the men,

An' when they's company, don't pass yer
plate for pie again;

But, thinkin' of the things yer'd like to
see upon the tree,

Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin
be!
—*Eugene Field.*



OUR HEROIC DEAD.

O SUN, subdue your splendor;
O birds, forget your mirth;

O robe of mist so tender,
Enshroud a lifeless earth.

O sea renew your mourning;

O winds, a requiem play;

O heart, with grief's intoning,
December wrest from May.

A nation weeps

And vigil keeps

O'er her heroic dead.

O sun, unsheath your lances;
Fling out your rainbow arch;

O music that entrances,
Sound a triumphal march.

O flag by heaven's portals
Unfurl your gleaming bars;

For there earth's dear immortals
Forever placed your stars.

A nation's praise

Its tribute pays

To her heroic dead.



MISTLETOE.

WHEN on the chandelier I saw
The mistletoe and holly,
The one conclusion I could draw
Led me straight on to folly.

For Marjory, with cheeks aglow
And lips, each one a berry,

Was smiling at the mistletoe
A smile peculiar, very.

I watched them both, and when above
Her head the green leaves fluttered,
I caught and kissed the girl I love
And something tender uttered.

She blushed, of course; the deed was done.
 Quoth she: "Since kissing's pleasant,
 I'll give you just another one,
 To be your Christmas present."

Good lovers all, take note of this,
 The Christmas prank of Cupid.
 A spray of mistletoe amiss
 Were nothing short of stupid.



DECORATION DAY.

A GAIN with reverent hands we strew
 Our heroes' graves with flowers of
 spring;
 How swift doth time's increasing flow,
 These hallowed days around us bring!
 And as we stand in silence near
 Their sacred dust, a gift we lay

Upon each lowly altar here,
 That shall not with the flowers decay!
 For grateful memory twines anew
 Her offering with the garlands fair,
 Laid where long sleep the brave and true,
 Whose honored dust we shield with
 care.



THE MEANING OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.

(Recitation for a boy.)

THE American flag means, then, all
 that the fathers meant in the Rev-
 olutionary War; it means all that the
 Declaration of Independence meant; it
 means all that the Constitution of a peo-
 ple, organizing for justice, for liberty, and
 for happiness, meant.

The American flag carries American
 ideas, American history, and American
 feeling.

Beginning with the colonies and com-
 ing down to our time, in its sacred her-
 aldry, in its glorious insignia, it has

gathered and stored chiefly this supreme
 idea: Divine Right of Liberty in Man.

Every color means liberty, every thread
 means liberty, every form of star and beam
 of light means liberty—liberty through
 law, and laws for liberty. Accept it, then,
 in all its fullness of meaning. It is not a
 painted rag. It is a whole national history
 It is the Constitution. It is the Govern-
 ment. It is the emblem of the sovereignty
 of the people. It is the Nation.—*From a
 speech by Henry Ward Beecher.*



A GOOD COUNTRY FOR ALL.

(For a very little girl. The speaker should wear the national colors, either combined in a
 dress or as decorations to a white dress.)

I WEAR these three colors to-day,
 The beautiful red, white and blue,
 Because 'tis the Fourth of July,
 And I thought I'd celebrate too.
 I know that our country began
 (Though I'm sure I cannot tell why),

One morning so long, long ago,
 And that was the Fourth of July.
 But one thing for certain and sure
 I've found out, although I'm so small,
 'Tis a country good to be in
 For little folks, big folks, and all.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

(An oration for Labor Day.)

THERE is dignity in toil—in toil of the hand as well as toil of the head—in toil to provide for the bodily wants of an individual life, as well as in toil to promote some enterprise of world-wide fame. All labor that tends to supply man's wants, to increase man's happiness, to elevate man's nature—in a word, all labor that is honest—is honorable too. Labor clears the forest, and drains the morass, and makes the "wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose." Labor drives the plow, and scatters the seeds, and reaps the harvest, and grinds the corn, and converts it into bread, the staff of life. Labor, tending the pastures and sweeping the waters, as well as cultivating the soil, provides with daily sustenance the nine hundred millions of the family of man. Labor gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field, and the fleece from the flock, and weaves it into raiment soft and warm and beautiful, the purple robe of the prince and the gray gown of the peasant being alike its handiwork. Labor moulds the brick, and splits the slate, and quarries the stone and shapes the column, and rears not only the humble cottage, but the gorgeous palace, and the tapering spire, and the stately dome. Labor, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long-hidden stores of coal to feed ten thousand furnaces, and in millions of homes to defy the winter's cold.

Labor explores the rich veins of deeply-buried rocks, extracting the gold and silver, the copper and tin. Labor smelts the iron, and moulds it into a thousand shapes for use and ornament, from the massive pillar to the tiniest needle, from the ponderous anchor to the wire gauze, from the mighty

fly-wheel of the steam engine to the polished purse-ring or the glittering bead. Labor hews down the gnarled oak, and shapes the timber, and builds the ship, and guides it over the deep, plunging through the billows, and wrestling with the tempest, to bear to our shores the produce of every clime. Labor, laughing at difficulties, spans majestic rivers, carries viaducts over marshy swamps, suspends bridges over deep ravines, pierces the solid mountain with the dark tunnel, blasting rocks and filling hollows, and while linking together with its iron but loving grasp all nations of the earth, verifying, in a literal sense, the ancient prophecy, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low;" labor draws forth its delicate iron thread, and stretching it from city to city, from province to province, through mountains and beneath the sea, realizes more than fancy ever fabled, while it constructs a chariot on which speech may outstrip the wind, and compete with lightning, for the telegraph flies as rapidly as thought itself.

Labor, the mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste; he looks earnestly at the scene, so quiet in its desolation, then waving his wonder-working wand, those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests; those barren mountain-slopes are clothed with foliage; the furnace blazes; the anvil rings; the busy wheel whirls round; the town appears; the temple of religion rears its lofty front; a forest of masts rises from the harbor. On every side are heard the sounds of industry and gladness.

Labor achieves grander victories, it weaves more durable trophies, it holds

wider sway than the conqueror. His name becomes tainted and his monuments crumble; but labor converts his red battlefields

into gardens, and erects monuments significant of better things.

—Anonymous.



HAVE YOU PLANTED A TREE?

(For Arbor Day.)

WHAT do we plant when we plant the tree?

We plant the ship, which will cross the sea,
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the planks to withstand the gales,
The keel, the keelson, and beam and knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me;
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,

We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see:
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag;

We plant the staff for country's flag;
We plant the shade from the hot sun free;—
We plant all these when we plant the tree.



THE BROWNIE'S CHRISTMAS.

(Imagine this a real occurrence, and yourself the giver.)

THE Brownie who lives in the forest—
Oh, the Christmas bells they ring!
He has done for the farmer's children
Full many a kindly thing:

When their cows were lost in the gloaming
He has driven them safely home;
He has led their bees to the flowers,
To fill up their golden comb;

At her spinning the little sister
Had napped till the setting sun—
She awoke, and the kindly Brownie
Had gotten it neatly done;

Oh, the Christmas bells they are ringing!
The mother she was away,
And the Brownie 'd played with the baby
And tended it all the day;

The Brownie who lives in the forest,
Oh, the Christmas bells they ring!
He has done for the farmer's children
Full many a kindly thing.

'Tis true that his face they never,
For all their watching, could see;
Yet who else did the kindly service,
I pray, if it were not he?

But the poor little friendly Brownie,
His life was a weary thing;
For never had he been in holy church
And heard the children sing;

And never had he had a Christmas;
Nor had bent in prayer his knee;
He had lived for a thousand years,
And all weary-worn was he.

Or that was the story the children
Had heard at their mother's side;
And together they talked it over,
One merry Christmas-tide.

The pitiful little sister
With her braids of paly gold,
And the little elder brother,
And the darling five-year-old,

All stood in the western window—
'Twas toward the close of day—
And they talked about the Brownie
While resting from their play.

"The Brownie, he has no Christmas,"
The dear little sister said,
And a-shaking as she spoke
Her glossy, yellow head;

"The Brownie, he has no Christmas;
While so many gifts had we,
To the floor last night they bended
The boughs of the Christmas-tree."

Then the little elder brother,
He spake up in his turn,
With both of his blue eyes beaming,
While his cheeks began to burn:

"Let us do up for the Brownie
A Christmas bundle now,
And leave it in the forest pathway
Where the great oak branches bow.

"We'll mark it, 'For the Brownie,'
And 'A Merry Christmas Day!'
And sure will he be to find it,
For he goeth home that way!"

Then the tender little sister
With her braids of paly gold,
And the little elder brother,
And the darling five-year-old,

Tied up in a little bundle
Some toys, with a loving care,

And marked it, "For the Brownie,"
In letters large and fair,

And "We wish a Merry Christmas!"
And then, in the dusk, the three
Went to the wood and left it
Under the great oak tree.

While the farmer's fair little children
Slept sweet on that Christmas night,
Two wanderers through the forest
Came in the clear moonlight.

And neither one was the Brownie,
But sorry were both as he;
And their hearts, with each fresh footstep,
Were aching steadily.

A slender man with an organ
Strapped on by a leathern band,
And a girl with a tambourine
A-holding close to his hand.

And the girl with the tambourine,
Big sorrowful eyes she had;
In the cold white wood she shivered,
In her ragged raiment clad.

"And what is there here to do?" she said;
"I'm froze i' the light o' the moon!
Shall we play to these sad old forest trees
Some merry and jigging tune?"

"And, father, you know it is Christmas-
time,
And had we staid i' the town
And I gone to one o' the Christmas-trees,
A gift might have fallen down!"

"You cannot certainly know it would not:
I'd ha' gone right under the tree!
Are you *sure* that none o' the Christmases
Were meant for you and me?"

"These dry dead leaves," he answered her,
sad,

"Which the forest casteth down,
Are more than you'd get from a Christmas
tree

In the merry and thoughtless town.

"Though to-night be the Christ's own
birthday night,

And all the world hath grace,
There is not a home in all the world
Which holdeth for us a place."

Slow plodding adown the forest path,

"And now, what is this?" he said;
And the children's bundle he lifted up,
And "For the Brownie," read,

And "We wish a Merry Christmas Day!"

"Now if this be done," said he,
"Somewhere in the world perhaps there is
A place for you and me!"

And the bundle he opened softly:

"This is children's tender thought;
Their own little Christmas presents
They have to the Brownie brought.

"If there liveth such tender pity
Toward a thing so dim and low,

There is kindness sure remaining
Of which I did not know.

"Oh, children, there's never a Brownie—
That sorry, uncanny thing;
But nearest and next are the homeless
When the Christmas joy-bells ring."

Out laughed the little daughter,
And she gathered the toys with glee:
"My Christmas present has fallen!
This oak was my Christmas-tree!"

Then away they went through the forest,
The wanderers, hand in hand;
And the snow, they were both so merry,
It glinted like the golden sand.

Down the forest the elder brother,
In the morning clear and cold,
Came leading the little sister
And the darling five-year-old.

"Oh," he cries, "He's taken the bundle!"
As carefully round he peers;
"And the Brownie has gotten a Christmas
After a thousand years!"



THE THREE HOLIDAYS.

(For a girl and two boys.)

FIRST BOY.

OF all the days of all the year,"
Cried loyal Freddy Bly,
"The very splendid-est of all
Comes early in July.
Think of the fun! the glorious noise!
That is the day—at least for boys."

SECOND BOY.

"Of all the days of all the year,"
Said little Robin Gray,
"The very best, I do believe,

Will be Thanksgiving day.
A fellow has such things to eat!
Thanksgiving day cannot be beat."

GIRL.

"Of all the days of all the year,"
Sang pretty Nan, "remember
The dearest, happiest and best
Is coming in December.
What girl or boy, north, east, south, west,
But knows that Christmas day is best?"
—Annie L. Hannah.

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THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light;
 The year is dying in the night;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 And sweeter manners, purer laws.



A NEW YEAR'S TALK.

HERE I am," said the New Year,
 popping his head in at the door.

"Oh! there you are, eh?" replied the Old Year. "Come in and let me have a look at you, and shut the door after you, please!"

The New Year stepped lightly in, and closed the door carefully.

"Frosty night," he said. "Fine and clear, though. I have had a delightful journey."

"Humph!" said the Old Year. "I don't expect to find it delightful, with this rheumatism racking my bones. A long, cold, drive, I call it; but to be sure, I thought it pleasant when I was your age, youngster. Is the sleigh waiting?"

"Yes," replied the other. "But there is no hurry. Wait a bit, and tell me how matters are in these parts."

"So, so!" the Old Year answered, shaking his head. "They might be better, and yet I suppose they might be worse, too. They were worse before I came; much worse, too. I have done a great deal. Now I expect you, my boy, to follow my example, and be a good year all the way through."

"I shall do my best," said the New Year,

"depend upon it! And now tell me a little what there is to do."

"In the first place," replied the other, "you have the weather to attend to. To be sure, you have a clerk to help you in that, but he is not always to be depended upon; there is a great deal of work in the department. The seasons have a way of running into each other, and getting mixed, if you don't keep a sharp lookout on them; and the months are a troublesome, unruly set. Then you must be careful how to turn on wet and dry weather; your reputation depends in a great measure on that. But you must not expect to satisfy everybody, for that is impossible. If you try to please the farmers the city people will complain; and if you devote yourself to the cities, the country people will call you all manner of names. I had rather devote myself to apples and that sort of a thing; everybody speaks of me as 'a great apple year,' 'a glorious year for grapes!' and so on. That is very gratifying to me. And one thing I want you to do very carefully; that is, to watch the leaves that are turned."

"I thought Autumn attended to that sort of thing," said his companion.



Photo by Byron, N. Y.

TELLING MOTHER.



LOVE'S DOUBTS AND FEARS.

"I don't mean leaves of trees," said the Old Year. "But at the beginning of a year, half the people in the world say, 'I am going to turn over a new leaf!' meaning they intend to behave themselves better in various respects. As a rule, leaves do not stay turned over. I know a great many little boys who promised me to turn over a new leaf in regard to tearing their clothes and losing their jack-knives, and bringing mud into the house on their boots, and little girls who were going to keep their bureau drawers tidy and their buttons sewed on. But I haven't seen much improvement in most of them. Indeed, what can you expect of the children, when the parents set them the example? Why, there is a man in this neighborhood who has turned over a new leaf in the matter of smoking every year since 1868, and after the first week of each New Year he smokes like a chimney all the rest of the year."

"What is his name?" inquired the New Year, taking out his note-book.

"His name is Smith—John Smith," said the Old Year. "There are a great many

of them, and all the rest are probably as bad as the particular one I mention, so you need not be too particular."

"I'll attend to it," said the New Year. "Any other suggestions?"

"Well," said the Old Year, smiling, "I have never found that young people, or young years, were very apt to profit by good advice. You must go your own way after all. Don't start any new inventions—there have been quite enough lately. Above all, take care of the children, and give them all the good weather you can conscientiously. And now," he added, rising slowly and stiffly from his seat by the fire, "the horses are getting impatient, and my time is nearly up, so I start on my long drive. You will find everything in pretty good shape, I think, though, of course, you will think me an old foggy as perhaps I am. Well! well! good-bye, my boy! Good luck to you! And whenever you hear my name mentioned, try to put in a good word for old ——" (*here give the number of the year*).

—Laura E. Richard.



LABOR.

(Recitation for Labor Day.)

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us;

Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;

Hark how creation's deep, musical chorus, Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!

Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;

Never the little seed stops in its growing;

More and more richly the rose heart keeps glowing,

Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing:

Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.

From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;

From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;

From the small insect, the rich coral bower;

Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,

Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us,

Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.

Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow

Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;

Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow;

Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo, the husbandman reaping,

How through his veins goes the life current leaping!

How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,

True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.

Labor is wealth! In the sea the pearl groweth;

Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;

From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;

Temple and statue the marble block hides.

—F. S. Osgood.



A MEMORIAL DAY EXERCISE.

ELLA M. POWERS.

PATRIOTIC SONG (*in which all join*).
Selected.

ORIGINAL ADDRESS (*or suitable recitation*).

SPEAKER A.—

The May-day air is hushed and still,

The far-off muffled drums I hear,

With measured tread up yonder hill,

The brave old soldiers now appear.

Our flag floats solemnly above

Their heads, now bent and gray,
But hearts are filled with tender love,

As they march on their way.

These men bore sabers years ago,

To-day they bear sweet flowers,
These to their comrades they bestow
In May-day's fairest hours.

But here a train of children bright
Are marching on this way

With flags and flowers—a gladsome sight
On each Memorial Day.

Enter seven children; the fourth in order bears a large flag; the others carry wreaths of flowers and small flags. The wreaths should be made of red, of white, and of blue flowers (two of each color). They march in to soft, muffled drumbeats. They halt, and face about in line.

SPEAKER A.—

Why are you marching here to-day,
With flags and wreaths of flowers, pray?

FLAG BEARER.—

As long as this old flag shall wave,
We'll deck with flowers each soldier's grave;
Their names we honor and revere,
And loving tributes pay each year.

All form semi-circle during the delivery of
MEMORY GEMS:

O Land of lands! to thee we give
Our prayers, our hopes, our service free;

For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee.

—Whittier.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead,—that
generous host, that airy array of invisible
heroes. They hover as a cloud above this
nation.

—Beecher.

They fought to give us peace, and lo!
They gained a better peace than ours.

—Phebe Cary.

Selected quotations or recitations—found
on other pages, or in Lyceum Night, Nos.
13 and 23—can be given, alternately, by as
many as desire, after which

*Numbers one and five hold up their wreaths
of red:*

1.—

Our wreaths are of crimson—a blood-red
hue,

And before us our volunteers pass in re-
view,

For the red of defiance to battle incites,
To strife and to war the hero invites.

5.—

Deep sounding on the ear, there came

The din of battles' dread alarms;

The muttered roll of myriad drums,

The cannon's roar, the clash of arms;

The clanking squadron's measured tread,

The trumpet's wild and martial notes,

While proudly gleaming overhead

The standard of our country floats,—

The Stars and Stripes.

*All wave their flags gently during the last
two lines. Wreaths are lowered as two
and six raise wreaths of white:*

2.—

We bear the wreaths of white, so pure,

The conflict has ceased and peace shall en-
dure;

No North and no South, no East and no
West,

But one land, united in peace and at rest.

No more sounds the trumpet or bugle's
loud call,

But quiet and peace now reigns over all.

6.—

The earth has healed her wounded breast,

The cannons plough the field no more;

The heroes rest! Oh, let them rest

In peace along the peaceful shore!

They fought for peace, for peace they fell;

They sleep in peace, and all is well.

—Joaquin Miller.

Three and seven raise wreaths of blue:

3.—

We bear the wreaths of heavenly hue,

The flowers that bid us all be true,

True to the soldiers now at rest,

True to the land we love the best.

7.—

We'll never forget those brave deeds of old,

Of heroes,—a true, loyal band,

Who faced the dangers of war untold,

Who fought and who died for our land.

4 (*Flag Bearer*).—

To-day we strew these sweetest flowers

O'er the mounds of our heroes brave,

With reverent thought through the solemn
hours,

We deck each soldier's grave.

Whether he fought in the blue or the gray,

Under the palm or the pine,

Each hero with equal love we pay,

Each deed shall equally shine;

And these flowers of red, and the white
ones pure,

And the blooms of heavenly blue,

Are the colors of this old flag secure,

To which each soldier was true.

ALL (*waving flags*).—

We love forever the stars and stripes,

Forever to them we are true,

We love our land and our dear old flag,

Of the red, and white, and blue.

These colors have long been the nation's
pride,

Their beauty we ever adore,
By the red, white, and blue we ever abide,
May they wave forevermore.

*All march out singing, "The Red, White,
and Blue."*



ADDRESS FOR DECORATION DAY.

COMPANIONS and Friends: We meet on this solemn occasion, in the performance of a sacred duty,—to revive memories of our departed heroes, to recount their deeds of valor and self-sacrifice, and to bedeck anew their honored graves with these emblems of purity,—these beautiful flowers of May.

The poet says:

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

So, indeed, does the hero who awaits the great roll-call. Flowers spring up on his grave, and the winds of early summer fan our cheeks as we scatter tokens of love upon the grassy mound, while a voice seems to whisper: Yes, life is a fever, we are all in its heated grasp. But pause in the delirium of haste for the things of this world, and come aside from the "madding crowd," to join the kindlier procession where your brow will cool and your pulse slacken.

Away with any who say this day is only a sentiment. It bears more fruit than tears and flowers. The old song, "'Tis love that makes the world go round," answers such cavillers. So when America overflows with love and forgiveness till each earth-corner feels the glow, then can we say "How far yon little candle sheds its beams!" Only

thus shall war-clouds depart and the dove of Peace fold her wings on the weary world. Only thus shall the sword be beaten into a ploughshare,—shall the bliss of Eden return.

Say not either that this memorial perpetuates strife! It may be to us the highway of Peace. It calls, Excelsior! and that upward way is not marred by bloodstains, but strewn with lilies and forget-me-nots,—emblems of purity and remembrance. Let us, then, obey these voices which say: "Rest, and come up higher." The road may yet look steep, the black wings of War and Death may still shadow the upward path, but Memorial Day gleams out each year with sunshine that will, in time, drive all clouds away. Let America be the leader up to the purer air! Let all nations follow her to the "Plains of Peace"!—and in that day all people will see the full fruition of hopes and tears.

Pass, then, with reverent tread
Among the sleeping dead;
Whilst flowers adorn the sod
Let prayers ascend to God
From grateful hearts, that He
Will keep us ever free.



THE EAGLE SCREAMS.

I AM the American Eagle,
And my wings flap together.
Likewise, I roost high,
And I eat bananas raw.

Rome may sit on her
Seven hills and howl,
But she cannot
Sit on me!

Will she please put that
In her organ and grind it?

I am mostly a bird of peace,
And I was born without teeth,
But I've got talons
That reach from the storm-
Beaten coasts of the Atlantic
To the golden shores of the
Placid Pacific,
And I use the Rocky Mountains
As whetstones to sharpen them on.

I never cackle till I
Lay an egg;
And I point with pride
To the eggs I've laid
In the last hundred years or so.

I'm game from
The point of my beak
To the star-spangled tip

Of my tail feathers,
And when I begin
To scratch gravel,
Mind your eye!

I'm the cock of the walk,
And the hen bird of the
Goddess of Liberty,
The only gallinaceous
E Pluribus Unum
On record.

I'm an Eagle from Eagleville,
With a scream on me that makes
Thunder sound like
Dropping cotton
On a still morning,
And my present address is
Hail Columbia,
U. S. A.!!
See?



VALEDICTORIES.

THE time has come when we must say
Good-bye to all so true,
And to life's field of action go,
For we've a work to do.
With our life's purpose e'er in view,
May we with cheerful heart,
And with a patient, willing hand
Ever do well our part.

Let us go onward, that by us
Some little good be wrought,
And teach the good and beautiful
That we have here been taught.
Let us in all our future years
Forever faithful be,
And aid each good and noble work,
That we in life may see.

May we each moment well employ,
The rich seeds daily sow

Of truth, of joy, and happiness,
As on through life we go.
When we the victory have won,
When all life's tasks are o'er,
We'll meet with those we hold so true,
To say good-bye no more.

OH, joyous day! we gladly welcome
thee;
Before thy light cares fly and leave us free;
But one regret still lingers in each heart
That now from Alma Mater we must part.

Thus far we've walked together, side by
side,
Along the strand where beats the angry
tide;
But now upon its waters dark and blue
We must embark—life's journey to pursue.

Yet "ever onward" we will bravely steer,
 With God our pilot we have naught to fear;
 All trials we will meet nor wear a frown—
 Without the cross we know there is no
 crown.

And if adown the shadowy by and by
 We doubting gaze with straining, anxious
 eye,
 A moment turn aside the tide of care
 To breathe for each a loving, hopeful
 prayer.

And then once more our hearts will joyful
 rise,
 Cheered by the ray of light from youth's
 blue skies;
 While to our tasks we'll turn as ne'er before
 With "Onward!" as our watchword ever-
 more.

TO-DAY our school-days end. A place
 we take
 'Mong workers on a sea both large and
 wide.
 With willing hands and every power
 awake,
 We now advance to scenes by us untried.
 Oh, may we each as years receding glide,
 Have strength to toil tho' stormy waves roll
 high;
 Life's waters may we ever safely ride,

Push on with hopeful heart and watchful
 eye,
 Remembering that our Captain strong is al-
 ways nigh.

It is with pleasure that we look ahead,
 Our Guide is one of love and yet of might.
 When all our feeble strength has from us
 fled,

He'll pilot us across life's sea aright,
 And ever mid the deepest gloom send light.
 The sail is set but where's the shore, my
 friends,

Which we shall reach? Oh, is it dark or
 bright?

Which strand we gain upon ourselves de-
 pends—

The dark or bright, when at God's call our
 journey ends.

If but for self we live upon this earth,
 A dark, dark shore will greet our weary
 eyes,

In work for others lies the truest worth,
 Though oft such work our love and pa-
 tience tries,

We must not e'en the smallest task despise.
 As we do deeds for Christ our spirit nears
 A shining shore where jasper walls arise,
 And when our Father's throne of light ap-
 pears,

We'll dwell in peace with Him thro' endless
 years.



⊙⊙ *Around the Evening Lamp* ⊙⊙

The selections in this department have been made with a view of supplying the most entertaining readings and recitations for the family circle when it gathers, at the end of the day, around the evening lamp.



PAPA'S SUM IN FRACTIONS.

“PAPA,” said a little West End girl the other evening, “I’m in fractions now, but I don’t understand it. Tell me about some of these examples.”

“Certainly, certainly,” said the father. “What’s the trouble?”

“Why, it says here that if a man travels 25,795 miles in $25\frac{1}{2}$ days, how many miles will he travel in one day?”

“Say, Maria,” said the old man, as he looked beamingly at his wife, “doesn’t that remind us of old times? La me! It just takes me back to the little old log school-house in the woods. Why, Maria, I remember one day—”

“But, papa,” interrupted the child, “I’m in a hurry. What’s the answer?”

“Oh! yes. Yes, of course. Give me the example again. Now I have it. If a man travels 25,795 miles in $25\frac{1}{2}$ days, how many miles will he travel in one day? That’s an easy one. Maria, do you remember that little red-headed fellow who sat in front of you and annoyed you with his bean-shooter, and that hideous little Mary Bennett?”

“But, papa, what’s the answer?”

“Oh! the answer; let me see.”

The man figured and calculated and said “oh!” and “ah!” and scratched out and began again. Then he put his pencil in his mouth, paused a long while, and at last said:

“Maria, I’ve sorter forgotten about this fraction of a day business. How does it go?”

“Why, John,” said the good woman, “You-er, you-er find the greatest common divisor, and—”

“Say, Maria, that reminds me of the joke about the janitor who saw these very words on the blackboard: ‘Find the greatest common divisor,’ and he said: ‘Well, is that durned thing lost again?’ Curious how these—”

“But, papa, what’s the answer?”

“Oh! yes; where was I? Well, you divide the 25,795 by $25\frac{1}{2}$, and the result will be the answer.”

“I know, papa, but what’s the result?”

“Didn’t I just tell you that the result would be the answer? All you have to do is to put down the multiplicand—multipl-cand! Where have I heard that word? Why, Maria, it just makes me want to get out and play marbles and hookey and things.”

“But, Henry, you haven’t solved that problem for the child.”

“That’s so. Well, here goes. Twenty-five goes in 25 once; 25 into 7 no times, and into 79 three times and 4. And 45 once and 20, or twenty twenty-fifths of 25 and one-halfths, or 1,031 and one-fifths, or—”

"Henry, what are you talking about?"

"Maria, I started out to find that greatest common divisor of yours, but 'tain't no use. I say that any man who would undertake to walk 25,795 miles in 25½ days is just a plain, ordinary, every-day fool. He can't do it."

"But, papa, what's the —"

"It hasn't got any answer. Just say to your teacher that it is preposterous—the idea of a man taking such a pedestrian tour as that. Truth is, Maria," he added confidentially to his wife, "I never did know anything about fractions."



WHEN I BUILT THE CABIN—TWO PICTURES.

The poem which follows is from the pen of John Howard Bryant, brother of William Cullen Bryant, after he reached his ninetieth year. It was written in Princeton, Ill., where his home was since he pitched his cabin as a young man more than a half century ago, and where he lived ever afterwards.

HERE, five and sixty years ago, I said
I'll build a shelter for the years to
come;

And here, upon spring's flowery sod, I laid
The rude foundation of my cabin home.

Words cannot paint the beauty of the
scene;

Fire had consumed the sere grass all
around,
And in advance of the returning green,
Gay nodding violets covered all the
ground.

Then came the crimson phlox, and many
a flower

Unnamed, from Nature's bounteous
hand was cast;

The early summer brought a liberal dower,
That bloomed and faded as the season
passed.

The teeming earth in autumn's golden
hours

Poured forth the glory of the waning
year,

And far as sight could reach, the myriad
flowers,

In serried ranks o'erspread the landscape
here.

The purple aster, and the golden-rod,
In queenly dress stood rivals side by
side;

And there, beneath the radiant smile of
God,

Lay the vast splendor gleaming far and
wide.

My thoughts recur to that far distant day,
The glory that entranced my youthful
eye;

Glory, alas! forever passed away,
From the dear scenes that still around
me lie.

Ages unknown, this beauty unsurpassed,
Came with the violets, died with au-
tumn's sheen;

But the white civilizer came at last,
And with his plowshare spoiled the
charming scene.

For beauty spoiled, new beauty came in-
stead,

And stately maize soon crowned the
virgin soil;

White harvests gave the waiting nation's
bread,

Joy, peace and competence repaid the
toil.

Orchards and gardens smiled through all
the land,
And happy cottage homes were every-
where,
And cities rose, as if a magic wand
Had touched the earth, and, lo! a town
was there.

All this has passed before my wondering
eyes;
This mighty tide of life has still swept
on,
Scaled the vast heights that pierce our
western skies,
And built proud cities by the Oregon.



MR. SPOOPENDYKE'S SHAVE.

MY dear!" exclaimed Mr. Spoon-
dyke, dropping his razor and ex-
amining his chin with staring eyes, "my
dear, bring the court plaster, quick! I've
ploughed off half my chin!"

"Let me see," demanded Mrs. Spoon-
dyke, bobbing up and fluttering around her
husband. "Great gracious, what a cut!
Wait a minute!" and she shot into a closet
and out again.

"Quick!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke. "I'm
bleeding to death! fetch me that court plas-
ter!"

"Oh, dear!" moaned Mrs. Spoopendyke,
"I put it—on, where did I put it?"

"Dod gast that putty!" yelled Mr. Spoop-
endyke, who had heard his wife imperfect-
ly. "What d'ye think this is, a crack
in the wall? Got some sort of a notion that
there is a draught through here? Court
plaster, I tell ye! Bring me some court
plaster before I pull out the side of this
house and get some from the neighbors!"

Just then it occurred to Mrs. Spoon-
dyke that she had put the plaster in the
clock.

"Here it is, dear!" and she snipped off a
piece and handed it to him.

Mr. Spoopendyke put it on the end of his
tongue, holding his thumb over his wound.
When it was thoroughly wetted, it stuck
fast to his finger, while the carnage ran
down his chin. He jabbed away at the cut,

but the plaster hung to his digit until
finally his patience was thoroughly ex-
hausted.

"What's the matter with the measly busi-
ness?" he yelled. "Wher'd ye buy this plas-
ter? Come off, dod gast ye!" and as he
plucked it off his finger it grew to his
thumb. "Stick, will ye?" he squealed, plug-
ging at the cut in his chin. "Leave go that
thumb!" and he whirled around on his heel
and pegged at it again. "Why don't ye
bring me some court plaster?" he shrieked,
turning on his trembling wife. "Who
asked ye for a leech? Bring me something
that knows a thumb from a chin!" and he
planted his thumb on the wound and
screwed it around vindictively. This time
the plaster let go and slipped up to the
corner of his mouth.

"Now, it's all right, dear," smiled Mrs.
Spoonendyke, with a fearful grin. "May be
you've got the same idea that the court
plaster has! P'raps you think that mouth
was cut with a razor! May be you're under
the impression that this hole in my visage
was meant to succumb to the persuasion of
a bit of plaster! Come off! Let go that
mouth!" and as he gave it a wipe it stuck
to the palm of his hand as if it had been
born there.

"Let me try," suggested Mrs. Spoon-
dyke, "I know how to do it."

"Then why didn't ye do it first?" howled

Mr. Spoopendyke. "What did you want to wait until I'd lost three gallons of gore for? Oh, you know how to do it! You want a linen back and a bottle of mucilage up at your side to be a country hospital. Stick! Dod gast ye!" and he clapped the wrong hand over his jaw. "I'll hold ye here till ye stick, if I hold ye till my wife learns something!" and Mr. Spoopendyke pranced up and down the room with a face indicative of stern determination.

"Let me see, dear," said his wife approaching him with a smile, and gently drawing away his hand she deftly adjusted another piece of plaster.

"That was my piece after all," growled Mr. Spoopendyke, eyeing the job and

glancing at the palm of his hand to find his piece of plaster gone. "You always come in after the funeral."

"I guess you'll find your piece sticking in the other hand, dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke pleasantly.

"Of course you can tell," snorted Mr. Spoopendyke, verifying his wife's assertion with a glance. "If I had your sight and a pack of cards, I'd hire a shot tower and set up for an astronomer!" and Mr. Spoopendyke, who evidently meant astrology, wore that piece of blood-stained court plaster on his hand all day long, rather than admit, by taking it off, that his wife had ever been right in anything.



ABRAHAM BROUGHT TO BAY.

I SAT on the seat with the colored man who drove me down to the railroad depot with a shacklety old wagon, and as we left the hotel he said:

"Boss, if yo' kin dun say ober a few big words on de way down, de ole man will be 'xtremely disobleeged to yo'."

"How big words do you want?"

"Can't git 'em too big, boss. I'ze a powerful hand to 'member big words an' git 'em off when a calamitous occasion predominates."

"Do you expect to find use for them this morning?"

"Reckon I does, sah. My son, Abraham, works down to de depot, an' whenever I cums around he tries to show off ober me an' make me feel small. He'll try it on dis mawnin', fur suah, an' I jest want to be dun fixed to paralyse his desirability. Spit 'm right out, boss, an' de ole man won't forgit yo' when de watermillyun sezum cums ag'n."

We had about half a mile to go, and before we reached the depot I gave him a large and choice assortment of Webster's longest vocabularic curiosities.

When we drew up at the platform Abraham was there, and also a dozen white people who were to go out on the train. It was a good opportunity for the son to show off, and he realized it, and came forward and waved his arm and shouted:

"Yo' dar, ole man; ha'n't I dun toled yo' 'bout four hundred times not to sagaciate dat stupendous ole vehicle in de way of de omnibus? Sum ole niggers doan seem to have no mo' idea of de consaguinity of recitude dan a squash."

"Was yo' spokin' to me, sah?" stiffly demanded the father, as he stood up and glared at Abraham.

"Of co'se I was."

"Den, sah, I want yo' to distinctly understand dat, when de co-operashun of de im-

perialism seems to assimilate a disreputable infringement of hereditary avariciousness, I shall retract my individuality, but not befo'—not befo', sah!"

Abraham's eyes hung out, his complexion became ash color, and his knees bent under him as if the springs were about

to give way. It was a long minute before he could utter a sound, and then he reached for my trunk with the muttered observation:

"Befo' de Lawd, but things am gittin' so mixed up I can't dun tell whedder I'm his son or his fader!"



HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

AT the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"
Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened
With the gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains,
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle feathers
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of basswood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered,

Yet, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his childhood,
As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind

And of happiness and plenty,
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs:"
Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
"That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women?"

And the ancient arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water;
And made answer very gravely;
"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"
And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said and blushed to say it,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient arrow-maker

In the land of the Dacotahs!
 From the wigwam he departed,
 Leading with him Laughing Water;
 Hand in hand they went together,
 Through the woodland and the meadow,
 Left the Old Man standing lonely
 At the doorway of his wigwam,
 Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
 Calling to them from the distance,
 Crying to them from afar off,
 "Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient arrow-maker
 Turned again unto his labor,

Sat down by his sunny doorway,
 Murmuring to himself, and saying:
 "Thus it is our daughters leave us,
 Those we love, and those who love us!
 Just when they have learned to love us,
 When we are old and lean upon them,
 Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
 With his flute of reeds, a stranger
 Wanders piping through the village
 Beckons to the fairest maiden,
 And she follows where he leads her,
 Leaving all things for the stranger!"

—H. W. Longfellow.



EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

A JOCUND, sacrilegious son of Belial, who suffered from bronchitis, having exhausted his finances at the annual joust, in order to make good the deficit, resolved to ally himself to a comely, lenient and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasian race. He accordingly purchased a calliope, a coral necklace of chameleon hue, and securing a suite of rooms at a hotel, he engaged the head waiter as his coadjutor. He then dispatched a letter of the most unexceptionable calligraphy extant, with a sentimental hemistich, inviting the young lady to an orchestral concert.

She was harassed, and with a truculent

look revolted at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrificable to his desires, and sent a polite note of refusal, on receiving which, he procured a carbine and bowie knife, said that he would not now forge fetters hymeneal with the queen, went to an isolated spot, severed his jugular vein, and discharged the contents of his carbine into his abdomen, with a grimace at the raillery of his acquaintances. He succumbed and was irrefragably dead, and neither vagaries nor pageantry were permitted when he was conveyed to the mausoleum followed by his enervated canine.



FARO BILL'S SERMON.

(He tells the story of the Prodigal Son.)

[Faro Bill, of Leadville, had experienced religion, and soon thereafter, during the absence of the regular preacher, volunteered to preach the Sunday sermon.]

FELLER citizens, the preacher bein' absent, it falls on me to take his hand and play it fur all it is worth. You all know that I'm just learnin' the game, an' of course I may be expected to make wild breaks, but I don't believe there's a rooster

in the camp mean enough to take advantage o' my ignorance and cold deck me right on the first deal. I'm sincere in this new departure, an' I believe I've struck a game that I can play clear through without copperin' a bet, for when a man tackles

such a lay out as this he plays every card to win, and if he goes through the deal as he orter do, when he lays down to die an' the last case is redly to slide from the box he can call the turn every time.

"I was readin' in the Bible to-day that yarn about the Prodigal Son, and I want to tell you the story. The book don't give no dates, but it happened long, long ago. This Prodigal Son had an old man that put up the coin every time the kid struck him for a stake, an' never kicked at the size of the pile, either. I recon the old man was pretty well fixed, an' when he died he intended to give all his wealth to this kid an' his brother. Prod gave the old man a little game o' talk one day, and induced him to whack up in advance o' the death racket. He'd no sooner got his divy in his fist than he shook the old man an' struck out to take in some o' the other camps. He had a way-up time for awhile, and slung his cash to the front like he owned the best playin' lead on earth; but hard luck hit him at last an' left him flat. The book don't state what he went broke on, but I recon he got steered up again some brace game. But anyhow he got left without a chip or a four-bit piece to go an' eat on. An old granger then tuk him home an' set him to

herdin' hogs, an' here he got so hard up an' hungry that he piped off the swine while they were feedin', and he stood in with them on a shuck lunch. He soon weakened on such plain provender, and says to himself, says he: 'Even the old man's hired hands are livin' on square grub, while I'm worrin' along here on corn husks straight. I'll just take a grand tumble to myself, an' chop on this racket at once. I'll skip back to the governor and try to fix things up, and call for a new deal.' So off he started.

"The old man seed the kid a-comin', and what do you reckon he did? Did he pull his gun and lay for him, intendin' to wipe him as soon as he got into range? Did he call the dogs to chase him off the ranch? Did he hustle round for a club and give him a stand off at the front gate? Eh? Not to any alarming extent he didn't; no sir. The Scripture book says he waltzed out to meet him, and froze to him on the spot and kissed him and then marched him off to a clothing store, and fitted him out in the nobbiest rig to be had for coin. Then the old gent invited all the neighbors, and killed a fat calf, and gave the biggest blow-out the camp ever seen."



THE BRAKEMAN AT CHURCH.

TO me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat says:

"I went to church yesterday."

"Yes?" I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked.

"Some union mission church?" I hazarded.

"Naw," he said, "I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do, I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on a schedule time and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.

"Limited Express," he said; "all palace

cars and \$2 extra for a seat; fast time, and only stop at big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silverplated, and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back at the conductor; and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace cars. Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist?" I suggested.

"Broad-gauge," said the brakeman, "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at all flag-stations, and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking-car on the train. Train orders are vague though, and the train men don't get along well with the passengers. No, I don't go to the Universalist, though I know some awfully good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow-gauge, eh?" said the brakeman, "pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go round it; spirit-level grade; passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there's no stop-over tickets allowed; got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car's full no extra coaches; cars built at the shops to hold just so many and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of an accident on that road. It's run up to the rules."

"Maybe you joined the Free-Thinkers?" I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman; "dirt

road-bed and no ballast; no time card and no train despatchers. All trains run wild and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side-tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target lamp dead out. Get on as you please and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir, I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a line that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where that road run to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he'd like to see anybody give him orders, he'd run that train to suit himself or he'd run it into the ditch. Now you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no connections, runs nowhere and has no Superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I said.

"Now you're shouting," he said with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam and don't you forget it; steam gauge shows a hundred and enough all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all aboard,' you can hear him to the next station. Good, whole-souled, companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyan house airbrake on all trains, too;

pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational church?"

"Popular road," said the brakeman; "an old road, too; one of the very oldest in this country. Good road bed and comfortable cars. Well managed road, too; directors don't interfere with division superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. Say, didn't one of the division superintendents down East discontinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But it's a mighty pleasant road to travel on. Always has such a splendid class of passengers."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed.

"Ah, 'ha!" said the brakeman; "she's a daisy, isn't she! river road; beautiful curves; sweep around anything to keep close to the river. Takes a heap of water to run it through; double tanks at every

station, and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile in less than two gauges. But it runs through a lovely country; these river roads always do; river on one side and hills on the other, and it's on a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends where the fountain-head of the river begins. Yes, sir, I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip, sure connections and good time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man—twenty-five cents for an hour's run and a little concert by the passengers throwed in. I tell you, Pilgrim, you take the river road when you want——"

But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station, and the brakeman hurried to the door shouting: "Zionsville! Zionsville! This train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis!"



THE RESETTLEMENT OF ARCADIA.

(From "Songs of the Great Dominion.")

THE rocky slopes for emerald had
changed their garb of gray,
When the vessels from Connecticut came
sailing up the bay,
There were flashing lights on every wave
that drew the strangers on,
And wreaths of wild arbutus round the
brows of Blomidon.

Five years in desolation the Acadian land
had lain,
Five golden harvest moons had wooed the
fallow fields in vain;
Five times the winter snows caressed, and
summer sunsets smiled,

On lonely clumps of willows, and fruit trees
growing wild.

There was silence in the forest, and along
the Uniac shore,
And not a habitation from Canard to
Beauséjour,
But many a ruined cellar and many a
broken wall
Told the story of Acadia's prosperity, and
fall!

And even in the sunshine of that peaceful
day in June,
When Nature swept her harp, and found
the strings in perfect tune,

The land seemed calling wildly for its own-
ers, far away,
The exiles scattered on the coast from
Maine to Charleston Bay.

Where, with many bitter longings for their
fair homes and their dead,
They bowed their heads in anguish, and
would not be comforted;
And like the Jewish exiles, long ago, be-
yond the sea,
They could not sing the songs of home in
their captivity!

But the simple Norman peasant-folk shall
till the land no more,
For the vessels from Connecticut have
anchored by the shore,
And many a sturdy Puritan, his mind with
Scripture stored,
Rejoices he has found at last his "garden
of the Lord."

There are families from Jolland, from Kil-
lingworth and Lyme;
Gentle mothers, tender maidens, and strong
men in their prime;
There are lovers who have plighted their
vows in Coventry,
And merry children, dancing o'er the ves-
sels' decks in glee.

They come as came the Hebrews into their
promised land,
Not as to wild New England's shores came
first the Pilgrim band,
The Minas fields were fruitful, and the
Gaspereau had borne
To seaward many a vessel with its freight
of yellow corn.

They come with hearts as true as their
manners blunt and cold,
To found a race of noble men of stern
New England mould,

A race of earnest people, whom the com-
ing years shall teach
The broader ways of knowledge and the
gentler forms of speech.

They come as Puritans, but who shall say
their hearts are blind
To the subtle charms of Nature and the
love of humankind?
The Blue Laws of Connecticut have shaped
their thought, 'tis true,
But human laws can never wholly Heaven's
work undo.

And tears fall fast from many an eye long
time unused to weep,
For o'er the fields lay whitening the bones
of cows and sheep—
The faithful cows that used to feed upon
the broad Grand Pré,
And with their tinkling bells come slowly
home at close of day.

And where the Acadian village stood, its
roofs o'ergrown with moss,
And the simple wooden chapel with its
altar and its cross,
And where the forge of Basil sent its
sparks towards the sky,
The lonely thistle blossomed and the fire-
weed grew high.

* * * * *

The broken dykes have been rebuilt a cen-
tury and more,
The cornfields stretch their furrows from
Canard to Beauséjour,
Five generations have been reared beside
the fair Grand Pré
Since the vessels from Connecticut came
sailing up the bay.

And now across the meadows, while the
farmers reap and sow,
The engine shrieks its discords to the hills
of Gaspereau;



Photo by Byron, N. Y.

FROM THE ABSENT ONE.



Photo by Byron, N. Y.

THE UNSEEN THREAT.

And ever onward to the sea, the restless
Fundy tide
Bears playful pleasure yachts and busy
trade ships side by side.

And the Puritan has yielded to the soften-
ing touch of time,
Like him who still content remained in
Killingworth and Lyme;
And graceful homes of prosperous men
make all the landscape fair,
And mellow creeds and ways of life are
rooted everywhere.

And churches nestle lovingly on many a
glad hillside;

And holy bells ring out their music in the
eventide;
But here and there, on untilled ground,
apart from glebe or town,
Some lone surviving apple-tree stands leaf-
less, bare and brown.

And many a traveler has found, as thought-
lessly he strayed,
Some long-forgotten cellar in the deepest
thicket's shade,
And clumps of willows by the dykes, sweet-
scented, fair and green,
That seemed to tell again the story of
Evangeline.

—Arthur Wentworth Eaton.



SPOOPENDYKE'S BICYCLE.

NOW, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, hurrying up to his wife's room, "If you'll come down in the yard I've got a pleasant surprise for you."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, "what have you got, a horse?"

"Guess again," grinned Mr. Spoopendyke. "It's something like a horse."

"I know! It's a new parlor carpet. That's what it is!"

"No, it isn't, either. I said it's something like a horse; that is, it goes when you make it. Guess again."

"Is it paint for the kitchen walls?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, innocently.

"No, it ain't and it ain't a hogshead of stove blacking, nor a set of dining-room furniture, nor it ain't seven gross of stationary wash tubs. Now guess again."

"Then it must be some lace curtains for the sitting-room windows. Isn't that just splendid?" and Mrs. Spoopendyke patted her husband on both cheeks and danced up and down with delight,

"It's a bicycle, that's what it is!" growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "I bought it for exercise and I'm going to ride it. Come down and see me."

"Well, ain't I glad," ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You ought to have more exercise, if there's exercise in anything, it's in a bicycle. Do let's see it!"

Mr. Spoopendyke conducted his wife to the yard and descanted at length on the merits of the machine.

"In a few weeks I'll be able to make a mile a minute," he said, as he steadied the apparatus against the clothes post and prepared to mount. "Now you watch me go to the end of this path."

He got a foot into one treadle and went head first into a flower patch, the machine on top, with a prodigious crash.

"Hadn't you better tie it up to the post until you get on?" suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Leave me alone, will ye?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, struggling to an even

keel. "I'm doing most of this myself. Now you hold on and keep your mouth shut. It takes a little practice, that's all."

Mr. Spoopendyke mounted again and scuttled along four or five feet and flopped over on the grass plat.

"That's splendid!" commended his wife. "You've got the idea already. Let me hold it for you this time."

"If you've got any extra strength you hold your tongue, will ye?" growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "It don't want any holding. It ain't alive. Stand back and give me room, now."

The third trial Mr. Spoopendyke ambled to the end of the path and went down all in a heap among the flower pots.

"That's just too lovely for anything!" proclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You made more'n a mile a minute, that time." "Come and take it off!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke. "Help me up! Dod gast the bicycle!" and the worthy gentleman struggled and plunged around like a whale in shallow water.

Mrs. Spoopendyke assisted in righting him and brushed him off.

"I know where you make your mistake," said she. "The little wheel ought to go first, like a buggy. Try it that way going back."

"Maybe you can ride this bicycle better than I can," howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You know all about wheels! What you need now is a lantern in your mouth and ten minutes behind time to be the City Hall clock! If you had a bucket of water and a handle you'd make a steam grindstone! Don't you see the big wheel has got to go first?"

"Yes, dear," murmured Mrs. Spoo-

pendyke, "but I thought if you practiced with the little wheel at first, you wouldn't have so far to fall."

"Who fell?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Didn't you see me step off? I tripped, that's all. Now you just watch me go back."

Once more Mr. Spoopendyke started in, but the big wheel turned around and looked him in the face, and then began to stagger.

"Look out!" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

Mr. Spoopendyke wrenched away and kicked and struggled, but it was of no avail. Down he came, and the bicycle was a hopeless wreck.

"What'd ye want to yell for!" he shrieked. "Couldn't ye keep your measly mouth shut? What'd ye think we are, anyhow, a fog horn? Dod gast the measly bicycle!" and Mr. Spoopendyke hit it a kick that folded it up like a bolt of muslin.

"Never mind, my dear," consoled Mrs. Spoopendyke, "I'm afraid the exercise was too violent anyway, and I'm rather glad you broke it."

"I s'pose so," snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "There's sixty dollars gone."

"Don't worry, love. I'll go without the carpet and curtains, and the paint will do well enough in the kitchen. Let me rub you with arnica."

But Mr. Spoopendyke was too deeply grieved by his wife's conduct to accept any office at her hands, preferring to punish her by letting his wounds smart rather than get well, and thereby relieve her of any anxiety she brought on herself by acting so outrageously under the circumstances.

—Stanley Huntley.



Patriotism and War



In this department are embraced the choicest patriotic literature and descriptive scenes of war from Colonial days to the present time.



BURIAL UNDER FIRE.

(Can be used either as a reading or a recitation.)

HIGH on the ridge where the marines pitched their tents on the shore of Guantanamo Bay, the first Cuban soil taken by American troops, are the graves of the men who were killed in the first land fighting of our war with Spain. They were buried under fire by men who overlooked no tithe of the solemn ceremony, although the singing of Spanish bullets rose clear above the voice of the chaplain.

The burial squad was composed of marines from the Texas. Wrapped in flags, the honorable winding sheet of soldiers killed in battle, the bodies were borne from a tent in which they had lain to a trench dug by men who made it deep because their fear that the drenching Cuban rains would give their comrades to the buzzards was greater than their fear of the death they risked as they plied pick and shovel.

Chaplain Jones of the Texas, the firing squad, a few officers and some correspondents stood bareheaded about the grave. From the thick cover beyond there came the irregular "putt, putt, putt" of skirmish fire and the regular sputter of the machine guns. There marines and Spanish guerrillas were fighting from thicket to thicket. Soon there would be more dead to bury, we thought.

Gently the men of the Texas lowered the flagwound "jollies"—"Soldier and sailor,

too," as Kipling has it—into the earth. The chaplain stood with his back to the cover from which came the rattle of musketry, and began the solemn service. Slow and deliberate fell the words, and seldom has their import been realized more fully than it was there at the edge of the bullet-threshed jungle.

"Man that is born of woman——"

A bullet pecked the earth at his feet and sent it flying. Others sang overhead. Some leaves and twigs fell from the nearest trees. A man or two dropped behind the earth thrown out of the grave. The Spanish were firing on the burial party.

The marines of the Texas raised their heads for a second and bowed them again. They made no other motion. The officer in command, pale ordinarily, flushed red as if angered by the enemy's sacrilege.

The chaplain moved a pace from where he was standing and turned his face toward the thicket from which the bullets were coming. Then his words fell slowly and gravely, "Man that is born of woman," and so to the end.

As he faced the fire those who had sought shelter stood up instantly and bowed their heads reverently. The fire slackened, ceased. The earth fell on the flags and covered them, and the heroes wrapped within. A man or two dropped a tear and a tender, parting word to his

comrades, and the burial party, its duty fittingly done, moved seaward over the crest of the ridge out of range.

Half way down the crooked path which led to the landing two of the men who had stood steadily at the grave were marked by a Spanish sharp-shooter, and a Mauser bullet "pinged" above them. They ran for

cover like startled game, for the funeral was over and they had no desire to make another.

But the men who were at the grave that day will remember long and with a solemn sense of their great lesson the words, "Man that is born of woman."



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain
wall.

Over the mountain winding down,
Horse and foot into Fredericktown.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Fredericktown
She took up the flag the men hauled down.

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!" the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire"—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog. March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the serried host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well.

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the soldier rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her, and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave.

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Fredericktown.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.



"OLD IRONSIDES."

(Written with reference to the proposed breaking up of the famous frigate "Constitution.")

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
And burst the cannon's roar:
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
And waves were white below,

No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave!
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave:
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.



BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the
coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His
terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a
hundred circling camps:
They have builded Him an altar in the
evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the
dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery Gospel, writ in burn-
ished rows of steel:

"As ye deal with my contemners, so with
you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the
serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that
shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before
His judgment-seat:
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be
jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
 across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom that trans-
 figures you and me:

As He died to make men holy, let us die
 to make men free,
 While God is marching on.

—Julia Ward Howe.



GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

(In old-time English costume.)

DO my darlings want the story
 I have told so oft before,
 Of the little drummer laddie
 And his gallant deed of yore?
 But you love to hear about it?
 Aye, my children, that is well,
 'Twas a bright and brave example
 Of the spirit that should dwell
 In the hearts of British children,
 Be they high or be they low;
 Just "Fear God and do your duty,"
 It is all in that, you know.

Little Jack—I think I see him,
 Stand as you are standing now,
 With his cap set trim and jaunty
 On the curls around his brow;
 He was but a child, my darlings,
 Not much older, Will, than you;
 And his cheeks were just as rosy,
 And his eyes were just as blue.
 Not a man of us but blessed him
 For the spirit kind and gay,
 That we never knew to fail him
 From the time we marched away.

From the time his mother kiss'd him,
 As she held him to her heart,
 And he kept the childish tears back,
 Though God knows 'twas hard to part.
 Then the great ship bore us over
 The blue ocean, lone and wide,
 To the distant lands where many,
 Many a British soldier died.
 Many a mile our army plodded
 'Neath the burning foreign sun;

Many a night we had no shelter
 When the toilsome day was done.

Very often sick and hungry,
 We marched on in sorry plight;
 But in marching, or in halting,
 By the camp fire's blaze at night,
 Little Jack, the drummer laddie,
 Cheered us as we onward went;
 Making light of every hardship,
 Always blithesome and content,
 Full of boyish pranks and laughter,
 Full of kindly winsome ways,
 And his gallant spirit bore him
 Through the hardest, longest days.

Not a man of us but loved him,
 Though we were but rough and wild,
 E'en Sir John, our grim old Colonel,
 On the drummer laddie smiled.
 But, at last, our march was ended,
 And, at last, we knew the foe
 We had come to fight was near us,
 In the valley down below.
 Well, the night before the battle
 Our young Captain spoke to me,
 Short and sharp, as was his custom,—
 "Sergeant Moore, that gap you see,

Pick your men, and guard it strictly,
 Post a sentinel outside,
 And be smart, my man, about it"—
 And he turn'd away to ride.
 Up jumped Jack; the little drummer,
 "Sergeant Moore, you'll let me go?"
 And he looked with eyes beseeching,

"I've sharp ears, as well you know."
 Aye, I knew it; not a hunter
 Of a red deer on the track,
 Was so keen and quick of hearing
 As our blithesome drummer Jack.

So I took him, it was wrong, dears—
 He was such a child, you see,
 And 'twas older hands we wanted,
 And the captain trusted me.
 Down the dark defile we scrambled,
 And beyond the gap we saw
 Where the foe was camped before us;
 'Twas not wider than a door—
 That dark gap between two hillsides;
 And I saw if we could keep
 'Gainst the enemy its entrance,
 Safe that night our men might sleep.

Little Jack crept just outside it;
 "I shall hear them if they stir,"
 In my ear he whispered softly,
 As he leaned against a fir.
 "And you'll stay there!" I commanded,
 As I held him by the arm—
 "You'll not stir a step, my laddie,
 Save to give us the alarm!"
 And he answered, "Trust me, Sergeant,
 I'll not stir, or close an eye;
 'Twill be safe to-night—our army—
 Or I'll know the reason why."

'Twas his safety that I thought of;
 Do you mark me, Bess and Will?
 I was fearful of his straying
 Into danger down the hill.
 For I knew his fearless spirit,
 And I meant he should abide
 Where, at lightest hint of danger,
 I could call him to my side.
 But 'twas long before the dawning
 That a breathless comrade came,
 Bidding us fall back, and quickly—
 Speaking in the captain's name.

They'd not try to pass, he told us,
 As along the path we filed,
 And we all—may God forgive us!
 In our haste forgot the child.
 But not far had we proceeded
 Ere we heard the rolling boom,
 Up the narrow path behind us,
 Of our lad's familiar drum,
 Followed by the crack and rattle
 Of a rifle in our rear.
 So we turned upon the instant—
 (In our hearts an awful fear
 For the child we had deserted)—
 Face to face we met the foe.
 There were but a score of them, Will—
 How we cut them down, you know.

On we went; some few were wounded;
 It was but the chance of war—
 'Till we heard a feeble drum-beat,
 And a well-known blithe "hurrah!"
 There was Jack beneath the fir tree,
 With a broken leg and arm,
 While, with but one hand, brave laddie,
 He was beating the alarm.
 Dropping shots, you see, had struck him,
 And he fainted, so he said,
 And the enemy had left him
 'Neath the dusky fir for dead.

But he soon came to, and fearing
 They'd surprise us in the pass,
 On his drum he beat a warning
 As he lay upon the grass.
 "But what ailed you not to follow
 When you heard us move away!"
 Thus I asked him, sitting sadly
 By his little cot next day.
 "Follow you?" he cried. "Why, Sergeant,
 You had told me not to stir
 From the spot where I was posted,
 In the shelter of the fir.

Could I disobey my orders?
 I was sentinel, you know,

And you were not out of hearing
 When I caught a sound below;
 And the enemy was on me—
 I'd have beat you a tattoo
 If I'd had the time; but, Sergeant,
 I was hit before I knew.
 Then I tried to warn you after,
 Lest they took you by surprise;
 It was but my duty, Sergeant,"
 Said the lad with shining eyes.

Thus he saved our camp; we knew it;
 And the bravest in the land,
 When the boy got well, have said it,
 As they shook him by the hand.
 "But we cannot all be heroes;"
 Nay, my lad, you're right enough;

But we can be brave and faithful,
 And, believe me, that's the stuff
 Which makes best and bravest soldiers.
 Strong to bear and swift to do—
 Are the boys who learn contentment,
 And are patient, kind and true.

Don't make much of little hardships,
 Help a comrade when you can;
 You'll have many a foe to fight, Will,
 Ere you come to be a man.
 So will you, my darling Bessie,
 As to womanhood you grow;
 But "Fear God and do your duty,"
 That's the safest rule I know.

—Helen Marion Burnside.



THE REGULAR ARMY MAN.

HE ain't no gold-laced "Belvidere,"
 Ter sparkle in the sun;
 He don't parade with gay cockade,
 And posies in his gun;
 He ain't no "pretty" soldier boy,
 So lovely, spick and span;
 He wears a crust of tan and dust,
 The Reg'lar Army man;
 The marchin', parchin',
 Pipe-clay starchin',
 Reg'lar Army man.

He ain't at home in Sunday-school,
 Nor yet a social tea;
 And on the day he gets his pay
 He's apt ter spend it free;
 He ain't no temp'rance advocate;
 He likes ter fill the can;
 He's kinder rough an', maybe, tough,
 The Reg'lar Army man;
 The rarin', tarin',
 Sometimes swearin',
 Reg'lar Army man.

No State'll call him "noble son!"
 He ain't no ladies' pet,
 But let a row start anyhow,
 They'll send for him, you bet!
 He don't cut any ice at all
 In fash'n's social plan;
 He gits the job ter face a mob,
 The Reg'lar Army man;
 The millin', drillin',
 Made for killin',
 Reg'lar Army man.

They ain't no tears shed over him
 When he goes off ter war;
 He gits no speech nor prayerful "preach"
 From Mayor or Governor;
 He packs his little knapsack up
 And trots off in the van,
 Ter start the fight and start it right,
 The Reg'lar Army man;
 The rattlin', battlin',
 Colt or Gatlin',
 Reg'lar Army man.

He makes no fuss about the job,
 He don't talk big or brave,
 He knows he's in ter fight and win
 Or help fill up a grave;
 He ain't no "mamma's darlin'," but
 He does the best he can;

And he's the chap that wins the scrap,
 The Reg'lar Army man;
 The dandy, handy,
 Cool and sandy,
 Reg'lar Army man.

—Joe Lincoln.



WHEN THE SPANISH WAR BROKE OUT.

HE gits roun' now on just one peg
 Ter beat the very lan'!
 Thank God! he's only got one leg—
 They won't take my ol' man.
 (He lost that leg in our last war,
 But I could never tell whut fer.)
 I sets an' sees him hobblin' roun'—
 They's sojers passin' through,
 An' "Dixie's" wakin' up the town,
 An' "Yankee Doodle" too.
 I hears him holler, "Hip, hooray!"
 (Thank God! they can't take him away.)
 He seen his fightin' days. He went
 With Jackson an' with Lee.
 An' now he's come ter be content

Ter set roun' home with me.
 He's lost one leg—that's gone shore.
 Thank God! he'll never lose no more.
 But when the ban' plays "Dixie"—my!
 It sets him wild ag'in!
 He cheers the boys a-trompin' by
 An' want's ter jine in!
 But I—I sez, "Come, that'll do!
 They don't want one-leg folks like you."

So let 'em fight from left ter right
 All over sea an' land—
 I thank the Lord, by day an' night,
 They won't take my ol' man!
 He's lost one leg—that's gone fer shore.
 Thank God! he'll never lose no more.



THE SONG OF THE GUN.

THE furnace was white with steel
 a-light,
 When my newborn spirit came
 In a molten flood of the war-god's blood,
 In a passion of fire and flame.
 I looked o'er the deep from a lofty steep
 With a strong heart full of pride;
 Like a king alone on his stately throne
 Whose word no man denied.
 My thunder spoke from the battle smoke,
 When the waves ran crimson red,
 And heroes died by my iron side,
 Till the foreign foemen fled.

The sentence of death was in my breath,
 And many a ship went down—
 Oh, the gun is lord of the feeble sword,
 And greater is his renown.

Now the long grass hides my rusty sides,
 And round me the children play;
 But I dream by night of a last great fight,
 Ere the trump of the Judgment Day.

For men must fight in the cause of right,
 Till the time when war shall cease;
 And the song of the gun will ne'er be done
 Till the dawn of lasting peace.

THE TWO GREAT FLAGS.

TWO proud flags to the skies unfurled,
Types of an English-speaking
world;

Types of the world that is yet to be,
Rich and happy and proud and free;
Types of a world of peace and law,
Closer together in friendship draw!
Can ye descry with the sight of seers,
What shall be wrought in coming years?
E'en but a century more will teach
A thousand millions the English speech!
Vast Australia, from sea to sea,
Peopled all with our kin will be.
Grand New Zealand, a busy hive,
Britain in duplicate then, will thrive;
While the Dark Continent, dark no more,
Lighted with industry, law and love.
India's boundless, human sea,
Great and honored and justly free,
India then shall speak the tongue
Shakespeare uttered and Milton sung.
What of Columbia's later fame?
What for her can the century claim?
Ask what the century past has done;

Gaze on the triumphs that she has won.
Give the imagination rein;
People each tenantless hill and plain;
Swell her borders, and all around,
View the Republic, ocean bound!
Yes, but a century more will teach
A thousand millions the English speech.
And, as the centuries onward roll,
Earth shall feel it from pole to pole.
Speech, the grandest that man has known,
Gathering thought from every zone;
Law, the best that the human mind
Ever devised to rule mankind;
Literature, from every pen
Ever wielded to gladden men,—
Covering Earth like a whelming sea,
Anglo-Saxon the world shall be.
Two proud flags to the skies unfurled,
Types of an English-speaking world;
Types of the world that is yet to be,
Types of a world of peace and law,—
Close together in friendship draw!

—Hubert M. Skinner.



THE "COWARD" IN BATTLE.

THERE is a regiment with its right flank resting on the woods—its left in an open field near a group of haystacks. Three pieces of artillery in front have been playing in the pine thicket half a mile away for the last ten minutes, but without provoking any reply.

Watch this man—this Second Lieutenant of Company F. He is almost a giant in size. He has a fierce eye, a roaring voice, and men have said that he was as brave as a lion. When the regiment was swung into position and the battery opened he said to himself: "How foolish in us to attack the enemy when he was seeking to

retreat! This blunder will cost us many lives. Our fire will soon be returned, and it will be good-by to half our regiment. I shall be one of the first to fall. If I was one of the rear-rank privates, I'd give all the money I hope ever to have."

As three—five—ten minutes pass away and the fire is not returned, the coward begins to pluck up heart. He blusters at the men, tries to joke with the officers on his right, and says to himself: "This may turn out all right after all. We are in no danger thus far, and if the enemy retreats we shall share the credit. I must try and make everybody believe that I am disappointed

because we have not been ordered to advance."

Boom—shriek—crash! Now the enemy open fire in reply. They have six guns to answer three. In two minutes they have the range and a shell kills or wounds five or six men. The coward's cheeks grow pale. He whispers: "Great heavens; we shall all be slaughtered! Why doesn't the colonel order us to retire? Why are men kept here to be shot down in this way? What a fool I was not to go on the sick list last night! If it wasn't that so many are looking at me, I'd lie down to escape the fire!"

Another shell—a third—fourth—fifth, and thirty or forty men have been killed. Men won't stand that long. They must either retreat or advance.

"We shall advance," whispers the coward. The order will come to dash forward and take those guns. Shot and shell and grape will leave none of us alive. What folly to advance! I hope I may be slightly wounded, so I shall have an excuse for seeking cover in some of these ditches."

An aid rides up to the Colonel and gives an order. The Colonel rides to the head of his line and orders the lines dressed for an advance. The men dress under a hot fire, and the coward groans aloud: "It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of certain death! Oh, dear! If I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

The lines dash forward into the smoke—the enemy's fire grows more rapid—the dead and wounded strew the ground. Where and what of the coward? Three days later, the Colonel's report will read:

"I desire to make special mention of Lieutenant ——. As the regiment advanced, the Captain and First Lieutenant of Company F were killed by the same shell, leaving the Second Lieutenant of Company F in command. He was equal to the emergency. Springing to the head of the company, he encouraged the men, led them straight at the guns, two pieces of which were captured by the Company."

A month later the coward was a Captain.



NATHAN HALE.

SPEED, speed thee forth," said Washington,

On Harlem's battle plain,

"For yonder lies the British foe,

Bring back *his* plans of battle, Go!"

The volunteer of twenty-one,

Whose heart was never known to quail,

Bowed—heard his orders,—bowed again,

'Twas Captain Nathan Hale.

One night when shone the harvest moon,

His boat shot thro' the spray,

Blithely across the starlit sound

To where upon Manhattan's ground

The British were encamped, and soon

The soldier-boy was on their trail—

Captured their plans,—“Now for the fray,”

Cried fearless Nathan Hale.

But e'er his noble task was done

Within the foeman's bounds,

A yell came up from Briton throats,

He saw their shining scarlet coats—

“What, ho! a spy from Washington,”

Ah, Heaven, then was he doomed to fail;

As round a hare spring famished hounds,

They close round Nathan Hale.

Condemned to death the hero lay
 With shackles on his limbs,
 And mem'ry brought New London
 town,

His sweetheart with her curls of brown,
 His anxious mother, old and gray,
 Alas, how will they hear the tale.
 A welcome tear and blue eye dims
 Of valiant Nathan Hale.

They led him forth 'mid gibes and jeers
 To meet the patriot's fate,
 The solace of God's Holy Word
 He asked, but ne'er a Briton stirred,
 Their oaths still fell upon his ears,
 Their robber flag waved in the gale,
 Their eyes fired by revenge and hate
 • Were fixed on Nathan Hale.

Like bloodhounds eager for his gore
 They cried out, "Hang the spy."
 Undaunted there the hero stands,
 And lifting up his shackled hands,

The while his captors raved and swore,
 A flush came o'er his cheek so pale
 "Back, cowards, I'll show you how to die,"
 Cried noble Nathan Hale.

"A hundred lives, ye knaves accurst
 I'd yield, and bliss were crowned,
 To burn that blood-stained rag o'erhead,
 And raise the Stars and Stripes instead.
 I'm ready now, fiends, do your worst,
 To Freedom's glorious dawn all hail!"
 The hangman's rope is thrown around
 The neck of Nathan Hale.

Forgotten? ne'er while Freedom's stars
 Shine forth in deathless light,
 From out the flag he loved so well,
 For which he lived and fought and fell.
 His guerdon was the soldier's scars.
 And death, far from his native vale—
 Brave heart, that throbbed for love and
 right,
 Brave soldier, Nathan Hale.



GETTYSBURG, 1895.

THE fields of Gettysburg are green
 Where once the red blood ran;
 The oak leaves throw a dancing sheen
 Where perished horse and man;
 The saplings whisper on the hill
 Where rolled a fiery tide,
 And songbirds splash the laughing rill
 Where armies fought and died.

A marble sentry scans the field
 And granite cannons frown
 Where dusty regiments once wheeled
 And shot and shell rained down;
 But o'er the sentry's martial face
 Now sits the cooing dove,
 Breaking the silence of the place
 With murmuring notes of love.

The only colors in the glades
 Are those of buds and flowers;
 The swift and sudden fusillades
 Are made by passing showers.
 Huge haycarts now are chariot cars,
 And soldiers, boys at play;
 The only camp fires are the stars,
 The fiery glory, day.

Thank God that all things in this life
 Together move for right;
 That Night and her half-sister, Strife,
 Shall die in joy and light;
 That through a mystery above
 His mercies ne'er shall cease;
 That out of hate shall issue love,
 And out of war come peace.

FLAG OF THE RAINBOW.

This recitation may be made very effective if the National Flag be placed where it can be readily pointed to. The "Star Spangled Banner" might be played softly during the rendering of the poem.

FLAG of the rainbow, and banner of stars,

Emblem of light and shield of the lowly,
Never to droop while our soldiers and tars
Rally to guard it from outrage unholy.

Never may shame or misfortune attend it,
Enmity sully, or treachery rend it,
While but a man is alive to defend it:
Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars.

Flag of a land where the people are free,
Ever the breezes salute and caress it;
Planted on earth, or afloat in the sea,
Gallant men guard it, and fair women
bless it.

Fling out its folds o'er a country united,

Warmed by the fires that our forefathers
lighted,

Refuge where down-trodden man is in-
vited:

Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars.

Flag that our sires gave in trust to their
sons,

Symbol and sign of a liberty glorious,
While the grass grows and the clear water
runs,

Ever invincible, ever victorious.

Long may it waken our pride and devotion,
Rippling its colors in musical motion,
First on the land, and supreme on the
ocean:

Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars.



THE TORPEDO-BOAT.

SHE'S a floating boiler crammed with
fire and steam;

A toy, with dainty works like any watch;
A working, weaving basketful of tricks—
Eccentric, cam and lever, cog and notch.
She's a dashing, lashing, tumbling shell of
steel,

A headstrong, kicking, nervous, plung-
ing beast;

A long, lean ocean liner—trimmed down
small;

A bucking broncho harnessed for the
East.

She can rear and toss and roll

Your body from your soul,

And she's most unpleasant wet—to say
the least!

But see her slip in, sneaking down, at
night;

All a-tremble, deadly, silent—Satan sly.
Watch her gather for the rush, and catch
her breath!

See her dodge the wakeful cruiser's
sweeping eye.

Hear the humming! Hear her coming!
Coming fast!

(That's the sound might make men wish
they were at home,

Hear the rattling Maxim, barking rapid
fire),

See her loom out through the fog with
bows afoam!

Then some will wish for land—
They'd be sand fleas in the sand

Or yellow grubs reposing in the loam,

QUEBEC.

(From "Songs of the Great Dominion.")

QUEBEC! how regally it crowns the height,
 Like a tanned giant on a solid throne!
 Unmindful of the sanguinary fight,
 The roar of cannon mingling with the moan
 Of mutilated soldiers years ago,
 That gave the place a glory and a name
 Among the nations. France was heard to groan;
 England rejoiced, but checked the proud acclaim,—

A brave young chief had fall'n to vindicate her fame.
 Wolfe and Montcalm! two nobler names ne'er graced
 The page of history, or the hostile plain;
 No braver souls the storm of battle faced,
 Regardless of the danger or the pain.
 They passed unto their rest without a stain
 Upon their nature or their generous hearts.
 One graceful column to the noble twain
 Speaks of a nation's gratitude, and starts
 The tear that Valor claims and Feeling's self imparts.



TREKKING.

Song of the Boer women.

TREKKING trekking, trekking! Will never the trekk be done?
 Will never the rest, will never the home be won and forever won?
 Are we only as beasts of the jungle afoot for the fleeing prey,
 With a lair in the bush at midnight, on the veldt a trackless way?
 Ever the word is "onward"—ever our white train goes
 Deeper and deeper northward beyond the grasp of our foes—
 Deeper and deeper northward our fathers went before,
 But the door of the veldt is closed, is closed!
 Where can we trekk to more?
 Trekking, trekking, trekking! Think you we love not our home?
 Think you my father prized not the farm of the yellow loam?
 And mother, I see her weeping beside my brother tall,

Turning and gazing northward beyond the mountain wall.
 The cattle, they seem to be standing dumb in a brute despair;
 With a longing look at the pastures they feel the trekk in the air!
 Even old Yok seems broken; he turns from the tempting bones;
 I see him there in the corner, manlike, brooding alone!
 Trekking, trekking, trekking! Through the Zululand we go,
 The midnight tiger stalking us, and ever the savage foe—
 Before—the savage foe to meet, the "red-coat" foe behind—
 What have we done to be blown about like a leaf upon the wind?
 Ah, over the Vaal we shall find our peace—over the rushing Vaal—
 The Lord has led us to rest at last; blindly we followed his call;

The land he promised is ours to keep—is
ours forever to keep—
Piet, what noise is that in the fold? Think
you a wolf at the sheep?

Trekking, trekking, trekking! We have
trekked till our tall, strong men
Have sworn an oath by our father's God we
shall never trekk again!
The doors of the northward veldt are
closed; the doors of our heart are
strong;

They shall ope their lock to a brother's
knock, but not to the threat of wrong!
There is the gun your father bore when he
climbed Majuba's hill;
'Tis yours, Piet, to bear it now with your
father's faith and will,
For the land is ours—the land is ours—if
ever a land was won;
You go at the dawn, you say, my son? Yes,
go at the dawn, my son!

—John Jerome Rooney.



DON'T CHEER, BOYS; THEY'RE DYING.

When the Spanish ships were sinking at the battle of Santiago and the waters were thick
with dead and dying Spaniards, the sailors on the United States battleship Texas
began to cheer. Captain Philip checked them with these words:
"Don't cheer, boys, the poor devils are dying."

THE smoke hangs heavy o'er the sea,
Beyond the storm-swept battle line,
Where floats the flag of Stripes and Stars,
Triumphant o'er the shattered foe.
The walls of Morro thunder still their fear;
Helpless, a mass of flame, the foeman
drifts,
And o'er her decks the flag of white.
Hushed voices pass the word from lip to
lip,
And grimy sailors silent stand beside the
guns,
"Cease firing. An enemy is dying.
Do not cheer."

"An enemy is dying. Do not cheer."
Thy servants' glorious tribute to Thy name,
Christ, Lord, who rules the battle well,
Who, watching, guards our destinies,
And seeth e'en the sparrows fall.
Redly, through the drifting smoke, the sun
looks down
On silent guns and shot-pierced bloody
wreck,
Long lines of weary men, with heads bowed
low,
Give thanks, in presence of Thy reaper
grim.
Thy will be done, O Lord, Thou rulest all.



HOBSON AND HIS CHOSEN SEVEN.

COME, kings and queens the world
around,
Whose power and fame all climes resound!
Come, sailors bold and soldiers brave,
Whose names shall live beyond the grave!
Come, men and women, come, boys and
girls,

Wherever our flag to the breeze unfurls!
Come one, come all, let none stand back,
Come, praise the men of the Merrimac!
Out from the water, out from the fire,
Out from the jaws of death most dire!
Far up in the fame and light of heaven,
See Hobson with his chosen seven!

MARCHING SONG OF THE ROUGH RIDERS.

ROUGH riders were we from the west,
Gallant gentlemen the rest,
Of volunteers the best;
Rallied to the flag at Roosevelt's behest
To carve our way to glory.

When the Spanish shells and shrapnel
burst,
Our losses were the worst—
The chaplain even cursed.
"Charge!" cried Colonel Roosevelt, and
charged the first
To carve our way to glory.

Our rapid fire tore the Spanish line to bits,
And scared them into fits;
Their leaders lost their wits;

Up the hill we went and stormed their rifle
pits -
To carve our way to glory.

Intrenched within the pits long we lay,
By night as well as day,
Sore at the delay;
In our rear the yellow fever raged at Sib-
oney
To cheat us out of glory.

When no bloody Spaniards are left to run,
Cuba will be won,
Our duty will be done;
Dead and living every single one
Has carved his way to glory.



DE BUGLE ON DE HILL.

I DOAN' like de noise er de marchin' ob
de boys—

An' I 'low I doan' s'pose I evalh will—
Er de trampin' ob de feet to de drum's
wild beat,

Er de blowin' ob de bugle on de hill.
Hit minds me ob de day when Gabe
marched away.

An' ole missus stood beside de cabin do';
Sumpin' whispahed in my eah 'bout my
little volunteah,

An' sade he nevalh will come back no
mo'.

I's thinkin' mos' to-day ob how he marched
away,

Wid de bright sun a-climbin' up de sky;
Marched out an' down the street to de
drum's wild beat,

An' den how dey fotched 'im home to
die.

Oh, de sad, moanful way missus bowed her
head to pray,

When Gabe said, "Hit's gittin' mighty
still,

But I'll rise an' jine de boys when I heah
de cannon's noise,
Er de soun' ob de bugle on de hill!"

Dar's a spot mighty deah to dis ole darky
heah,

Whar de sunshine am peekin' frough de
palms.

Wid his hands 'pon his breast dar my sol-
dier's gone to rest,

Jest peacefully a-sleepin' in de calms;
An' de drum's wild-beat er de tread ob
marchin' feet

I know cain't disturb 'im now until
De Lo'd gibs command, den I know he'll
rise an' stan'

At de blowin' ob de bugle on de hill.



Photo by Byron, N. Y.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.



Photo by Byron, N. Y.

GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

Juvenile Gems for the Children

This department has been selected and arranged with a view of providing the children with the kind of recitations they like. It embraces a wide variety—cute, pretty, funny, patriotic, and moral. Each piece has been submitted to children who have taken part in public entertainments and has met with their enthusiastic approval.



THE DOLL'S LESSON.

A doll is seated in a small chair facing the audience. A little girl, wearing glasses and with a book in her hand, addresses the doll.

WELL, little girl, you wish to come to school, do you? I hope you are a very good girl, and will not give me any trouble. What is your name? Lucy, is it? Well, Lucy, do you know your letters? Can you read and spell and write? You don't know anything, eh? How shocking! Well, then, I will try to teach you how to spell your name the first thing, because every little girl, when she is as big as you, ought to know how to spell her name. Lucy—that's an easy name to spell. Now

say "L"—you can remember that if you'll just think of "Aunt El.," then "U"—u, remember, not me—that's L-U. Next comes "C"—that's what you do with your eyes, you know—"C." L-U-C, and the last is "Y," that's easy—"Y." Why, of course! And now you have it all!—L (for Aunt El.)-U (not me)-C (with your eyes)-and Y (why, of course)—Lucy.

That is very good. You'll soon be a good scholar, I see! Now you may take a recess.



THE BAD LITTLE BOYS.

THREE bad little boys kept wide awake

Once on a Christmas Eve;
Though their mothers tucked them up in bed

And kissed and covered each curly head,
They just played make-believe.

"We'll wait and watch for Santa Claus,
And we won't make any noise;
And we'll see him drop
From the chimney-top!"
Said these wicked little boys.

Then the house grew lonely—dark and still,

And the fire died in the grate
And the wind that over the chimney blew
Wailed like a witch, and said: "You-oo
Are sitting up too late."

And the snow that pelted the window-pane
Made faces at them all;
And the clock on the mantel ticked, "Oh,
ho!

I know—I know—I know—I know!"
And the shadows danced on the wall.

The clothes in the corner looked like
ghosts

With the shadows over them shed;

And they wanted to scream, but they
couldn't speak,

For they heard the stairs go crickety-
creak,

Like the goblins were going to bed!

And then—down the chimney came Santa
Claus,

Fresh from his snowy sleigh;

But they thought 'twas a ghost from the
goblin crowd,

And all together they screamed so loud
That they frightened him away!

—Frank L. Stanton.



ABOUT FIRE CRACKERS.

(For a boy.)

I F there were no fire crackers
What could a small boy do
To keep the nation's birthday?
I do not know. Do you?

How can I show my gladness
For Independence Day,
Unless with noisy crackers
I bang and blaze away?

When I am a man like you,
(*Points to some one in the audience*),
I shall not make a noise,
But instead, I'll sit and scold
About those noisy boys.

So, hurrah! I'm glad we shipped
King George across the seas,
If we hadn't, pray, what use
Could I have had for these?

(*Pulls a pack of fire-crackers out of each pocket and holds them up.*)



THE BALD-HEADED TYRANT.

O H! the quietest home on earth had I,
No thought of trouble, no hint of
care;

Like a dream of pleasure the days fled by,
And Peace had folded her pinions there.

But one day there joined in our household
band

A bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

Oh, the despot came in the dead of night,
And no one ventured to ask him why;

Like slaves we trembled before his might,
Our hearts stood still when we heard

him cry;

For never a soul could his power with-
stand,

That bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-
land.

He ordered us here, and he sent us there—
Though never a word could his small
lips speak—

With his toothless gums and his vacant
stare,

And his helpless limbs so frail and weak,
Till I cried, in a voice of stern command,
"Go up, thou bald-head from No-man's-
land."

But his abject slaves they turned on me;
Like the bears in Scripture, they'd rend
me there

The while they worshiped with bended
knee

The ruthless wretch with the missing
hair,

For he rules them all with relentless hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-
land.

Then I searched for help in every clime,
For Peace had fled from my dwelling
now

Till I finally thought of old Father Time,
And low before him I made my bow.

"Wilt thou deliver me out of his hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-
land?"

Old Time he looked with a puzzled stare,
And a smile came over his features grim.
I'll take the tyrant under my care:

Watch what my hour-glass does to him.
The veriest humbug that ever was
planned.

Is this same bald-head from No-man's-
land.



THE HOLE IN HIS POCKET.

GUESS what he had in his pocket.
Marbles and tops and sundry toys
Such as always belong to boys,
A bitter apple, a leathern ball?
Not at all.

What did he have in his pocket?
A bubble-pipe, and a rusty screw,
A brass watch-key, broken in two,
A fish-hook in a tangle of string?—
No such thing.

What did he have in his pocket?
Ginger-bread crumbs, a whistle he made,
Buttons, a knife with a broken blade,
A nail or two and a rubber gun?—
Neither one.

What *did* he have in his pocket?
Before he knew it slyly crept
Under the treasures carefully kept,
And away they all of them quickly stole—
'Twas a hole!



GEORGE WASHINGTON'S LITTLE HATCHET.

(Told by Robert J. Burdette, the Preacher-Humorist, with occasional questions by a five-year-old hearer.)

AND so, smiling, we went on.
"Well, one day, George's father—"
"George who?" asked Clarence.
"George Washington. He was a little
boy, then, just like you. One day his
father—"

"Whose father?" demanded Clarence,
with an encouraging expression of interest.

"George Washington's; this great man
we are telling you of. One day George
Washington's father gave him a little
hatchet for a—"

"Gave who a little hatchet?" the dear
child interrupted with a gleam of bewitch-
ing intelligence. Most men would have
got mad, or betrayed signs of impatience,
but we didn't. We knew how to talk to
children. So we went on:

"George Washington. His—"

"Who gave him the little hatchet?"

"His father. And his father—"

"Whose father?"

"George Washington's."

"Oh!"

"Yes, George Washington. And his father told him—"

"Told who?"

"Told George."

"Oh, yes, George."

And we went on, just as patient and as pleasant as you could imagine. We took up the story right where the boy interrupted, for we could see he was just crazy to hear the end of it. We said:

"And he was told—"

"George told him?" queried Clarence.

"No, his father told George—"

"Oh!"

"Yes; told him he must be careful with the hatchet—"

"Who must be careful?"

"George must."

"Oh!"

"Yes; must be careful with his hatchet—"

"What hatchet?"

"Why, George's."

"Oh!"

"With the hatchet, and not cut himself with it, or drop it in the cistern, or leave it out in the grass all night. So George went round cutting everything he could reach with his hatchet. And at last he came to a splendid apple tree, his father's favorite, and cut it down and—"

"Who cut it down?"

"George did."

"Oh!"

"But his father came home and saw it the first thing, and—"

"Saw the hatchet?"

"No, saw the apple tree. And he said, 'Who has cut down my favorite apple tree?'"

"What apple tree?"

"George's father's. And everybody said they didn't know anything about it, and—"

"Anything about what?"

"The apple tree."

"Oh!"

"And George came up and heard them talking about it—"

"Heard who talking about it?"

"Heard his father and the men."

"What were they talking about?"

"About this apple tree."

"What apple tree?"

"The favorite tree that George cut down."

"George who?"

"George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up and heard them talking about it, and he—"

"What did he cut it down for?"

"Just to try his little hatchet."

"Whose little hatchet?"

"Why, his own, the one his father gave him."

"Gave who?"

"Why, George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up and he said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie, I—'"

"Who couldn't tell a lie?"

"Why, George Washington. He said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. It was—'"

"His father couldn't?"

"Why, no; George couldn't."

"Oh! George? oh yes!"

"'It was I cut down your apple tree; I did—'"

"His father did?"

"No, no; it was George said this."

"Said he cut his father?"

"No, no, no; said he cut down his apple tree."

"George's apple tree?"

"No, no; his father's."

"Oh!"

"He said—"

"His father said?"

"No, no, no; George said. 'Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet.' And his father said: 'Noble boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie.'"

"George did?"

"No, his father said that."

"Said he'd rather have a thousand apple trees?"

"No, no, no; said he'd rather lose a thousand apple trees than—"

"Said he'd rather George would?"

"No, said he'd rather he would than have him lie."

"Oh! George would rather have his father lie?"

We are patient and we love children, but if Mrs. Caruthers hadn't come and got her prodigy at that critical juncture, we don't believe all Burlington could have pulled us out of the snarl. And as Clarence Alencon de Marchemont Caruthers pattered down the stairs we heard him telling his ma about a boy who had a father named George, and he told him to cut down an apple tree, and he said he'd rather tell a thousand lies than cut down one apple tree.



THE AMERICAN BOY.

LOOK up, my young American!
Stand firmly on the earth,
Where noble deeds and mental power
Give titles over birth.

A hallow'd land thou claim'st my boy,
By early struggles bought,
Heaped up with noble memories,
And wide, aye, wide as thought!

What though we boast no ancient towers
Where "ivied" streamers twine,
The laurel lives upon our soil,
The laurel, boy, is thine.

And though on "Cressy's distant field,"
Thy gaze may not be cast,
While through long centuries of blood
Rise spectres of the past, —

The future wakes thy dreamings high,
And thou a note mayst claim—
Aspirings which in after times
Shall swell the trump of fame.

And when thou'rt told of knighthood's
shield
And English battles won,
Look up, my boy, and breathe one word—
The name of Washington.



MRS. RABBIT'S SCHOOL.

MRS. RABBIT had a school
Of little bunnies, five;
Said she: "I think each one's a fool,
As sure as I'm alive.

"I've tried to teach them numbers,
I've tried to make them sing,
And now the term is almost out,
They haven't learned a thing."

Committee came, one day, to see
If they were doing well
She told him how, of all the five,
Not one could read or spell.

Said he: "My friend, I do believe
Of time it is a waste
To try and teach a rabbit,
And not consult his taste."

So, he took away their "Primers,"
 And in each little paw
 He placed—now what do you suppose?
 A good-sized turnip, raw.

How they got on, I cannot tell,
 But this, I know, is true:
 When school was out, they knew as much
 As other rabbits do.
 —"Treasure Trove."



LITTLE BY LITTLE.

ONE step and then another, and the
 longest walk is ended;
 One stitch and then another, and the wid-
 est rent is mended;
 One brick upon another, and the highest
 wall is made;
 One flake upon another, and the deepest
 snow is laid.

Then do not frown nor murmur at the
 work you have to do,
 Or say that such a mighty task you never
 can get through;
 But just endeavor, day by day, another
 point to gain,
 And soon the mountain that you feared
 will prove to be a plain.



A HUMAN QUESTION POINT.

SIXTY questions make an hour,
 One for every minute;
 And Neddy tries, with all his might,
 To get more questions in it.

Sixty questions make an hour,
 And as for a reply;
 The wisest sage would stand aghast
 At Neddy's searching "Why?"

Sixty questions make an hour,
 And childhood's hours are brief;
 So Neddy has no time to waste,
 No pauses for relief.

Sixty questions make an hour,
 Presto! Why, where is Ned?
 Alas, he's gone, and in his place
 A Question Point instead!



ONLY A BOY.

ONLY a boy with his noise and fun,
 The veriest mystery under the sun;
 As brimful of mischief and wit and glee,
 As ever a human frame can be,
 And as hard to manage—what! ah me!
 'Tis hard to tell,
 Yet we love him well.

Only a boy with his fearful tread,
 Who cannot be driven, must be led!
 Who troubles the neighbors' dogs and cats,

And tears more clothes and spoils more
 hats,
 Loses more kites and tops and bats
 Than would stock a store
 For a week or more.

Only a boy with his wild, strange ways,
 With his idle hours or his busy days,
 With his queer remarks and his odd replies,
 Sometimes foolish and sometimes wise,
 Often brilliant for one of his size,

As a meteor hurled
From the planet world.

Only a boy who may be a man
If nature goes on with her first great plan—
If intemperance or some fatal snare

Conspires not to rob us of this our heir,
Our blessing, our trouble, our rest, our
care,
Our torment, our joy!
"Only a boy!"



DON'T.

I BELIEVE, if there is one word that grown-up folks are more fond of using to us little folks, than any other word in the big dictionary, it is the word D-o-n-t.

It is all the time "Don't do this," and "Don't do that," and "Don't do the other," until I am sometimes afraid there will be nothing left that we can do.

Why, for years and years and years, ever since I was a tiny little tot, this word "Don't" has been my torment. It's "Lizzie, don't make a noise, you disturb me," and "Lizzie, don't eat so much candy, it will make you sick," and "Lizzie, don't be so idle," and "Don't talk so much," and "Don't soil your clothes," and "Don't everything else." One day I thought I'd count how many times I was told not to do things! Just think! I counted twenty-three "don'ts," and I think I missed two or three little ones besides.

But now it is my turn. I have got a chance to talk, and I'm going to tell some of the big people when to Don't! That is what my piece is about. First, I shall tell the papas and mammas—Don't scold the children, just because you have been at a party the night before, and so feel cross and tired. Second, Don't fret and make wrinkles in your faces, over things that cannot be helped. I think fretting spoils big folks just as much as it does us little people. Third, Don't forget where you put your scissors, and then say you s'pose the children have taken them. Oh! I could tell you ever so many "don'ts," but I think I'll only say one more, and that is—Don't think I mean to be saucy, because all these don'ts are in my piece, and I had to say them.

—E. C. Rook.



LITTLE BOY BLUE.

(The children's favorite recitation.)

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was, when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that is the time when our Little Boy
Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
O, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

<p>Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue, they stand, Each in the same old place, Awaiting the touch of a little hand, The smile of a little face.</p>	<p>And they wonder, as waiting these long years through In the dust of that little chair, What has become of our Little Boy Blue Since he kissed them, and put them there.</p>
---	--

—Eugene Field.



THE DOLL QUEEN.

THE little rag doll is queen—
Her realm is a maiden's heart,
And there she will reign serene,
And play the important part.
A bundle of rags is she,
With collar of scraggy fur;
She's only a doll to me,
But more than a doll to her.

A doll that I thought a prize
I gave to the little maid,
That opened and shut its eyes,
And beauty of face displayed;
But somehow it seemed to me
She never received the care
I daily and hourly see
Bestowed on a doll less fair.

The doll that can really talk,
The doll in the silken dress,
The doll that is made to walk,
Lies lonely in some recess;
Forgotten and pushed aside,
It lies in the dust apart,
While that of the rags in pride
Is held to the maiden's heart.

The doll is a doll to me,
A bundle of rags and fur,
And yet I am quick to see
It's more than a doll to her;
And so it maintains its place,
Unrivalled it holds its own;
In rags and a painted face
It stands in her heart alone.



THE DOLL'S FUNERAL.

WHEN my dolly died, when my dolly
died,
I sat on the step and cried, and I cried;
And I couldn't eat any jam and bread,
'Cause it didn't seem right when my doll
was dead.
And Bridget was sorry as she could be,
For she patted my head and "Oh," said
she,
"To think that the pretty has gone and
died!"
Then I broke out afresh, and I cried and
cried.

And all the dollies from all around
Came to see my doll put under the ground;
There were Lucy and Mary Clack
Brought their dolls over all dressed in
black.

And Emmeline Hope and Sara Lou
Came over and brought their dollies, too.
And all the time I cried, and cried,
'Cause it hurt me so when my dolly died.

We dressed her up in a new white gown,
With ribbons and laces all around;
And made her coffin in a box

Where my brother keeps his spelling
blocks,
And we had some prayers, and a funeral,
too;
And our hymn was "The Two Little Girls
in Blue."
But for me, I only cried and cried,
'Cause it truly hurt when my dolly died.

We dug her a grave in the violet bed,
And planted violets at her head;
And we raised a stone and wrote quite
plain:
"Here lies a dear doll who died of pain."

And then my brother he said "Amen,"
And we all went back to the house again.
But all the time I cried and cried,
Because 'twas right when my doll had died.

And then we had more jam and bread,
But I didn't eat 'cause my doll was dead.
But I tied some crape on my dollhouse
door,
And then I cried and cried some more.
I couldn't be happy, don't you see!
Because the funeral belonged to me.
And then the others went home and then
I went out and dug up my doll again.



WHEN MAMMA CLEANS HOUSE.

OUR folks have been cleaning house—
and, oh! it is just dreadful, I think!
Why, a little girl might just as well have
no mamma as to have a mamma who is
cleaning house. She does not have any
time to tend to me at all. She ties her head
up in an old apron, and wears an ugly old
dress, and she don't look a bit pretty. Then
she pulls everything out of its place, and
the house looks—oh! so bad. We do not
have any good dinners, either 'cause
there's no time to stop to get them ready.
And I cannot find my dear Margaret that

was broken a little, and the sawdust ran
out of her. Mamma said she made so
much dirt that she must be burnt up, and
oh! I'm afraid that is where she has gone.
And ever so many of my playthings are
lost—lost in the housecleaning. What if
they were old and broken! I loved them.
So is it any wonder I think housecleaning
is a dreadful thing?

When I grow up to be a big woman, I
mean never to clean house at all, but be
just as dirty and happy as I can. What's
the world made of if it isn't made of dirt?



JACK AND THE RABBIT.

A GAY little rabbit,
Of frolicsome habit,
Went out for a cool midnight stroll;
And a strange fixture meeting,
Though it set his heart beating,
"Dear me!" said the rabbit, "how droll!"

He stopped for a minute,
To see what was in it.
And nibbled a bit at the bait;

Very tempting he found it,
He walked all around it,
And then he went in at the gate.

But quicker than winking,
And quicker than thinking,
Master Rabbit was swung on high,
And not a bit tardy,
Came little Jack Hardy
From where he'd been hiding close by.

The old moon was crying,
 The pine-trees were sighing,
 And I think that the stars were in tears,
 As into his casket,
 Jack's snug, covered basket,
 Poor Bunny was dropped by the ears.

Then Jack fled the gateway,
 In order that straightway
 Some other good game he might trap,
 When Bunny kicked over
 The basket and cover,
 And scampered off to his home and his wife!



VALEDICTORY.

THE golden glow of a summer's day
 Rests over the verdant hills,
 And the sunlight falls with mellow ray
 On fields and laughing rills;
 But ere its last beam fades away
 Beyond the mountain high,
 Our lips must bravely, sadly say
 The parting words, "Good-bye."

Dear teacher, we shall ne'er forget
 The lessons you have taught:
 We trust the future may perfect
 The work your hands have wrought;
 And may they bring good gifts to you,
 These years that swiftly fly,
 And may you kindly think of those
 Who bid you now "Good-bye."

Kind friends and parents gathered here,
 Our gratitude is yours
 For all your care and sympathy,
 Which changelessly endures.
 We'll try to use the present hours
 So they will bring no sigh,
 When to our happy days of school
 We say our last "Good-bye."

"Good-bye!" it shall not be farewell—
 We hope again to meet;
 But happy hours are ever short,
 And days of youth are fleet.
 There's much to learn and much to do.
 Oh, may our aims be high,
 And ever lead toward that bright land,
 Where none shall say "Good-bye."



COULDN'T TAKE THE HINT.

YOUNG SPOONOGLE never knows when to leave when he calls on a young lady; he likes the sound of his own voice so well that he talks on and on, while the poor girl grows light-headed with the tax on her strength and wishes the mantle-piece of Elijah would fall on the tiresome caller.

There is a young lady in a certain city who made up her mind to give Spoonogle a lesson. So one Sunday night when he called, she was as cordial as possible up to eleven o'clock. Then, having had a four-volume history of Spoonogle's life, with an

extended account of his influence in politics and business, she began to get dizzy and have a ringing in her ears. At that moment her young brother rushed into the room, and said hurriedly:

"Pa wants the morning papers, sis!"

"Look in the vestibule, Willie," she answered gently. "I think I heard the boy leaving them some hours ago."

Spoonogle never took the hint, but drawled on about one thing and another in which the oft-repeated letter I, as usual, bore a conspicuous part.

The next interruption was the head of

the house, who entered briskly rubbing his hands. "Good morning—good morning," he said cheerily. "Ha! Spoonogle, you're out early. Well, 'early bird catches the worm.' It's going to be a fine day, from present appearances."

Spoonogle was dazed, but he concluded the old man had been drinking, and sat back with a "Come one, come all, this rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as yours truly" air that was decided and convincing.

A half hour passed away, and the good mother hurried in.

"Dear me! I'm late," she said as she entered, "I smelled the coffee an hour ago and knew breakfast was waiting; but—oh! Good morning, Mr. Spoonogle!" Then the sweet youth took the hint, and drawing himself together, he got out into the hall and opened the front door, just as the hired girl rung a bell, and the small boy yelled "Breakfast!" over the banisters.



LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE.

LITTLE Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,

An' wash the cups an' saucers up, and brush the crumbs away,

An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,

An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board and keep;

An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,

We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun

A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,

An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

Onct they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs—

An' when he went to bed at night, away up-stairs,

His mammy heard him holler, an' his daddy heard him bawl,

An' when they turned the kivers down he wasn't there at all!

An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,

An' seeked him up the chimbley-flue, an' everywhere, I guess,

But all they ever found was this—his pants an' round-about—

An' the gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,

An' make fun of ever' one an' all her blood an' kin.

An' onct, when they was "company," an' old folks was there,

She mocked 'em, an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!

An' jist as she kicked her heels an' turn't to run an' hide,

They was two great Big Black Things a-standin' by her side,

An' they snatched her through the ceilin', 'fore she knowed what she's about!

An' the gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the
blaze is blue,

An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind
goes Woo-oo!

An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the
moon is gray,

An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all

squenced away—

You better mind your parents and yer
teachers fond an' dear,

An' cherish them 'at loves you, and dry
the orphant's tear,

An' he'p the po' an' needy ones 'at clusters
all about,

Er the gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!



MABEL AND HER MOTHER.

AT her easel, brush in hand,
Clad in silk attire,
Painting "sunsets" vague and grand
(Clumsy clouds of fire!)
Flaxen hair in shining sheaves;
Pink and pearly skin;
Fingers, which, like lily leaves,
Neither toil nor spin;—
At her belt a sun-flower bound,
Daisies on the table,
Plaques and panels all around—
That's æsthetic Mabel!

In the kitchen, fork in hand,
Clad in coarse attire,
Dishing oysters, fried and panned,
From a blazing fire:
Dusty hair in frowsy knots;—
Worn and withered skin;—
Fingers brown and hard as nuts,
(When the frosts begin;)—
Baking-board, one side aground;
Washtub, on the other;
Pots and skillets all around, —
That is Mabel's mother!



THE FARMER'S LIFE.

(For Four Boys.)

First Boy.

THIS is the way the happy farmer
Plows his piece of ground,
(*Extend arms forward as though holding
a plow.*)

That from the little seeds he sows
A large crop may abound.

This is the way he sows the seed,
(*Make motion as of taking seed out of a
bag and scattering with the right
hand.*)

Dropping with careful hand,
In all the furrows well prepared
Upon the fertile land.

This is the way he cuts the grain
(*Make motion as of cutting with a scythe.*)
When bending with its weight;
And thus he bundles it in sheaves,
(*Arms curved downward and extended for-
ward.*)

Working long and late.

And then the grain he threshes thus
*(Hands as though grasping a flail, and
 strike with force.)*
 And stores away to keep;

And thus he stands contentedly
*(Stand straight, arms folded and smile on
 face.)*
 And views the plenteous heap.



BE IN EARNEST.

NEVER be ashamed to say, "I do not know." Men will then believe you when you say, "I do know." Never be ashamed to say, "I can't afford it;" "I can't afford to waste time in the idleness to which you invite me;" or "I can't afford the money you ask me to spend." Never affect to be other than you are—either wiser or richer.

Learn to say "No" with decision; "Yes" with caution. "No" with decision when-

ever it resists temptation; "Yes" with caution whenever it implies a promise; for a promise once given is a bond inviolable.

A man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that we can implicitly rely upon him. Often have I known a man to be preferred in stations of honor and profit because he had this reputation; when he said he knew a thing, he knew it; and when he said he would do a thing, he did it.



THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK.

I'M nine years old! an' you can't guess
 how much I weigh, I bet!
 Last birthday I weighed thirty-three! An'
 I weigh thirty yet!
 I'm awful little for my size—I'm purt'
 nigh littler 'an
 Some babies is!—an' neighbors all calls
 me "The Little Man!"
 An' Doc one time he laughed and said:
 "I 'spect, first thing you know,
 You'll have a spike-tail coat an' travel with
 a show!"
 An' nen I laughed—till I looked round
 an' Aunty was a-cryin'—
 Sometimes she acts like that, 'cause I got
 "curv'ture of the spine!"

I set—while Aunty's washing—on my little
 long-leg stool,
 An' watch the little boys and girls a-skip-
 pin' by to school;

An' I peck on the winder an' holler out
 an' say:

"Who wants to fight the little man 'at dares
 you all to-day?"

An' nen the boys climbs on the fence, an'
 little girls peeks through,

An' they all says: "'Cause you're so big,
 you think we're 'feared o' you?"

An' nen they yell, and shake their fist at
 me, like I shake mine—

They're thist in fun, you know, 'cause I
 got "curv'ture of the spine!"

At evening, when the ironin's done, an'
 Aunty's fixed the fire,

An' filled an' lit the lamp, and trimmed the
 wick an' turned it higher,

An' fetched the wood all in fer night, an'
 locked the kitchen door,

An' stuffed the ole crack where the wind
 blows in up through the floor—

She sets the kittle on the coals, an' biles
 an' makes the tea,
 An' fries the liver an' mush, an' cooks a
 egg fer me;
 An' sometimes—when I cough so hard—
 her elderberry wine
 Don't go so bad fer little boys with "curv'-
 ture of the spine."

But Aunt's all so childish like, on my
 account, you see,
 I'm 'most feared she'll be took down—
 an' 'at's what bothers me—

'Cause ef my good ole Aunt's ever would
 git sick an' die,
 I don't know what she'd do in Heaven—
 till I come, by an' by,
 For she's so ust to all my ways, an' every-
 thing, you know,
 An' no one there like me, to nurse, an'
 worry over so—
 'Cause all the little childrens there's so
 straight an' strong an' fine,
 They's nary angel 'bout the place with
 "curv'ture of the spine."
 —James Whitcomb Riley.



EVENING AT THE FARM.

OVER the hill the farm-boy goes,
 His shadow lengthens along the
 land,

A giant staff in a giant hand;
 In the poplar-tree, about the spring,
 The katydid begins to sing;

The early dews are falling;
 Into the stone heap darts the mink;
 The swallows skim the river's brink;
 And home to the woodland fly the crows,
 When over the hill the farm-boy goes,

Cheerily calling,
 "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
 Farther, farther, over the hill,
 Faintly calling, calling still,
 "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
 With grateful heart, at the close of day;
 Harness and chain are hung away;
 In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plow;
 The straw's in the stack, the hay in the
 mow,

The cooling dews are falling:
 The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
 The pigs come grunting to his feet,
 The whinnying mare her master knows,

When into the yard the farmer goes,
 His cattle calling:
 "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
 While still the cow-boy, far away,
 Goes seeking those that have gone as-
 tray—
 "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes,
 The cattle come crowding through the
 gate,

Lowing, pushing, little and great;
 About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
 The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
 While the pleasant dews are falling:
 The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
 But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
 And the white stream into the bright pail
 flows,

When to her task the milkmaid goes,
 Soothingly calling,
 "So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
 The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
 And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
 Saying "So! so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes,
 The apples are pared, the paper read,

The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose,

But still in his sleep the farm-boy goes
Singing, calling—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing
streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"



ARATHUSA'S BROTHER JACK.

MY name's Jack. I'm eight years old.
I've a sister Arathusa, and she calls
me a little torment. I'll tell you why: You
know Arathusa has got a beau, and he
comes to see her every night, and they turn
the gas 'way, 'way down 'till you can't
hardly see. I like to stay in the room with
the gas on full blaze, but Arathusa skites
me out of the room every night.

I checked her once, you better believe.
You know she went to the door to let Al-
phonso in, and I crawled under the sofa.
Then they came in, and it got awful dark,
and they sat down on the sofa, and I
couldn't hear nothing but smack! smack!
smack! Then I reached out and jerked
Arathusa's foot. Then she jumped and said
"Oh, mercy, what's that?" and Alphonso
said she was a "timid little creature." "Oh,
Alphonso, I'm happy by your side, but
when I think of your going away it almost
breaks my heart."

Then I snickered right out, I couldn't
help it, and Arathusa got up, went and
peeked through the keyhole and said, "I
do believe that's Jack, nasty little torment,
he's always where he isn't wanted." Do
you know this made me mad, and I crawled
out from under the sofa and stood up be-
fore her and said, "You think you are smart
because you have got a beau. I guess I
know what you've been doing; you've been
sitting on Alphonso's lap, and letting him
kiss you like you let Bill Jones kiss you.
You ought to be ashamed of yourself. If
it hadn't been for that old false front of
yours, pa would have let me have a bicycle
like Tom Clifford's. You needn't be grind-
ing them false teeth of yours at me, I ain't
a-going out of here. I ain't so green as I
look. I guess I know a thing or two. I
don't care if you are twenty-eight years
old, you ain't no boss of me!"



SHE DIDN'T WANT MUCH.

I WANTS a piece of cal'co
To make my doll a dess;
I doesn't want a big piece;
A yard'll do, I guess.
I wish you'd fred my needle,
And find my fible, too—
I has such heaps o' sewin'
I don't know what to do.

L. of C.

I wants my Maud a bonnet
She hasn't none at all;
And Fred must have a jacket;
His ozzer one's too small.
I wants to go to grandma's;
You promised me I might.
I know she'd like to see me;
I wants to go to-night.

She lets me wipe the dishes,
 And see in grandpa's watch—
 I wish I'd free, four pennies
 To buy some butter-scotch.
 My Hepsy tore her apron
 A tum'lin down the stair,
 And Cæsar's lost his pantloons.
 And needs anozer pair.

I wants some newer mittens—
 I wish you'd knit me some,
 'Cause most my fingers freezes,
 They leaks so in the fum.

I wored 'em out last summer,
 A pullin' George's sled;
 I wish you wouldn't laugh so—
 It hurts me in my head.

I wish I had a cookie;
 I'm hungry's I can be.
 If you hasn't pretty large ones,
 You'd better bring me free.
 I wish I had a p'ano—
 Won't you buy me one to keep?
 O, dear! I feels so tired,
 I wants to go to sleep.



PATIENCE WORKS WONDERS.

I F a string is in a knot,
 Patience will untie it.
 Patience can do many things;
 Did you ever try it?

If 'twas sold at any shop
 I should like to buy it;
 But you and I must find our own;
 No other can supply it.



KITTY IN SCHOOL.

C OME, Kitty, I'll tell you what
 We'll do this rainy day;
 Just you and I, all by ourselves,
 At keeping school, will play.

The teacher, Kitty, I will be;
 And you shall be the class;
 And you must close attention give,
 If you expect to pass.

No, Kitty, "C-A-T" spells "cat."
 Stop playing with you tail!
 Your are so heedless, I am sure.
 In spelling you will fail.

"C-A" oh, Kitty! do sit still!
 You must not chase that fly!
 You'll never learn a single word,
 You do not even try.

I'll tell you what my teacher says
 To me most ev'ry day—
 She says that girls can never learn
 While they are full of play.

So try again—another word;
 "L-A-C-E" spells "lace."
 Why, Kitty, it is not polite
 In school to wash your face!

You are a naughty, naughty puss,
 And keep you in I should;
 But then, I love you, dear, so much
 I don't see how I could!

Oh, see! the sun shines bright again!
 We'll run 'out doors and play;
 We'll leave our school and lessons for
 Another rainy day.

—Kate Ulmer.



WIDE AWAKE.



A DAY DREAM.



THE DONKEY EXPRESS.

THE SMALL BOY'S TROUBLES.

BEFORE they had arithmetic
Or telescopes or chalk
Or blackboards, maps and copybooks,
When they could only talk;

Before Columbus came to show
The world geography,
What did they teach the little boys
Who went to school like me?

There wasn't any grammar then,
They couldn't read or spell,
For books were not invented, yet
I think 'twas just as well;

There were not any rows of dates
Or laws or wars or kings
Or generals or victories
Or any of those things;

There couldn't be much to learn,
There wasn't much to know;
'Twas nice to be a boy
Ten thousand years ago.

For history had not begun,
The world was very new,
And in the schools I don't see what
The children had to do.

Now always there is more to learn;
How history does grow!
And every day they find new things
They think we ought to know.

And if it must go on like this
I'm glad I live today,
For boys ten thousand years from now
Will not have time to play!

—Answers.



A SONG FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY.

UPON the day each child is born,
Each year, so runs the tale,
An angel in the early morn
Its birthday comes to hail.

And for each deed of holy love
That last year thou hast done,
He brings a kiss from heaven above
And seals thee for his own.



WHEN PA BEGINS TO SHAVE.

WHEN Sunday mornin' comes around
My pa hangs up his strop,
An' takes his razor out an' makes
It go c'flop! c'flop!
An' then he gits his mug an' brush
An' yells t' me, "Behave!"
I tell y'u, things is mighty still—
When pa begins t' shave.

Then pa he stirs his brush around
An' makes th' soapsuds fly;
An' sometimes, when he stirs too hard,
He gits some in his eye,

I tell y'u, but it's funny then
To see pa stamp and rave;
But y'u mustn't git ketched laffin'—
When pa begins t' shave.

Th' hired hand he dassent talk,
An' even ma's afeared,
An' y'u can hear th' razor click
A-cuttin' through pa's beard!
An' then my Uncle Bill he laffs
An' says: "Gosh! John, you're brave,"
An' pa he swears, an' ma jest smiles—
When pa begins t' shave,

When pa gits done a-shavin' of
 His face, he turns around,
 And Uncle Bill says: "Why, John,
 Yu'r chin looks like plowed ground!"

An' then he laffs—jest laffs an' laffs,
 But I got t' behave,
 Cos things's apt to happen quick—
 When pa begins t' shave.

—*Harry Douglass Robbins.*



THAT'S OUR BABY.

ONE little row of ten little toes,
 To go along with a brand-new nose,
 Eight new fingers and two new thumbs,
 That are just as good as sugar-plums—
That's baby.

One little pair of round new eyes,
 Like a little owl's, so old and wise,
 One little place they call a mouth,
 Without one tooth from north to south—
That's baby.

Two little cheeks to kiss all day,
 Two little hands, so in his way,
 A brand-new head, not very big,
 That seems to need a brand-new wig—
That's baby.

Dear little row of ten little toes,
 How much we love them nobody knows;
 Ten little kisses on mouth and chin,
 What a shame he wasn't a twin!—
That's baby.



HAVE ONLY GOOD WORDS FOR ALL.

IF anything unkind you hear
 About someone you know, my dear,
 Do not, I pray you, it repeat,
 When you that someone chance to meet;
 For such news has a leaden way
 Of clouding o'er a sunny day.

But if you something pleasant hear
 About someone you know, my dear,
 Make haste—to make great haste 'twere
 well—
 To her or him the same to tell;
 For such news has a golden way
 Of lighting up a cloudy day.



THE FIVE LITTLE CHICKENS.

SAID the first little chicken,
 With a queer little squirm,
 "I wish I could find
 A fat little worm."

Said the next little chicken,
 With an odd little shrug,
 "I wish I could find
 A fat little slug."

Said the third little chicken,
 With a sharp little squeal,
 "I wish I could find
 Some nice yellow meal."

Said the fourth little chicken,
 With a small sigh of grief,
 "I wish I could find
 A little green leaf."

Said the fifth little chicken,
 With a faint little moan,
 "I wish I could find
 A wee gravel stone."

"Now, see here," said the mother
 From the green garden patch,
 "If you want any breakfast,
 Just come here and scratch."



WHAT LITTLE THINGS CAN DO.

A TINY drop of water,
 Within the ocean lay,
 A coaxing sunbeam caught her,
 And bore her far away;
 Up, up—and higher still—they go,
 With gentle motion, soft and slow.

A little cloud lay sleeping,
 Across the azure sky,
 But soon it fell a-weeping,
 As cold the wind rushed by,
 And cried and cried herself away;
 It was a very rainy day.

The little raindrops sinking,
 Ran trickling through the ground,
 And set the rootlets drinking,

In all the country round,
 But some with laughing murmur, said,
 "We'll farther go," and on they sped.

A little spring came dripping
 The moss and ferns among,
 A silver rill went tripping,
 And singing sweet along,
 And calling others to its side,
 Until it rolled—a river wide.

And with the ocean blending,
 At last its waters run,
 Then is the story ending?
 Why, no! 'tis just begun,
 For in the ocean as before,
 The drop of water lay once more.



HOW THE CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT.

R AM it in, cram it in;
 Children's heads are hollow,
 Slam it in, jam it in;
 Still there's more to follow—
 Hygiene and history,
 Astronomic mystery,
 Algebra, histology,
 Latin, etymology,
 Botany, geometry,
 Greek and trigonometry.
 Ram it in, cram it in;
 Children's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in;
 What are teachers paid for?
 Bang it in, slam it in;

What are children made for?
 Ancient archæology,
 Aryan philology,
 Prosody, zoology,
 Physics, clinictology,
 Calculus and mathematics,
 Rhetoric and hydrostatics.
 Hoax it in, coax it in;
 Children's heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mold it in;
 All that they can swallow.
 Fold it in, mold it in,
 Still there's more to follow.
 Faces pinched, and sad, and pale,
 Tell the same undying tale—

Tell of moments robbed from sleep,
 Meals untasted, studies deep.
 Those who've passed the furnace through,
 With aching brow, will tell to you
 How the teacher crammed it in,
 Rammed it in, jammed it in,

Crunched it in, punched it in,
 Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
 Pressed it in, caressed it in,
 Rapped it in and slapped it in—
 When their heads were hollow.



ABOUT READY TO SHOW OFF.

KIND friends and dear parents, we wel-
 come you here
 To our nice pleasant school-room, and
 teacher so dear;
 We wish but to show how much we have
 learned,
 And how to our lessons our hearts have
 been turned.
 But hope you'll remember we all are quite
 young,
 And when we have spoken, recited, and
 sung,

You will pardon our blunders, which, as all
 are aware,
 May even extend to the president's chair.
 Our life is a school-time, and till that shall
 end,
 With our Father in heaven for teacher and
 friend,
 Oh, let us perform well each task that is
 given,
 Till our time of probation is ended in
 heaven.



THE SEASONS.

(This recitation can be made very effective when given by four girls dressed to represent the four seasons.)

Spring.—

IS this a time to be gloomy and sad,
 When our mother Nature laughs
 around,
 When even the deep blue heavens look
 glad,
 And gladness breathes from the blossom-
 ing ground?
 The clouds are at play in the azure space,
 And their shadows at play on the bright
 green vale;
 And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
 And there they roll on the easy gale.
 And look at the broad-faced sun, how he
 smiles

On the dewy earth that smiles on his ray,
 On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
 Aye, look, and he'll smile thy gloom
 away.

Summer.—

When summer comes in radiant dress,
 And sunshine floods the land,
 And blossoms, buds and butterflies
 Are seen on every hand,
 It's quite beyond disputing
 That, far more than the rest—
 The winter, spring, and autumn—
 I love sweet summer best.

Autumn.—

There's music in the air,
 Soft as the bee's low hum;

There's music in the air,
 When the autumn days are come.
 Fairies sweet, your songs we hear,
 At times you're sad, then full of cheer;
 Come out! come out! we know you're
 near,
 By the music in the air.

Winter.—

Old winter comes forth in his robe of
 white;

He sends the sweet flowers far out of sight;
 He robs the trees of their green leaves
 bright;
 And freezes the pond and river.

We like the spring with its fine fresh air;
 We like the summer with flowers so fair;
 We like the fruits we in autumn share,
 And we like, too, old winter's greeting.



THE CAT'S BATH.

(A "Little Folks'" song.)

AS pussy sat washing her face by the
 gate,
 A nice little dog came to have a good
 chat;
 And after some talk about matters of state,
 Said, with a low bow, "My dear Mrs. Cat,
 I really do hope you'll not think I am rude;
 I am curious, I know, and that you may
 say—
 Perhaps you'll be angry—but no, you're
 too good—
 Pray why do you wash in that very odd
 way?
 Now I every day rush away to the lake,
 And in the clear water I dive and I
 swim;
 I dry my wet fur with a run and a shake,
 And am fresh as a rose and neat as a pin.
 But you any day in the sun may be seen,

Just rubbing yourself with your red lit-
 tle tongue;
 I admire the grace with which it is done—
 But really, now, are you sure you get
 yourself clean?"
 The cat, who sat swelling with rage and
 surprise
 At this could no longer her fury contain,
 For she had always supposed herself rather
 precise,
 And of her sleek neatness had been
 somewhat vain;
 So she flew at poor doggy and boxed both
 his ears,
 Scratched his nose and his eyes, and spit
 in his face,
 And sent him off yelping; from which it
 appears
 Those who ask prying questions may
 meet with disgrace.



GREETING.

KIND friends, we welcome you to-day
 With songs of merry glee;
 Your loving smiles we strive to win,
 Each face we love to see.

Sweet welcomes then to one and all,
 And may your smiles approve;
 And may we never miss the light
 Of faces that we love.

THE LITTLE SPEAKER.

(To be spoken by a very small boy.)

YOU'D scarce expect a boy like me
To get up here where all can see,
And make a speech as well as those
Who wear the largest kind of clothes.

I think it was in olden time,
That some one said in funny rhyme,
"Tall aches from little tie-corns grow,
Large screams from little children flow."

And if that rhymers told the truth,
Though I am now a little youth,

Perhaps I'll make as great a noise,
As some who are much larger boys.

I will not speak of Greece and Rome,
But tell you what I've learned at home.
And what was taught me when at school,
While sitting on a bench or stool;

I've learned to talk, and read, and spell,
And don't you think that's pretty well
For such a little boy as I?
But I must leave you—so good-bye.



LITTLE DOT.

(The touching incident that gave rise to the following lines occurred in one of our large cities. Crouched upon the curbstone in a blinding snowstorm there was a little match-girl apparently not more than six years old. Attracted by her sobs, an old gentleman approached her and kindly asked, "Who are you, my little girl, that you are here in this storm?" Raising her large brown eyes, brimming with tears, she sobbed, "Oh, I'm only little Dot!")

CROUCHING on the icy pavement,
Sobbing, shivering with the cold,
Garments scant around her clinging,
All her matches yet unsold;
Visions of a cheerless garret,
Cruel blows not soon forgot,
While through choking sobs the murmur,
"Oh, I'm only little Dot!"

Deeper than the icy crystals,
Though their keenness made her start,
Is the hungry, aching longing
In the little match-girl's heart.

No kind voice to cheer and comfort;
Ah! by fortune quite forgot,
Who can wonder at the murmur,
"Oh, I'm only little Dot!"

Far above the clouds and snowstorms,
Where the streets have pearly gates,
In that home a sainted mother,
For the little match-girl waits.
By the throng of waiting angels,
Little one, you're ne'er forgot;
In the home of many mansions
There is room for little Dot.



THE CHILD AND THE STAR.

SHE had been told that God made all
the stars
That twinkled up in heaven, and now she
stood
Watching the coming of the twilight on,

As if it were a new and perfect world
And this were its first eve. She stood alone
By the low window, with the silken lash
Of her soft eye upraised and her sweet
mouth

Half parted with the new and strange delight
Of beauty that she could not comprehend,
And had not seen before. The purple folds
Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky,
That looked so still and delicate above,
Filled her young heart with gladness, and
the eve
Stole on with its deep shadows, and she still
Stood looking at the west with that half-
smile,

As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.
Presently in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted
Into the faint golden mellowness, a star
Stood suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips, and putting up her
hands,
Her simple thought broke forth expres-
sively,
"Father, dear father! God has made a star!"
—N. P. Willis.



THE TRUE STORY OF LITTLE BOY BLUE.

LITTLE Boy Blue, as the story goes,
One morning in summer fell fast
asleep,
When he should have been, as every one
knows,
Watching the cows and sheep.

Now all of you will remember what
Came of the nap on that summer morn;
How the sheep got into the meadow-lot,
And the cows got into the corn.

Neglecting a duty is wrong, of course,
But I've always felt, if we could but
know,
That the matter was made a great deal
worse
Than it should have been, and so

I find in my sifting, that there was one
Still more to blame than Little Boy Blue.
I am anxious to have full justice done,
And so, I know, are you.

The one to blame I have found to be
(I'm sorry to say it) little Bo-Peep;
You will remember, perhaps, that she
Also was minding sheep.

Well, little Bo-Peep came tripping along—
(The sheep she tended were running at
large)—

Where little Boy Blue sat singing a song,
And faithfully watching his charge.

Said little Bo-Peep, "It's a burning shame
That you should sit here from week to
week.

Just leave your work, and we'll play a game
Of—well—of hide and seek."

It was dull work, and he liked to play
Better, I'm sure, than to eat or sleep;
He liked the bloom of the summer day;—
And he liked—he liked Bo-Peep.

And so, with many a laugh and shout,
They hid from each other—now here—
now there;

And whether the cows were in or out,
Bo-Peep had never a care.

"I will hide once more," said the maiden
fair,

"You shall not find me this time, I say—
Shut your eyes up tight, and lie down there
Under that stack of hay.

"Now wait till I call," said Miss Bo-Peep,
And over the meadows she slipped away,
With never a thought for cows or sheep—
Alas! Alas! the day.

She let down the bars, did Miss Bo-Peep—
Such trifles as bars she held in scorn—
And into the meadows went the sheep,
And the cows went into the corn.

Then long and patiently waited he
For the blithesome call from her rosy
lips;
He waited in vain—quite like, you see,
The boy on the burning ship.

And by and by, when they found Boy Blue
In the merest doze, he took the blame.

I think it was fine in him—don't you —
Not to mention Bo-Peep's name?

And thus it has happened that all these
years

He has borne the blame she ought to
share.

Since I know the truth of it, it appears
To me to be only fair

To tell the story from shore to shore,
From sea to sea, and from sun to sun,
Because, as I think I have said before,
I like to see justice done.

So, whatever you've read or seen or heard,
Believe me, good people, I tell the true
And only genuine—take my word—
Story of little Boy Blue.



OPENING ADDRESS.

I AM a tiny tot,
And have not much to say;
But I must make, I'm told,
The "Welcome Speech" to-day.

Dear friends, we're glad you've come
To hear us speak and sing.

We'll do our very best
To please in every thing.

Our speeches we have learned;
And if you'll hear us through,
You'll see what tiny tots—
If they but try—can do.



BABYKIN BOYKIN.

DID the basket woman a-sweeping the
sky
Discover the Babykin there?
Did she tumble him down from his nest on
high
Through all of the sky-blue air?
Did she find there was never a room to
spare
In the toe of her sister's shoe?
Surely that was enough to scare
The Babykin Boykin-Boo!

Did the moony man give him half a crown
And tell him he'd better be born?
And with Jack and Jill was he tumbled
down
One summery, shiny morn?
Or did Babykin Boykin come to town
On a cow with a crumpled horn?
Did the Babykin lie on his back asleep
On a mattress of genuine hair?
And did Simon the Simple and Little
Bopeep

Come skipping along to the fair?
 Did they blatantly blow a terrible blare
 On the horn of the Little Boy Blue,
 To wake him up with an awful scare?
 Poor Babykin Boykin-Boo!

But if Babykin Boykin now will stay,
 We'll feed him on victuals and drink,
 And the Muffety maiden will give him
 some whey

And a pat of her curds, I think.
 And the toes of the Banbury dame shall
 play,
 And her fingery bells go "chink!"
 And the hey-diddle cow shall jump in the
 air
 As high as she used to do.
 Oh, dear me! but she must not scare
 Our Babykin Boykin-Boo!

—*J. Edmund V. Cooke.*



IF.

IF I were a man," said the restless lad,
 "I'd never give up and be still and sad.
 Were my name but known in the lists of life
 I'd never say die till I'd won the strife.
 But who will challenge the steel of youth,
 Though his heart be brave, and his motto
 'truth'?
 There's work to be done in this life's short
 span,
 But, alack-a-day! I am not a man."

"If I were a boy," says the toiler gray,
 "I'd fashion my lot in a better way.
 I'd hope and labor both day and night,
 And make ambition my beacon light.
 Were my bark but launched upon youth's
 bright stream
 I'd bend to the oar, nor drift nor dream,
 Till I reached the haven of peace and joy—
 But, alack-a-day! I am not a boy."



THE STREET OF BY-AND-BY.

"By the street of 'By-and-By' one arrives at the house of 'Never.'"—Old Saying.

OH! shun the spot, my youthful friends,
 I urge you to beware;
 Beguiling is the pleasant way, and softly
 breathes the air;
 Yet none have ever passed to scenes en-
 nobling, great and high,
 Who once began to linger in the street of
 By-and-by.

How varied are the images arising to my
 sight
 Of those who wished to shun the wrong,
 who loved and prized the right,
 Yet from the silken bonds of sloth, they
 vainly strove to fly,

Which held them gently prisoned in the
 street of By-and-by.

A youth aspired to climb the height of
 Learning's lofty hill;
 What dimmed his bright intelligence—
 what quelled his earnest will?
 Why did the object of his quest still mock
 his wistful eye?
 Too long, alas! he tarried in the street of
 By-and-by.

"My projects thrive," the merchant said;
 "when doubled is my store,
 How freely shall my ready gold be show-
 ered among the poor!"

Vast grew his wealth, yet strove he not the
mourner's tear to dry;
He never journeyed onward from the street
of By-and-by.

"Forgive thy erring brother, he hath wept
and suffered long,"

I said to one, who answered—"He hath
done me grievous wrong;
Yet will I seek my brother, and forgive him
ere I die;—"

Alas! Death shortly found him in the street
of By-and-by!

The wearied worldling muses upon lost
and wasted days,

Resolved to turn hereafter from the error
of his ways,
To lift his groveling thoughts from earth,
and fix them on the sky:
Why does he linger fondly in the street of
By-and-by?

Then shun the spot, my youthful friends;
work on, while yet you may;
Let not old age o'ertake you as you sloth-
fully delay,
Lest you should gaze around you, and dis-
cover with a sigh,
You have reached the house of "Never"
by the street of By-and-by.

—Mrs. Abby.



BOYS WANTED.

BOYS of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to cope with anything.
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones,
Who all troubles magnify;
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;

Bend your sinews to the task,
"Put your shoulder to the wheel."

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.

In the workshop, on the farm,
At the desk, where'er you be,
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.



THE NAUGHTY BOY.

ONCE I was naughty—ran away
To see what I could see;
It was a horrid poky day —
My mother punished me.

She didn't whip me—wisht she had,
So hard she left a mark!
She shut me up for being bad:
The room was big and dark.

It was so dark I thought I saw
Strange creatures' awful eyes,
And I was scared and couldn't draw
My breath for screams and cries.

I wisht something would gobble me,
And so I didn't stir;
Then I'd be gone, and mother, she—
Guess that would punish her!

—William S. Lord.

BABY ON THE TRAIN.

EVERYBODY restless,
Grumbling at the dust,
Growling at the cinders,
Pictures of disgust.

Axle hot and smoking,
Train delayed an hour,
How the faces lengthen,
Sullen, wrinkled, sour.

Sudden transformation—
Passengers in smiles—
Scowls and frowns have vanished—
What is it beguiles?

Grimy face and fingers,
Mouth all over crumbs,
Smeary wrist contrasting
Pink and clean-sucked thumb.

Round head nodding, bobbing,
Blue eyes full of fun,
Wind-blown tresses shining
Golden in the sun.

Everybody cheerful,
No remarks profane,
Magic change effected—
Baby on the train.



THE DEAD DOLL.

YOU needn't be trying to comfort me,
I tell you my dolly is dead!
There's no use in saying she isn't
With a crack like *that* in her head.
It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt
Much to have my tooth out that day.
And then when the man most pulled my
Head off you hadn't a word to say.
And I guess you must think I'm a baby
When you say you can mend it with
glue!

As if I didn't know better than that;
Why just suppose it were you!
You might make her *look* all mended,
But what do I care for looks;
Why, glue's for chairs, and tables,
And toys and the backs of books.

My dolly, my own little daughter!
Oh, but it's the awfulest crack!
It just makes me sick to think
Of the sound, when her poor head went
whack
Against that horrible brass thing
That holds up the little shelf.

Now, nursey, what makes you remind me?
I know that I did it myself.

I think you must be crazy,
You'd get her another head?
What good would forty heads do her?
I tell you my dolly is dead!
And to think I hadn't quite finished
Her elegant new spring hat,
And I took a sweet ribbon of hers
To tie on that horrid cat!

When my mama gave me that ribbon,
I was playing out in the yard.
She said to me most expressly,
"Here's a ribbon for Hildegarde."
And I went and put it on Tabby,
And Hildegarde saw me do it.
But I said to myself, "O never mind,
I don't believe she knew it."

But I know she knew it now,
And I just believe, I do,
That her poor little heart was broken,
And so her head broke, too;

Oh, my baby, my little baby,
 I wish my head had been hit,
 For I've hit it over and over,
 And it wasn't cracked a bit.

But since the darling is dead
 She'll want to be buried, of course.
 We will take my little wagon, nurse,
 And you shall be the horse.
 And I'll walk behind and cry,
 And we'll put her in this, you see,

This dear little box, and we'll bury
 Her then under the maple tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone
 Like the one he made for my bird,
 And he'll put what I tell him on it,
 Yes, every single word.
 I shall say, "Here lies Hildegarde,
 A beautiful doll who is dead.
 She died of a broken heart
 And a dreadful crack in her head."



THE SQUIRREL'S LESSON.

TWO little squirrels, out in the sun,
 One gathered nuts and the other had
 none;
 "Time enough yet," his constant refrain;
 "Summer is still only just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate:
 He roused him at last, but he roused him
 too late;
 Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud,
 And gave little squirrel a spotless white
 shroud.

Two little boys in a schoolroom were
 placed,
 One always perfect, the other disgraced;

"Time enough yet for my learning," he
 said;

"I will climb, by and by, from the foot to
 the head."

Listen, my darling; their locks are turned
 gray;

One as a Governor sitteth to-day;
 The other, a pauper, looks out at the door
 Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of
 yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day:
 One is at work, the other at play,
 Living uncared for, dying unknown—
 The busiest hive hath ever a drone.



WATCHING BABY AS IT SLEEPS.

SLEEP, baby, sleep!
 Thy father watches his sheep;
 Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
 And down comes a little dream on thee.
 Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
 The large stars are the sheep;
 The little stars are the lambs, I guess;

And the gentle moon is the shepherdess.
 Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
 Our Savior loves His sheep;
 He is the Lamb of God on high,
 Who for our sakes came down to die.
 Sleep, baby, sleep!

» » Choice Humor » »

Humor is the sauce of all literature. The humorous selections in this department are of sufficient variety to supply the sauce for any program or form of entertainment.



CAUDLE'S SHIRT BUTTONS.

THERE, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning. There, you needn't begin to whistle; people don't come to bed to whistle. But it's just like you, I can't speak, that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to say you were the best creature living; now, you get quite a fiend. *Do* let you rest? No, I won't let you rest. It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you *shall* hear me. I'm put upon all day long; it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; and it isn't often I open my mouth, goodness knows. Because *once* in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house. You *didn't* swear? Ha, Mr. Caudle! you don't know what you do when you're in a passion. You were not in a passion, weren't you? Well, then, I don't know what a passion is; and I think I ought to by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

It's a pity you haven't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd *some* wives, you would, I know. I'm sure I'm never without a needle and thread in my hand; what with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt—what do you say "*ah*" at? I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times, at most. I'm sure,

Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than yours. I only wish I'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where your buttons were then?

Yes, it is worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then, if I only try to speak, you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves: a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in. A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through! What with buttons, and one thing and another! They'd never tie themselves to the best man in the world, I'm sure. What would they do, Mr. Caudle?—Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

And it's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off the shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say it's very odd.

However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your

temper, and I shan't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love; that's your feeling. I know that I'm sinking every day; we shall

see how your second wife will look after your buttons. Yes, Caudle, you'll find out the difference, then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me, then; for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back.



PAT'S EXCELSIOR.

'T WAS growin' dark so terrible fasht,
Whin through a town up the
mountain there pashed
A broth of a boy, to his neck in the shnow;
As he walked, his shillaleh he swung to and
fro,
Saying: "It's up to the top I am bound
for to go,
Be jabbers!"

He looked mortal sad, and his eye was as
bright
As a fire of turf on a cowl'd winther night;
And nivir a word that he said could ye tell
As he opened his mouth and let out a yell,
"It's up till the top of the mountain I'll go,
Unless covered up wid this bodthersome
shnow
Be jabbers!"

Through the windows he saw, as he thrav-
eled along,
The light of the candles and fires so warm,
But a big chunk of ice hung over his head;
Wid a shnival and groan, "By St. Patrick!"
he said,
"It's up to the very *tip-top* I will rush,
And then if it falls, it's not meself it'll crush,
Be jabbers!"

"Whisht a bit," said an owld man, whose
hair was white
As the shnow that fell down on that mis-
erable night;
"Shure ye'll fall in the wather, me bit of a
lad,

Fur the night is so dark and the walkin'
is bad."
Bedad! he'd not lisht to a word that was
said,
But he'd go to the top, if he went on his
head,
Be jabbers!

A bright, buxom young girl, such as likes
to be kissed,
Axed him wouldn' he stop, and how *could*
he resist?
So shnapping his fingers and winking his
eye,
While shmilin' upon her, he made this re-
ply—
"Faith, I meant to kape on till I got to the
top,
But, as yer shwate self axed me, I may as
well shtop,
Be jabbers!"

He shtopped all night and he shtopped all
day—
And ye mustn't be axin whin he did go
away;
Fur wouldn't he be a bastely gossoon
To be lavin his darlint in the swate honey-
moon?
Whin the owld man has his praties enough
and to spare,
Shure he might as well shtay if he's com-
fortable, there
Be jabbers!

CALLING A BOY IN THE MORNING.

CALLING a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of "pastimes," especially if the boy is fond of exercise the day before. And it is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is getting him into it. There is rarely a mother that is a success at rousing a boy. All mothers know this; so do their boys. And yet the mother *seems* to go at it in the right way. She opens the stair door and insinuatingly observes, "Johnny." There is no response. "Johnny." Still no response. Then there is a short, sharp "John," followed a moment later by a long and emphatic "John Henry." A grunt from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made; and the mother is encouraged to add, "You'd better be getting down here to

your breakfast, young man, before I come up there an' give you something you'll feel." This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again. And the operation has to be repeated several times. A father knows nothing about this trouble. He merely opens his mouth as a soda bottle ejects its cork, and the "John Henry" that cleaves the air of that stairway goes into that boy like electricity, and pierces the deepest recesses of his nature. And he pops out of that bed and into his clothes, and down the stairs, with a promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the paternal summons. About once a year is believed to be as often as is consistent with the rules of health. He saves his father a great many steps by his thoughtfulness.



OLD BOB'S LIFE INSURANCE.

(A very effective reading.)

OLD BOB conceived the idea of having his life insured.

"How much do you weigh?" asked the examining physician.

"I weighs 'bout fifteen pounds more den my wife does."

"Well, but how much does she weigh?"

"I'se dun forgot; but she's a whopper, lemme tell you."

"How tall are you?"

"Who—me?"

"Yes, you."

"Lemme see. Does yere know Abe Sevier whut worked fur ole man Plummer?"

"No."

"Wall, I'se sorry, fur I ain't quite ez tall ez he is."

The doctor, after weighing old Bob and measuring his height, asked:

"Hold old are you?"

"Who—me?"

"Yes, of course, you. You are being examined."

"Dat's a fack. Wall, lemme see. My birfday comes in July, an' now whut I wants ter git at is how many July I ken recollect. Ain't dat de p'int?"

"Yes."

"Wall, lemme see. Bleme ef I knows. Suppose we make it August, 'stead of July?"

"What difference would that make?"

"Doan' know, but it's jes ez easy."

"I'll put you down at fifty."

"Put who down at fifty?"

"You, of course. How old is your father?"

"'Bout er hunnered an' ten."

"You don't tell me so?"

"Yes, I does."

"Is he in good health?"

"Oh, no, sah; dat ain't whar he is. He's in de grabe."

"Thought you said he is 110?"

"He is. You didn't ax me how old he wuz when he died."

"Well, how old was he when he died?"

"'Bout forty."

"Had he enjoyed good health?"

"Oh, yes, sah; de healthiest man yer eber seed."

"Did he have a lingering disease?"

"Whut sorte 'zeaze?"

"Was he sick very long?"

"Oh, no, sah. He drapped off mighty sudden."

"Heart disease?"

"No, sah."

"Did the doctors attend him?"

"No, sah."

"Well, what did they say was the matter with him?"

"Da didn't say much o' nothin'. One o' 'em climbed up an' put his year agin de ole man an' said dot he wuz dead enough ter be cut down. Den de sheriff cut him down an' put him in er box. Doan' think dat he had heart 'zeaze, boss. Think dat he had some sorter trouble wid his naik."

"Look here, I don't believe that you want your life insured."

"I doan' b'lebe I dose, sah, since yer's gunter pry inter a man's family history. Good day, sah."



A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

MR and Mrs. Jones had just finished their breakfast. Mr. Jones had pushed back his chair and was looking under the lounge for his boots. Mrs. Jones sat at the table, holding the infant Jones and mechanically working her forefinger in its mouth. Suddenly she paused in the motion, threw the astonished child on its back, turned as white as a sheet, pried open its mouth, and immediately gasped "Ephraim!"

Mr. Jones, who was yet on his knees with his head under the lounge, at once came forth, rapping his head sharply on the side of the lounge as he did so, and, getting on his feet, inquired what was the matter.

"O Ephraim," said she, the tears rolling down her cheeks and the smiles coursing up.

"Why, what is it, Aramathea?" asked the astonished Mr. Jones, smartly rubbing his head where it had come in contact with the lounge.

"Baby!" she gasped.

Mr. Jones turned pale and commenced to sweat.

"Baby! O, O, O Ephraim! Baby has —baby has got—a little toothy, oh, oh!"

"No!" screamed Mr. Jones, spreading his legs apart, dropping his chin and staring at the struggling heir with all his might.

"I tell you it is," persisted Mrs. Jones, with a slight evidence of hysteria.

"Oh, it can't be!" protested Mr. Jones, preparing to swear if it wasn't.

"Come here and see for yourself," said Mrs. Jones. "Open it 'ittle mousy-wousy



Photo by Byron, N. Y.

"I WONDER IF IT'S A VALENTINE?"



Photo by Byron, N. Y.

THE TELLTALE LETTER.

for its own muzzer; that's a toody-woody; that's a blessed 'ittle 'ump o' sugar."

Thus conjured, the heir opened its mouth sufficiently for the father to thrust in his finger, and that gentleman having convinced himself by the most unmistakable evidence that a tooth was there, immediately kicked his hat across the room, buried his fist in the lounge, and declared with much feeling that he could lick the individual who would dare to intimate that he was not the happiest man on the face of the earth. Then he gave Mrs. Jones a hearty smack on the mouth and snatched up the heir, while that lady rushed tremblingly forth after Mrs. Simmons, who lived next door.

In a moment Mrs. Simmons came tearing in as if she had been shot out of a gun, and right behind her came Miss Simmons

at a speed that indicated that she had been ejected from two guns.

Mrs. Simmons at once snatched the heir from the arms of Mr. Jones and hurried it to the window, where she made a careful and critical examination of its mouth, while Mrs. Jones held its head and Mr. Jones danced up and down the room, and snapped his fingers to show how calm he was.

It having been ascertained by Mrs. Simmons that the tooth was a sound one, and also that the strongest hopes for its future could be entertained on account of its coming in the new of the moon, Mrs. Jones got out the necessary material and Mr. Jones at once proceeded to write seven different letters to as many persons, unfolding to them the event of the morning and inviting them to come on as soon as possible.



QUEER ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

WE'LL begin with a box, and the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes;
Then one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of moose should never be meese;
You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hice;
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
The cow in the plural may be cows or kine,
But a bow if repeated is never called bine,
And the plural of vow is vows, never vine.
If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?

If one is a tooth, and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?

If the singular's this and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed keese?

Then one may be that and three would be those,

Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,
And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.

We speak of a brother, and also of brethren,

But though we say mother, we never say methren;

Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him,

But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim.

So the English, I think, you all will agree,
Is the queerest language you ever did see.

THE NAME OF KATE.

(For a school entertainment.)

THERE'S something in the name of
Kate

Which many will condemn;
But listen, now, while I relate
The traits of some of them.

There's Deli-Kate, a modest dame,
And worthy of your love;
She's nice and beautiful in frame,
As gentle as a dove.

Communi-Kate's intelligent,
As we may well suppose;
Her faithful mind is ever bent
On telling what she knows.

There's Intri-Kate, she's so obscure
'Tis hard to find her out;
For she is often very sure
To put your wits to rout.

Prevari-Kate's a stubborn maid,
She's sure to have her way;
The cavilling, contrary jade
Objects to all you say.

There's Alter-Kate, a perfect pest,
Much given to dispute;

Her prattering tongue can never rest,
You cannot her refute.

There's Dislo-Kate, in quite a fret,
Who fails to gain her point;
Her case is quite unfortunate,
And sorely out of joint.

Equivo-Kate no one will woo;
The thing would be absurd,
She is so faithless and untrue,
You cannot take her word.

There's Vindi-Kate, she's good and true,
And strives with all her might
Her duty faithfully to do,
And battle for the right.

There's Rusti-Kate, a country lass;
Quite fond of rural scenes;
She likes to trample through the grass
And loves the evergreens.

Of all the maidens you can find,
There's none like Edu-Kate;
Because she elevates the mind
And aims to something great.



BABY'S OPINIONS.

[The following selection can be made very humorous if the person reading it assumes the tones of a very little child, and in appropriate places imitates the cry of a baby.]

I AM here. And if this is what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very flannelly world, and smells of paregoric awfully. It's a dreadful light world, too, and makes me blink, I tell you. And I don't know what to do with my hands. I think I'll dig my fists in my eyes. No, I won't. I'll scratch at the corner of my blanket and chew it up, and then I'll holler; whatever happens, I'll holler. And

the more paregoric they give me, the louder I'll yell. That old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth, side-wise like, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilt snuff in it last night, and when I hollered, she trotted me. That comes of being a two-days-old baby. Never mind; when I'm a man, I'll pay her back good. There's a pin sticking in me now, and if I say a word about

it, I'll be trotted or fed; and I would rather have catnip-tea. I'll tell you who I am. I found out to-day. I heard folks say, "Hush! don't wake up Emeline's baby"; and I suppose that pretty, white-faced woman over on the pillow is Emeline.

No, I was mistaken; for a chap was in here just now and wanted to see Bob's baby; and looked at me and said I was a

funny little toad, and looked just like Bob. He smelt of cigars. I wonder who else I belong to! Yes, there's another one—that's "Gamma." "It was Gamma's baby, so it was." I declare, I do not know who I belong to; but I'll holler, and maybe I'll find out. There comes snuffy with catnip-tea. I'm going to sleep. I wonder why my hands won't go where I want them to!



THE CHURCH CHOIR.

ATTENDING services not long ago in an elegant church edifice, where they worship God with taste in a highly æsthetic manner, the choir began that scriptural poem which compares Solomon with the lilies of the field somewhat to the former's disadvantage. Although not possessing a great admiration for Solomon, nor considering him a suitable person to hold up as a shining example before the Young Men's Christian Association, still a pang of pity for him was felt when the choir, after expressing unbounded admiration for the lilies of the field, which it is doubtful if they ever observed very closely, began to tell the congregation, through the mouth of the soprano, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed." Straightway the soprano was re-inforced by the bass, who declared that Solomon was most decidedly and emphatically not arrayed,—was *not* arrayed. Then the alto ventured it as her opinion that Solomon was not arrayed; when the tenor, without a moment's hesitation, sung, as if it had been officially announced, that "he was not arrayed." Then, when the feelings of the congregation had been harrowed up sufficiently, and our sympathies all aroused for poor Solomon, whose numerous wives allowed him to go about in such a fashion, even in that climate, the choir altogether, in

a most cool and composed manner, informed us that the idea they intended to convey was that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed "like one of these." These what? So long a time had elapsed since they sung of the lilies that the thread was entirely lost, and by "these" one naturally concluded that the choir was designated. Arrayed like one of these? We should think not, indeed! Solomon in a Prince Albert or a cutaway coat? Solomon with an eyeglass and a moustache, his hair cut pompadour? No, most decidedly, Solomon in the very zenith of his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Despite the experience of the morning, the hope still remained that in the evening a sacred song might be sung in a manner that might not excite our risibilities, or leave the impression that we had been listening to a case of blackmail. But again off started the nimble soprano with the very laudable though startling announcement, "I will wash." Straightway the alto, not to be outdone, declared she would wash; and the tenor, finding it to be the thing, warbled forth he would wash; then the deep-chested basso, as though calling up all his fortitude for the plunge, bellowed forth the stern resolve that he also would wash; next, a short interlude on the organ, strongly suggestive

of the escaping of steam or splash of the waves, after which the choir, individually and collectively, asserted the firm, unshaken resolve that they would wash. At last they

solved the problem by stating that they proposed to "wash their hands in innocence, so will the altar of the Lord be compassed."



BILL SMITH'S COURTSHIP.

(A Georgia mountaineer's unique method of disposing of a troublesome rival.)

TALK erbout gittin' married, fellers," said Bill Smith to some of the boys grouped around the stove in the post-office the other day, "ef ye hev as much trouble with yer courtin' az I did, you'll ricomember hit az long az ye live."

"What wuz yer 'sperience, Bill?" chimed in several voices; "tell us erbout hit."

"Hit wuz erlong in the fall uv the year, erbout sorgum time, when my trouble kummened," said Bill. "Down at Jeems Doster's the nabors thereabouts had been a-grindin' uv ther cane an' terwards ther tail end uv the week hit wuz giv out that thar wuz to be er candy-pullin' an' shindig at Jeems' home Saturday nite. The wimmen folks made big prepr'ations fer er monstrous quiltin' endurin' uv the day, an' the whole thing wuz ter wind up with the frolic at nite.

"Now thar wuz er gal in ther settlement by the name uv Nancy Parker. She wuz er darter uv ol' Coon Parker, who used ter trap game an' sich like up on the Conny-saugy River. I thought the sun riz an' sat in Nancy's eyes, fer she wuz the purtiest thing that ever wore caliker. I luvud her wusser than I luvud possum an' tater, an' you-uns knows possum an' taters iz too good ter talk erbout. We hed a fallin' out, howsumever, erbout er feller by the name uv Gus Burke, who hed kum in ter the naborhood ter teech skule, an' I hadn't been ter see her in sum time, until one nite,

jes' afore the frolic, I went over to her house. Nancy wuz out at ther cow pen a-milkin', an' az I walked up, I sed:

"Hello, Nancy!"

"Why, hello, Bill, ye are nuff ter cure ther sore eyes. Whar in the round world hev ye bin keepin' yerself?"

"Oh, I've bin workin' over at the sorgum-mill purty much all day, an' uv nites, an' I jes' slipped off ter run over here an' ax ye if I could take ye ter the shindig at Jeems Doster's ter-morrow nite."

"Well-er-er-Bill," says she, "Gus wuz over here, I mean he wuz passin' by the house las' nite, an' he sed az how he'd be glad ter cum by an' take me over thar, an' I tole him all rite."

"Ye tole him all rite, did ye?"

"Yes, yer know, Bill, thet ther good book says, first cum, first sarved."

"First cum! Hain't I lived hereabouts all my nat'ral life?"

"Yaas."

"Hain't I bin hawlin' wood over ter ther settlement an' spendin' my hard-earned money fer candy an' sich like fer ye?"

"Yaas."

"Now, this is what I git fur hit. Long cums a flopyeered, bow-legged, whample-jawed feller, with his ha'r combed like a las' yeer's jaybird's nest, an' ye are jes' az sweet az pie ter him. I'd like ter know what bizness he's got heer, anyhow."

"Why, Bill, he's er-goin' ter teech skule

over yon side uv ther crick, at Sam Beason's place. I thort you knowed thet. An' they do say he's a mity fine feller.'

"'Who sez so? I'll bet er load uv the bes' ches'nut wood on the mountain that you're the only one.'

"'Now, Bill, ye oughtn't ter git so jealous.'

"'Jealous, Nancy; who's jealous? Hit only makes my dander rize ter see one uv them city upstarts cum out here an' run over folkes jes' 'cause he's got on store clothes. They don't make him no better'n we-uns, but a mity sight wusser, I'm thinkin'.'

"'Well, Bill, we shouldn't judge peeples by ther 'pearance.'

"'No, I guess not, fer ef we did he'd er bin in the chain-gang two minutes after I set my eyes on him. Well, I mus' be a-gwine. I've got ter git up soon in the mornin' an' finish hawlin' thet new groun' cane ter the mill, so good-by, Miss Nancy.'

"'Good-by, ef you call thet gone. I never seed you in sich a hurry befo', William.'

"'Oh, I kin stay here till daybreak ef hit suits you.'

"'I don't want ter keep ye,' she said; 'hit's gettin' bedtime, anyway,' an' she whisked in ter the house without even so much az a-lookin' at me.

"'I tuk a nigh cut from thar thru the woods ter Jim Land's store. Hit wuz ther only store fur miles erround, an' uv nites the boys uv ther naborhood would meet thar, an' while they set erround on the cracker boxes er whittlin' ud tell jokes an' funny stories. I found er big crowd settin' erround the leetle stove in the back eend uv ther room havin' er jollification uv er time.

"'Whar in the world hev ye bin to-nite, Bill?' said Jim Land.

"'I kin tell ye,' said one uv ther fellers over next ter the wall. 'He's bin off in ther woods er grievin'.'

"'A-grievin' fur what?' said I.

"'A-grievin' case yer gal iz a-gwine ter git hitched up ter the skule teecheer.'

"Then the hull crowd riz sich er laff thet they set the dogs ter barkin' at ole man Warren's down the road; an' the clerk, who wuz red-headed an' ugly az sin, put his mouth in. He sed: 'Jes' afore sundown a man kim inter the store an' axed ef thar wuz er parson ennywhere in the deest-strict. I tole him that thar wuz one over in the Baket Sittlement, an' showed him the way ter git thar, but bein' kinder curious like ter kno' what the trouble wuz, I axed him ef sumbody waz ded.'

"'No,' he sed, 'hit's not quite so bad az thet. Ye see, we hev a new skule teecheer in the valley, an' him an' Coon Parker's gal are awfully stuck on each other. Things hev cum ter sich a pint thet nothin' will satisfy 'em but ter git jined together, so I'm after a parson.'

"Then the whole shootin'-match hooped an' hollered like er set uv crazy lunatics. I jined in, but I only laffed with my mouth, an' kinder grinned a leetle tryin' ter look pleasant. Bill King, who hed bin settin' on a pile uv flour sacks in the corner uv the room, got up an' slowly sauntered ter the door. Az he passed me he winked hiz eye an' I follered him. Whin we got outside he led the way ter an ole gum log, an' we both sot down.

"'What yer a-gwine ter do erbout this thing?' said Bill. 'Yer ain't a-gwine ter set still an' let thet sneakin' dead-beat uv er skule-teecheer take yer gal rite out frum under yer nose, air ye?'

'I don't know what ter do, Bill,' said I. 'I'm in er monstrous lot uv truble, an'

would ruther be ded than erlive, but I see no way ter help hit.'

" 'I do,' said Bill; 'an' ef ye will stick' ter me ye'll git the gal yet.'

" 'I shore will do thet, pard,' said I.

" 'Well, ye know the path thet leads over the hill frum Coon Parker's ter the big road?'

" 'Yaas.'

" 'Now, thet is the path what thet feller travels. You meet me ter-morrow nite at the big ches'nut tree nigh the top uv the hill, an' bring erlong two plow lines.'

" 'Gee whiz, Bill, ye air not a-gwine ter hang him, air ye?'

" 'Naw, but he desarves hit, tho'. I'm only a-gwine tu teeche him a lesson thet he'll ricomember az long az he lives.'

"I made a sneak fur hum' an' wint ter bed, but hit wuz mitey leetle I slept. Ev'ry time I dozed off I could see thet plague-taked skule-teecher a-makin' luv ter Nancy. I got up whin ther chickens commenced crowin' fer day, an' clim up on the hill, whar I sot down an' watched Nancy a-milkin' the cow in the lot down at Parker's house. I wanted ter go tu her so bad thet I wuz ermost crazy, but remembered what Bill hed sed the nite afore erbout me a-stayin' ter hum all day an' not goin' nowhar, not even to the sto'. Atter awhile I clim back down the hill an' wint ter my cabin, whar I passed one uv the most miserable days er man iver seed. The sun hadn't mor'n crawled down behind Laven-der Mount'in in the wes' thet evenin' afore I wuz on my way ter the ches'nut tree. Whin I ariv thar I found Bill, an' with him wuz Ben Sanders, a pertickler frien' uv mine. They hed made a dummy ooman by stuffin' a dress full uv hay an' tyin' moss on fer er head. This they covered with an old white bonnet. In the twilight she looked 'zactly like er human bein'.

" 'Hush, boys,' said Bill, 'I hear voices up ther path.'

" 'That's them now,' said I. 'That's Nancy an' thet feller on ther way ter the shindig now. Lay down an' keep quiet till they git by.'

" 'When they got opposite ter whar we-uns wuz a-hidin', Nancy said: 'I kno' we'll hav' er jim dandy time uv hit ter-nite, an' fun world without end.'

" 'Then that audacious scoundrel up an' sed: 'We couldn't help but hev er glorious time, Miss Nancy, whin sich a purty gal az yu iz present.'

" 'Thet made me desperate, an' ef hit hadn't er bin fer Bill a-holdin' uv me, I would er pounced on ter him quicker than a chicken on tu a June-bug. When they hed got out'n site erround the bend uv the path, we-uns got up frum whar we wuz a-hidin' an' went ter work on the dummy. When we got hit fixed, 'cep'n puttin' up, we sauntered over tu the Parker house an' peeped in. Everything wuz lively inside. Mose Ely's fiddle wuz er talkin' rite out in meetin' fer all hit wuz worth, an' Ab Burne wuz on the flo' a-callin' the figures in a kinder sing-song way:

First four for'ard, han's all 'roun',
Big pigintoed Josephus Brown,
Balance ter yer partners, sashay all,
Sallie en the new groun', Sallie en the
hall.

"And away they went it, makin' the dust fairly fly frum the ole board flore. Fer fear thet we'd be diskivered, we sneaked off up on the side uv the mount'in an' waited fer the thing ter break up. 'Long erbout two o'clock we seen 'em leavin' an' 'mong the crowd thet passed over the hill wuz the teecheer an' Nancy. As sune as they wuz out uv site, we struck out over

the hill an' got the dummy. Bill clim the big ches'nut tree an' put one end of the rope over er limb and cum down. He then fastened one end erround Miss Becky (that's what Bill named the dummy). He then stood behind the tree a-holdin' Miss Becky with one han', an' the loose end uv the rope with the other han', while me an' Ben lay down behin' an ole stump. We didn't hev long tu wait. Presently I heerd sum one a-whis'lin, an' erbout that time the teecher cum in sight over the top uv the hill, on his way back from Nancy's. He wuz a-comin' on down the path a-whis'lin' like sin, when all uv a suddint Bill let go Miss Becky, an' she glided out in the path an' commenced cuttin' a few steps an' didoes in the leaves. The whis'lin' stopped, an' whin I peeped out frum behind the stump the teecher wuz er standin' like er black post up thar en the path.

"'Hello, thar,' says he.

"But Miss Becky niver opened her mouth.

"He sidled erround a leetle in the path, an' said:

"'You'd better speak ef yu don't want tu git hurt, case I'll shoot ye, shore.'

"For an answer Bill giv the rope er terrible yank, which nearly caused Miss Becky ter stan' on her hed. She quickly balanced herself rite end up, an' sich cuttin' up ye niver seed afore. She waltzed out in the bushes, then shuffled back in the middle uv ther path, whar she wuz a-cuttin' the piginwing in grand style, when, bang went the teecher's gun, an' down went Miss Becky, Bill having let her fall like she was kilt. The ball hit a root uv the stump an' cum dumgasted near makin' me swaller a chaw uv terbacky. When I got the dirt out'n my eyes I looked up the path, an' the teecher wuz lighting er shuck. The last I seed uv him he war turning 'em over

the top uv the hill. The whole thing wuz so blamed funny thet we-uns jes' lay down an' wollerred in the leaves. After we-uns had our laff out we picked up the dummy frum the groun' whar hit lay an' hid hit in an ol' log. We then hurried down ter whar Bill's team wuz hid out in the bushes, an' all uv us got in ter his buggy an' started fur Squire Lane's, whar the teecher boarded at. When we cum in site uv the house me an' Ben got out an' Bill went on alone. He got out of his buggy at the gate an' went in an' knocked. Presently the teecher cum tu the dore.

"'I want ter see ye a minute privately,' said Bill.

"'Certainly,' said the teecher, an' they both walked out ter the gate.

"'I'm er frien' uv yourn,' commenced Bill, turnin' erround an' facin' the teecher, 'an' hev risked my neck by comin' over here on this erran'. When I lef' the store er crowd wuz gatherin' ter hang ye fur killin' uv Mike Beason's mother ter-night.'

"'Good land!' said the teecher, 'wuz thet er woman?'

"'Hit shore wuz, an' ef ye want ter live till mawnin' ye'd better be makin' tracks erway frum here immejiately. I've got my leetle black mule an' buggy out here, an' will take ye over ter the railroad, which is nigh on tu twenty mile, whar ye kin git aboard the cars an' git erway afore they kin overtake ye. I'll do this fer ye, case I like ye powerful well, an' don't want ter see ye with a rope necktie on.'

"'Thank ye, Mr. William, thank ye. Hit's so refreshin' ter find er frien' like yu, an' I'll always remember yu.'

"Then Bill struck er match, supposedly ter lite his pipe, but really as er signal ter me an' Ben ter commence hollerin' an' runnin' up ther road.

"'They're comin' now,' said Bill. 'Git

yer things an' hop in ther buggy quick.'

"The teecher hustled in the house an' soon appeared with a trunk, which he throwed in the buggy, an', quickly jumpin' in beside Bill, they wuz off. Ther dust an' leaves fairly flew down the road behind the leetle mule an' buggy. The sound uv rattlin' wheels an' the mule's feet soon died away in the distance, an' me an' Ben lit out fur home. The chickens wuz a-crowin' fur day when we crawled inter our beds, an' sleep wuz impossible, case hit wuz time ter git up. That afternoon Bill returned frum his wild ride an' told az how he had

put the teecher on the cars, an' how scared he wuz. But somehow or other hit got norated erroun' the naborhood that an officer hed cum from Atlanty an' took the teecher back with him, an' that he wuz er train-robber.

"The nex' Saturday nite thar wuz er big time at the Parker home. Me an' Nancy wuz married, an' I wuz the happiest man in seven counties. Hit wuz several years afore I tole Nancy how we run the skule teecher away, an' all she said wuz:

"I'm glad hit turned out the way hit did. The Lord will provide."



FARMER BEN'S THEORY.

I TELL ye it's nonsense," said Farmer Ben, "this farmin' by books and rules, And sendin' the boys to learn that stuff at the agricultural schools.

Rotation o' crops and analysis! Talk that to a young baboon!

But ye needn't be tellin' yer science to me, for I believe in the moon.

"If ye plant yer corn on the growin' moon, and put up the lines for crows,

You'll find it will bear, and yer wheat will, too, if it's decent land where't grows.

But potatoes now are a different thing, they want to grow down, that is plain:

And don't you see you must plant for that when the moon is on the wane.

"So in plantin' and hoein' and hayin' time it is well to have an eye

On the hang o' the moon—ye know ye can tell a wet moon from a dry.

And as to hayin', you wise ones now are cuttin' yer grass too soon;

If ye want it to spend, just wait till it's ripe, and mow on the full o' the moon.

"And when all the harvest work is done, and the butcherin' times come round,

Though yer hogs may be lookin' the very best, and as fat as hogs are found,

You will find yer pork all shriveled and shrunk when it comes to the table at noon—

All fried to rags—if it wasn't killed at the right time o' the moon.

"With the farmers' meetin's and granges now, folks can talk till all is blue;

But don't ye be swallerin' all ye hear, for there ain't mor'n half on't true.

They are trying to make me change my ways, but I tell 'em I'm no such coon;

I shall keep right on in the safe old plan and work my farm by the moon."



Love and Sentiment

The gentlest thoughts of the mind and the tenderest sentiments of the heart as expressed in words by the poets form the selections in this department.



PLAYING LOVERS.

PLAY that you are mother, dear,
And play that papa is your beau;
Play that we sit in the corner here,
Just as we used to long ago;

Play so, we lovers two,
Are just as happy as can be,
And I'll say: "I love you!" to you!
And you say: "I love you!" to me!
"I love you!" we both shall say,
All in earnest and all in play.

Or, play that you are the other one
That sometimes came and went away;
And play that the light of years ago
Stole into my heart again to-day!
Playing that you are the one I knew
In the days that never again may be,

I'll say: "I love you!" to you!
And you say: "I love you!" to me!
"I love you!" my heart will say
To the ghost of the past come back to-day.

Or, play that you sought this nestling place
For your own sweet self, with that dual
guise
Of your pretty mother in your face
And the look of that other in your eyes!
So the dear old love shall live anew,
As I hold my darling on my knee,
And I'll say: "I love you!" to you!
And you'll say: "I love you!" to me!
Oh, many a strange, true thing we say
And do when we pretend to play!

—Eugene Field.



OUR LOST TREASURE.

I SAW my wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old bureau this morning, and I went softly out and wandered up and down until I knew she had shut it up and gone to her sewing. We have something laid away in that drawer which the gold of kings could not buy, and yet they are relics which grieve us until both our hearts are sore. I haven't dared look at them for a year, but I remember each article. There are two worn shoes, a little chip hat with part of the brim gone, some stockings, pantaloons, a coat, two or three spools, bits of broken crockery, a whip, and some toys. Wife, poor thing, goes to that drawer

every day of her life and prays over it, and lets her tears fall upon the precious keepsakes; but I dare not go. Sometimes we speak of the little one, but not often. It has been a long time since he left us, but somehow we cannot get over grieving. Sometimes when we sit alone of an evening, I writing and she sewing, a child in the street will call out as our boy used to, and we will start up with beating hearts and a wild yearning, only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever. It is so still now! I look up to the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle at my coming, but he is not there. I listen for his

pattering feet, his merry shout, and his ringing laugh; but there is no sound. There is no one to search my pockets and tease me for presents; I never find the chairs turned over, the broom down, nor ropes tied to the door knobs. I want some one to ask me for my knife; to ride on my shoulders; to lose my axe; to follow me to the gate when I go, and to meet me at the gate when I come home, and to call

"good-night" from the little bed now empty. And my wife, she misses him still more, his affectionate caresses, the many little cares she gladly endured for his sake; and she would give her own life, almost, to wake at midnight and see our boy sweetly sleeping in his little crib the peaceful slumber of innocent childhood, as in the past when our little family circle was unbroken.



THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

IF you travel o'er desert and mountain,
Far into the country of sorrow,
To-day, and to-night, and to-morrow,
And maybe for months and for years,
You shall come with a heart that is burst-
ing.

For trouble, and toiling, and thirsting,
You shall certainly come to the fountain,
At length—to the fountain of tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing
And those who come, living or dying,
Alike from their hopes and their fears;

Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces;
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful fountain of tears.

And it flows, and it flows with a motion
So gentle, and lovely, and listless,
And murmurs a tune so resistless,
To him who hath suffered and hears,
You shall surely, without a word spoken,
Kneel down there and know you're heart-
broken,

And yield to the long-curbed emotion,
That day by the fountain of tears.



BECAUSE SHE LOVED HIM.

STILL sits the schoolhouse by the road,
An idle beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow
And the blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jackknives' carved initial.

The charcoal frescoes on the wall,
Its door's worn sill betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing;

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled, golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed,
When all the rest were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled—
His cap pulled low upon his face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, she lingered,
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing:

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,

Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing;
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament his triumph and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.

—*John G. Whittier.*



A LOVE SONG.

I WAS as poor as the poorest, dear, and
the world—it passed me by;
But not that day when you came my way,
with the love-light in your eye;
Ah! not that day when the fragrant May
bent over the world her sky!

I was as lone as the loneliest, love, with
never a dream of bliss;
But not that day when you passed my way
and leaned to my thankful kiss!

Nay! not that day, while my lips can say:
"There was never a joy like this!"

Dear, it is something to know this love—let
the skies be black or blue;
It is something to know that you love me
so—the tender, the sweet, the true!
And my heart will beat for that love, my
sweet, till I dream in the dust with you!

—*Frank L. Stanton.*



A FARMER FATHER'S PHILOSOPHY.

DEAR SON—Your letter of the 10th
came in the mail to-day.
And so you want to marry, and you wonder
what we'll say!
Well, Joe, your mother here and I have read
your letter through,
And she seems to think that I'm the one
who'd better lecture you;
For, though in most affairs, of course,
there's nothing quite so nice
As a mother's letter, still it takes a man to
give advice.
Your letter says, "She's beautiful and hand-
some as a queen."

I hope so, Joe, and hope you know just
what those two words mean.
A beautiful form is one which tells of a
beautiful soul within;
A handsome face is one which wears no
damning brain of sin;
Beautiful eyes are those that with the fire
of pure thoughts glow;
Beautiful lips are those which speak for a
truthful heart below;
The handsome hands are those not ashamed
the Master's work to do—
Hands that are patient and brave and kind,
gentle and strong and true;

Beautiful feet are those which go in answer
to duty's call,
And beautiful shoulders are those which
bear their daily burdens all.
Remember this maxim true, my boy, wher-
ever you choose a wife,

"The handsomest woman of earth is she
who leads the handsomest life."
I therefore trust that the woman you wed
(if you really love each other)
May be the handsomest one in the world—
excepting one—your mother.

—*Frank S. Pixley.*



LOVE'S YEAR.

ON a January morning,
Bright and frosty, Love was born;

Softened by the gentler breezes
Of a February morn;

With the March winds, wild and gusty,
Raved and blustered all the day,

But was moved to tears and laughter
As sweet April had her way,

And to fairer expectation
With the promise of May;

Under June skies, blue and hopeful,
Felt anticipation near;

Reveled in the July glory
Of the sun's rays, hot and clear,

And with golden sheaves of August
Knew that harvest time is dear;

Yet amid a chill September
Felt a change that checked his pride;

In the dimness of October
Watched the falling leaves and sighed;

Through November's fogs and vapors
Wandered out alone and cried.

Till at last, in bleak December,
On a winter night he died.

—*M. A. Curtois.*



ONLY A LOCK OF SOFT GOLD HAIR.

ONLY a lock of softest gold, secured
with tender care,
And hid beneath the Bible lids—a sweet
dead baby's hair.

And lonely years have come and gone since
she was laid away,
And yet the childish form comes back be-
fore my eyes to-day.

While pressing kisses on the curl, as I
was wont to do,

I see her little face once more, and little
eyes of blue.

Only a lock of silken hair, with faded ribbon
tied—

The only thing save mem'ry left of her who
early died;

And yet it has a potent force to turn my
yearning gaze

From sordid pleasures of the world to
where my darling stays,

And keep alive the hope that when my soul
from clay is free,

I'll see her where she holds the gates of
Heaven ajar for me.

—*Will T. Hale.*

THE USUAL WAY.

THERE was once a little man, and his
rod and line he took,
For he said "I'll go a-fishing in the neigh-
boring brook,"
And it chanced a little maiden was walk-
ing out that day,
And they met—in the usual way.

Then he sat him down beside her, and an
hour or two went by,
But still upon the grassy brink his rod and
line did lie;
"I thought," she shyly whispered, "you'd
be fishing all the day!"
And he was—in the usual way.

So he gravely took his rod in hand, and
threw the line about,
But the fish perceived distinctly he was not
looking out:
And he said, "Sweetheart, I love you," but
she said she could not stay,
But she did—in the usual way.

Then the stars came out above them, and
she gave a little sigh
As they watched the silver ripples, like the
moments running by;
"We must say good-bye," she whispered,
by the alders old and gray,
And they did—in the usual way.

And day by day beside the stream they
wandered to and fro,
And day by day the fishes swam securely
down below;
Till this little story ended, as such little
stories may,
Very much—in the usual way.

And now that they are married, do they
always bill and coo?
Do they never fret and quarrel like other
couples do?
Does he cherish her and love her? Does
she honor and obey?
Well—they—do—in the usual way.



EVANGELINE ON THE PRAIRIE.

BEAUTIFUL was the night. Behind
the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the
moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches
a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a dark-
ened and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold
flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were
their prayers and confessions.
Unto the night, as it went on its way, like
a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy
with shadows and night dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm
and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with inde-
finable longings,
As, through the garden gate, and beneath
the shade of the oak trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of
the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it,
and fire-flies.
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot
behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice
does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path
to the prairie!

Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on
the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning
from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream
of me in thy slumbers.
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and
infinite numbers,
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of
God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased
to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on
the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon
them, "Upharsin."

And the soul of the maiden, between the
stars and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel!
O my beloved!
When shall these eyes behold, these arms
be folded about thee?"
Loud and sudden and near the note of a
whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through
the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and
dropped into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracu-
lar caverns of darkness;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh re-
sponded, "To-morrow!"

H. W. Longfellow.



PLATONIC.

I HAD sworn to be a bachelor, she had
sworn to be a maid,
For we quite agreed in doubting whether
matrimony paid;
Besides, we had our higher loves, fair *sci-
ence* ruled my heart,
And she said *her* young affections were all
wound up in *art*.

So we laughed at those wise men, who
say that friendship cannot live
'Twixt man and woman, unless each has
something more to give;
We would be friends, and friends as true
as e'er were man and man—
I'd be a second David, and she Miss Jona-
than.

We scorned all sentimental trash—vows,
kisses, tears and sighs;
High friendship, such as ours, might well
such childish arts despise.
We *liked* each other, that was all, quite all
there was to say,

So we just shook hands upon it, in a busi-
ness sort of way.

We shared our secrets and our joys, to-
gether hoped and feared,
With common purpose sought the goal that
young ambition reared;
We dreamed together of the days, the
dream-bright days to come;
We were strictly confidential, and we call
each other "chum."

And many a day we wandered together o'er
the hills,
I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she the
ruined mills
And rustic bridges and the like, that picture
makers prize
To run in with their waterfalls, and groves,
and summer skies.
And many a quiet evening, in hours of
silent ease,
We floated down the river, or strolled be-
neath the trees,

And talked in long gradation, from the
poets to the weather,
While the western skies and my cigar
burned slowly out together.

Yet through it all no whispered word, no
tell-tale glance or sigh,
Told aught of warmer sentiment than
friendly sympathy—

We talked of love as coolly as we talked
of nebulae,

And thought no more of being *one* than we
did of being *three*.

* * * * *

"Well, good-bye, chum!" I took her hand,
for the time had come to go,

My going meant our parting, when to meet
we did not know;

I had lingered long, and said farewell with
a very heavy heart;

For although we were but *friends*, 'tis hard
for honest friends to part.

"Good-bye, old fellow! don't forget your
friends beyond the sea,

And some day, when you've lots of time,
drop a line or two to me."

The words came lightly, gaily, but a great
sob, just behind,

Welled upward with a story of quite a dif-
ferent kind.

And then she raised her eyes to mine—
great liquid eyes of blue,

Filled to the brim, and running o'er, like
violet cups of dew;

One long, long glance, and then I did, what
I never did before—

Perhaps the *tears* meant friendship, but I'm
sure the *kiss* meant more.



THE WORN WEDDING RING.

YOUR wedding-ring wears thin, dear
wife; ah, summers not a few,
Since I put it on your finger first, have
passed o'er me and you;
And love, what changes we have seen—
what cares and pleasures too,—
Since you became my own dear wife, when
this old ring was new!

O, blessings on that happy day, the happiest
of my life,

When, thanks to God, your low, sweet
"Yes" made you my loving wife!

Your heart will say the same, I know, that
day's as dear to you,—

That day made me yours, dear wife, when
this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now your young,
sweet face that day!

How fair you were, how dear you were, my
tongue could hardly say;

Nor how I doted on you. O, how proud I
was of you!

But did I love you more than now, when
this old ring was new?

No—no! no fairer were you then than at
this hour to me;

And, dear as life to me this day, how could
you dearer be?

As sweet your face might be that day as
now it is, 'tis true;

But did I know your heart as well when
this old ring was new?

O, partner of my gladness, wife, what care,
what grief is there

For me you would not bravely face, with
me you would not share?

O, what a weary want had every day, if
wanting you,

Wanting the love that God made mine,
when this old ring was new?

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife—
 young voices that are here;
 Young faces round our fire that make their
 mother's yet more dear;
 Young loving hearts your care each day
 makes yet more like to you,
 More like the loving heart made mine, when
 this old ring was new.

And, blessed be God! all he has given are
 with us yet; around
 Our table every precious life lent to us still
 is found.
 Though cares we've known, with hopeful
 hearts the worst we've struggled
 through;
 Blessed be his name for all his love since
 this old ring was new!



A PICTURE.

THE farmer sat in his easy chair,
 Smoking his pipe of clay,
 While his hale old wife, with busy care,
 Was clearing the dinner away;
 A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
 On her grandfather's knee, was catching
 flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
 With a tear on his wrinkled face;
 He thought how often her mother, dead,
 Had sat in the self-same place.
 As the tear stole down from his half-shut
 eye,
 "Don't smoke," said the child, "how it
 makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay stretched out on the
 floor,
 Where the shade after noon used to steal;
 The busy old wife, by the kitchen door,
 Was turning the spinning wheel;
 And the old brass clock on the mantle-tree,
 Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,
 While close to his heaving breast
 The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
 Of his sweet grandchild was pressed;
 His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay;
 Fast asleep were they both, on that summer
 day!

—Charles Gamage Eastman.



A DREAM.

THERE are times when a dream de-
 licious
 Steals into a musing hour,
 Like a face with love capricious
 That peeps from a woodland bower,
 And one dear scene comes changeless,
 A wooded hill and a river,
 A deep cool bend where the lilies end
 And the elm tree shadows quiver.
 And I lie on the brink there dreaming
 That the life I live is a dream,

That the real is but the seeming,
 And the true is the sun flecked stream.
 Beneath me the perch and the beaver sail by
 In the dim cool depths of the river.
 The struggling fly breaks the mirrored sky,
 And the elm tree shadows quiver.

There are voices of children away on the
 hill,
 There are bees through the flag flowers
 humming.



THE PROPOSAL.



"MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE!"

The lighterman calls to the clock, and the
mill

On the further side is drumming,
And I sink to sleep in my dream of a dream
In the grass by the brink of the river,
Where the voices blend, and the lilies end,
And the elm tree shadows quiver.

Like a gift from the past is the kindly
dream

For the sorrow and passion and pain
Are adrift like the leaves on the breast of
the stream,

And the child life comes again.
Oh, the sweet, sweet pain of joy that died!
Of a pain that is joy forever!
Oh, the life that died in the stormy tide
That was once my sun flecked river!

—John Boyle O'Reilly.



THE HUSKIN'.

OLE "Cross-roads Brown," he give a
bee,

An' 'vited all the neighbors,
Until a rig'ment fought his corn,
With huskin'-pegs fur sabers.

The night was clear as Em Steele's eyes,
The moon as mild as Nancy's,
The stars was winkin's if they knowed
All 'bout our loves and fancies.

The breeze was sharp an' braced a chap,
Like Minnie Silvers' laughin';
The cider in the gallon jug
Was jes tip-top fur quaffin'.

The gals sung many a ole-time song,
Us boys a-jinin' chorus—
We'd no past shames to make us sad,
Nor dreaded ones afore us.

The shock was tumbled on the ground,
Each in its own direction,
An' ears was drappin' all around,
Like pennies at collection.

On one side o' the shock a boy,
His sweetheart on the other,
A kind o' timid like an' coy,
But not so very, nuther.

The fodder rustles dry and clean,
The husks like silver glisten,

The ears o' gold shine in between,
As if they try to listen.

An' when a red ear comes to light,
Like some strange boy a-blushin',
The gal she gives a scream o' fright,
An' jukes her pardner, rushin'

To git a kiss, the red ear's prize,
Till, conquered most completely,
She lifts her lips an' brightened eyes
An' gives him one so sweetly.

They hed a shock off from the rest,—
Tom Fell an' Lizzie Beyer,
An' Tom he wouldn't say a word,
Got mute in getting nigh her.

But Liz, she knowed jes' by his move,
Tom loved her like tarnation,
An' every time she said a word
She seen him blush carnation.

She seen him husk the red ears out,
The bashful, foolish fellow,
As if each red one wasn't worth
A dozen piles o' yellow.

Their shock was jes' 'bout finished up,
An' Liz was busy twistin'
A great big ear, to get it off,
An' it was still resistin',

Until she said, "Do break it, Tom,"
 She didn't know she hed one,
 Till lookin' down she blushed an' cried,
 "Oh! gracious, Tom, 't's a red one!"

An' Tom he gave her *such* a kiss—
 Stretched out 'twould make me twenty,
 An' all that night, in all their shocks,
 Red ears seemed mighty plenty.

—Will F. McSparran.



THE GIRL BEHIND THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.

THE world to-day is ringing with our
 fame,
 Old Glory floats supreme over land and
 sea,

Our chiefs receive great honor and acclaim,
 And everything is right as right can be.
 But let us not forget the stanch ally

Who helped us in the fight so nobly won,
 A sweet and modest actor, but a most im-
 portant factor,

The girl behind the man behind the gun.

God bless her blooming image! 'tis our star
 and guiding light,

In the rush and roar of battle and the
 bivouac at night,

She's a voice to help and cheer us like a
 stirring bugle call,

Sure, we never won a battle—it was she
 who won them all.

The hand that rocks the cradle rocks the
 world.

Ah, what is it that little hand can't do?
 On bloody fields when shot and shell are
 hurled

It bears the flag and pulls the lanyard,
 too.

'Tis pointed forward in the press of war,
 'Tis clasped in mercy when the fight is
 done;

And by her truth and beauty she incites us
 to our duty—

The girl behind the man behind the gun.

And whether we are camped on Cuba's
 shore,

Or in King Philip's Islands, far away,
 In steadfast splendor o'er the clouds of
 war

The love of woman shines upon our way;
 With every crowded trooper sent abroad

A thousand loving hearts are sailing on,
 So stands around the world, where our ban-
 ner is unfurled,

The girl behind the man behind the gun.

God bless her blooming image! 'tis our star
 and guiding light,

In the rush and roar of battle and the
 bivouac at night,

She's a voice to help and cheer us like a
 stirring bugle call,

Sure, we never won a battle—it was she
 who won them all.

—Will Stokes.





Told in Dialect



In this department are included the most humorous and comic selections in German, Irish, Yankee, Western and Southern dialects, all by famous authors, including John Hay, Secretary of State, Charles Follen Adams, M. Quad and Irwin Russell.



HOW DID DIS YERE WORLD GIT YERE?

An address by the Hon. Scalpulusas Johnson the "Black Magnet of Tennessee."

MY frens, is dar' one among you who ever stopped to think dat dis world was not allus yere? Probably not. You hev gone fussin' around without thought or care whether dis globe on which we hev the honor to reside is one thousand or one millyun y'ars old. Did you eber sot down on de back steps in de twilight an' ax yer-self how dis world cum to be yere anyhow? How was it made? How long did it take? How did de makin' begin? No; none of ye hev. Ye hev put in yer time shootin' craps, playin' policy, spottin' off hen houses an' sleepin' in de shade, an' ye ar' a pack of pore, ignorant critters in consequence.

"My frens," continued the speaker, "what occupied dis yere space befo' de world took its place? Some of you no doubt believe it was a vast body of water—a great ocean full of whales. Others hev argued dat it was one vast plain, whar' persimmons an' watermelons grew de hull y'ar round. [Yum! yum!] You is all mistaken. It was simply goneness—emptiness—nuffiness—space. It was de same emptiness dat you see when you look skyward. De space at present occupied by dis world could hev once bin bought fur an old dun-cull'd mewl wid his teef gone, an' it would hev bin a dear bargain at dat. De reason it

wasn't sold was bekase dar' was nobody yere to buy it—nobody to git up a boom.

"How did dis world git a start? Some of you may hev wondered about it, but it is mo' likely dat you has dun let it go, an' paid no 'tenshun to de matter. In de fust place de Lawd had to find de space. You can't build a cabin till you git de space to build on. Dar had to be a space to put de world in. De atmosphere had to be shoved aside to make a big hole, an' when de hole was dar de world commenced to make. You hev red dat eberything was created in six days. Mighty long days dose were. I has figgered on it a good many times, an' I'ze tellin' ye dat it took thousands of y'ars. Dar was a powerful lot o' periods to go frew wid befo' things come out ship-shape.

"Dar was de chaotic period—a time when eberything was wrong side up an' inside out. Flames was a-rollin', de oceans a-heavin', mountains risin' up to sink away agin, an' dar was no tellin' who would cum out on top. Dat period lasted fur 10,000 y'ars, an' it was a good thing dat we wasn't around.

"De nex' period was de passle period—a time when eberything was passled out accordin' to common sense. De oceans war giben boundaries—de ribers war giben beds—de mountains war distributed around to

give moas' eberybody some side hill, an' dar was a 'general pickin' ober and sortin' out to make a good appearance. Dis period lasted about 10,000 y'ars, an' you didn't lose nuffin' by bein' out of town. De nex' period is known as de coolin' off period. Eb-erything had bin red hot fur 20,000 y'ars, an' it took a heap o' time before dey got cool 'nuff to handle. When dey did we had a surface composed of water an' sich. Fur thousands of y'ars dar wasn't nuff sile fur a grasshopper to scratch in, nor 'nuff grass fur to make a green streak on a pair o' white pants.

"My frens, dar war odder periods—de ice period, de drift period, de dirt period, de grass period—and finally all was ready an' waitin' fur de man period. De world had bin created an' was all right. Birds were flyin' around, chickens roosted so low dat you could reach up an' pick 'em, an' de hoss an' ox an' cow stood waitin' to be milked. It was a beautiful scene. I kin shut my eyes an' see it. If you could hev bin right dar at dat time you would hev busted yourselves on 'possum an' yams, de fattest kind o' pullets—de biggest sart o' 'possums—de heaviest yams an' de moas'

gigantic watermelons—all right dar beggin' of you to eat 'em up widout costin' a cent.

"Den man an' woman war created, an' things has gone along bang-up eber since. I has bin pained an' grieved to h'ar dat sartin' cull'd men hev contended dat de black man was bo'n fust. In fact dat Adam was jist about my size an' complexun. Gem'ln, doan' you believe it. It hain't so. If it was so we'd be walkin' into barber shops kept by white men an' layin' ourselves back fur a shave. We wouldn't hev dis fuzzy h'ar. We wouldn't be so liberal in de size of de fut an' de length of de heel. We could pass a smoked ham hangin' in front of a grocery in de night widout stoppin' to look if de grocer war in.

"My frens, wid dese few homogenous dis-qualifications I bid you good-night, as de hour has grown late, an' I believe I has satisfied you on de soundness of my theory. Think of these things fur yourselves. Animadvert on de diaphragm doorin' your hours of leisure. Doan' accept things as you find them, but inquer' of yourselves why de thusness of de thisness emulates de consanguinity of de concordance."



SHAKE UND DER VIDDER.

O XCOOSE me if I shed some tears,
Und wipe my nose away;
Und if a lump vos in my throat,
It comes up dere to shtay.

My sadness I shall now unfoldt,
Und if dot tale of woe
Don'd do some Dutchmans any good,
Den I don't relief I know.

You see, I fall myself in love,
Und effery night I goes
Across to Brooklyn by dot pridge,
All dressed in Sunday clothes.

A vidder vomans vos der brize,
Her husband he vos dead;
Und all alone in this colt vorldt,
Dot vidder vas, she said.

Her heart for love vos on der pine,
Und dot I like to see;
Und all der time I hoped dot heart
Vos on der pine for me.

I keeps a butcher shop, you know,
Und in a stocking stout,
I put away my gold and bills,
Und no one gets him oudt.

If in der night some bank cashier
Goes skipping off mit cash,
I shleep so sound as nefer vos,
While rich folks go to shmash.

I court dot vidder sixteen months,
Dot vidder she courts me,
Und when I says: "Vill you be mine?"
She says: "You bet I'll be!"

Ve vos engaged—oh! blessed fact!
I squeeze dot dimpled hand;
Her head upon my shoulder lays,
Shust like a bag of sand.

"Before der vedding day vos set,"
She vispers in mine ear,
"I like to say I haf to use
Some cash, my Jacob, dear.

"I owns dis house and two big farms,
Und ponds und railroad shtock;

Und up in Yonkers I bossess
A grand big peesness block.

"Der times vos dull, my butcher boy,
Der market vos no good,
Und if I sell"—I squeezed her handt
To show I understood.

Next day—oxcoose my briny tears—
Dot shtocking took a shrink;
I counted out twelf hundred in
Der cleanest kind o' chink.

Und later, by two days or more,
Dot vidder shlopes away;
Und leaves a note behindt for me
In vich dot vidder say:

"DEAR SHAKE:

Der rose vos redt,
Der violet blue—
You see I've left,
Und you're left, too!"



MISLED BY THE MOON.

WHEN de sun puts on his golden
gown
Wif de shiny purple seams,
An' lays him down in Twilight Town
Foh er res' in de House ob Dreams,
I takes de fiddle an' I takes de bow
An' I sets whah de shadows creep,
An' I plays 'im fas' an' I plays 'im slow
Till I plays me mos' ter sleep.

Miss Moon comes ober de sky right soon,
Wif a smile dat am fine ter see,
An' I stops de tune an' I says, "Miss Moon,
Will yoh promanade wif me?"
It's fie, Miss Moon—it's fie, foh shame,
I didn't think you'd stoop
Fer ter lead me on till I's clean done gone
Run inter a chicken-coop!

—*Philander Johnson.*



KATHRINA'S VISIT TO NEW YORK.

WELL, von morning I says to Hans
(Hans vos mein husband): "Hans,
I tinks I goes down to New York, und see
some sights in dot village."

Und Hans he say: "Vell, Katrina, you
vork hard pooty mooch, I tinks it vould
petter be dot you goes und rest yourself

some." So I gets meinself ready rightd
away quick, und in two days I vos de shteam
cars on vistling away for New York. Ve
vent so fast I tinks mein head vould shplit
somedimes. De poles for dot delegraph
vires goes by like dey vos mad und run-
ning a races demselves mit to see vich could

go de fastest mit de oder. De engine visted like somedimes it vos hurt bad, und screeched mid de pain, und de horses by dem fields would run as dey vas scared.

It vas pooty mooch as ten hours ven ve rushed into some houses so big enough as all our village, und de cars begin to shtop vith so many leetle jerks I dinks me I shall lose all de dinner vot I eat vile I vas coming all de vay apoudt.

Vell, ven dem cars got shtopped, de peoples all got oudt und I picked mein traps oup und got oudt too. I had shust shteppeed de blatfom on, ven so mooch as ein hundred men, mit vips in der hands, und der fingers all in de air oup, asked me all at vounce, "Vere I go?" Und every one of dem fellers wanted me to go mit him to his hotel. But I tells 'em I guess not; I vas going mit my brudder-mit-law, vot keeps ein pakeshop on de Powery, vere it didn't cost me notings. So I got me in dot shtreet-cars, und pays de man mit brass buttons on his coat to let me oudt mit de shtreet vere dot Yawcup Schneider leeves. Oh, my! vot lots of houses! De shtreets vos all ofer filled mit dem. Und so many beobles I tinks me dere must be a fire, or a barade, or some oxcitement vot gets de whole city in von blaces. It dakes me so mooch time to look at everytings I forgot me ven to got oudt und rides apast de blaces I wants to shtop to, und has to valk again pack mid dree or four shquares. But I vind me dot brudder-mit-law who vos make me so velcome as nefer vos.

Vell, dot vas Saturday mit de afternoon. I was tired mit dot day's travel, und I goes me pooty quick to bed, und ven I vakes in de morning de sun vas high oup in de shky. But I gets me oup und puts on mein new silk vrock und tinks me I shall go to some fine churches und hear ein grosse breacher. Der pells vas ringing so schveet I dinks I

nefer pefore hear such music. Ven I got de shtreet on de beobles vos all going quiet und nice to dere blaces mit worship, und I makes oup my mind to go in von of dem churches so soon as von comes along. Pooty soon I comes to de von mit ein shteeple high oup in de shky, und I goes in mit de beobles und sits me down on ein seat all covered mit a leetle mattress. De big organ vas blaying so soft it seemed likes as if some angels must be dere to make dot music.

Pooty soon de breacher man shtood in de bulbit oup und read de hymn oudt, und all de beobles sing until de churches vos filled mit de shweetness. Den de breacher man pray, und read de Pible, und den he say dot de bulbit would be occupied by the Rev. Villiam R. Shtover, mit Leavenworth, Kansas.

Den dot man gommence to breach, und he read mit his dext, "Und Simon's wife's mudder lay sick mit a fever." He talks for so mooch as ein half hour already ven de beobles sings again und goes home. I tells mein brudder-mit-law it vos so nice I tinks me I goes again mit some oder churches. So vot you tinks? I goes mit anoder churches dot afternoon, und dot same Villiam R. Shtover vos dere und breach dot same sermon ofer again mit dot same dext, "Und Simon's wife's mudder lay sick mit a fever." I tinks to myself—dot vos too bad, und I goes home und dells Yawcup, und he says: "Nefer mind, Katrina, to-night ve goes somewhere else to churches." So ven de night vas come und de lamps vos all lighted mit de shtreets, me und mein brudder-mit-law, ve goes over to dot Brooklyn town to hear dot Heinrich Vard Peecher.

My, but dot vas ein grosse church, und so many beobles vas dere, ve vas crowded mit de vall back. Ven de singing vas all done, a man vot vos sitting mit a leetle chair got oup und say dot de Rev. Heinrich Vard

Peecher vas to der White Mountains gone mit dot hay fever, but dot der bulbit would be occupied on this occasion by der Rev. Villiam R. Shtover, mit Leavenworth, Kansas. Und dot Villiam R. Shtover he gots mit dot bulbit oup und breaches dot same sermon mit dot same dext, "Und Simon's wife's mudder lay sick mit a fever."

Dot vas too bad again, und I gets mad. I vas so mad I vish dot he got dot fever himself.

Vell, ven dot man vas troo, Yawcup says to me, "Come, Katrina, ve'll go down to dot ferry und take der boat vot goes to New

York!" Ven ve vos on dot boat der fog vas so tick dot you couldn't see your hands pehind your pack. De vistles vas plowing, und dem pells vas ringing, und von man shteppe up mit Yawcup und say "Vot vor dem pells pe ringing so mooch?"

Und ven I looked around dere shtood dot Villiam R. Shtover, mit Leavenworth, Kansas—and I said pooty quick: "Vot vor dem pells vas ringing? Vy for Simon's wife's mudder, vot must be died, for I hear dree times to-day already dot she vas sick mit ein fever."



COURTSHIP AT THE HUSKIN' BEE.

THE Huskin' bee wuz over, ez the sun
wuz goin' down

In a yeller blaze o' glory jist behind the
maples brown,

The gals wuz gittin' ready 'n the boys wuz
standin' by,

To hitch on whar they wanted to, or know
the reason why.

Of all the gals what set aroun' the pile of
corn thet day,

A'twistin' off the rustlin' husks, ez ef 'twas
only play,

The pertyest one of all the lot—'n they wuz
putty, too—

Wuz Zury Hess, whose lafin' eyes cud look
ye through an' through.

Now it happened little Zury found a red ear
in the pile,

Afore we finished huskin', 'n ye orter seen
her smile;

For, o' coorse, she held the privilege, if she
would only dare,

To choose the feller she liked best 'n kiss
him then 'n there.

My! how we puckered up our lips 'n tried
to look our best,

Each feller wished he'd be the one picked
out from all the rest;

'Til Zury, arter hangin' back a leetle spell
or so,

Got up 'n walked right over to the last one
in the row.

She jist reached down 'n touched her lips
onto the ol' white head

O' Peter Sims, who's eighty year ef he's a
day, 'tis said;

She looked so sweet ol' Peter tho't an angel
cum to say

As how his harp wuz ready in the land o'
tarnal day.

Mad? Well I should say I was, 'n I tol'
her goin' hum

As how the way she slighted me had made
me sorter glum,

'N that I didn't think she'd shake me right
afore the crowd—

I wuzn't gointer stand it—'n I said so pooty
loud.

Then Zury drapped her laffin' eyes 'n whispered to me low,
 "I didn't kiss ye 'fore the crowd—'cause—
 'cause—I love ye so,
 'N I thought ye wudn't mind it if I kissed
 ol' Pete instead,
 Because the grave is closin' jist above his
 pore ol' head."

Well—wimmin's ways is queer, sometimes,
 and we don't allus know
 Jist what's a-throbbin' in their hearts when
 they act thus 'n so—
 All I know is, that when I bid good night
 to Zury Hess,
 I loved her more'n ever, 'n I'll never love
 her less.



THE LITTLE RID HIN.

WELL, thin, there was once't upon a time, away off in the ould country, livin' all er lone in the woods, in a wee bit iv a house be herself, a little rid hin. Nice an' quiet she was, and niver did no kind o' harrum in her life. An' there lived out over the hill, in a din o' the rocks, a crafty ould felly iv a fox. An' this same ould villain iv a fox, he laid awake o' nights, and he prowled round shly iv a daytime, thinkin' always so busy how he'd git the little rid hin, an' carry her home an' bile her up for his shupper.

But the wise little rid hin niver went intil her bit iv a house, but she locked the door afther her, and pit the kay in her pocket. So the ould rashkill iv a fox, he watched, an' he prowled, an' he laid awake nights, till he came all to skin an' bone, an' sorra a ha'porth o' the little rid hin could he get at. But at lasht there came a shcame intil his wicked ould head, an' he tuk a big bag one mornin', over his shoulder, an' he says till his mother, says he, "Mother, have the pot all bilin' agin' I come home, for I'll bring the little rid hin to-night for our shupper."

An' away he wint, over the hills, an' came crapin' shly and soft through the woods to where the little rid hin lived in her shnug bit iv a house. An' shure, jist at the very minute that he got along, out comes the

little rid hin out iv the door, to pick up shticks to bile her tay-kettle. "Begorra, now, but I'll have yees," says the shly ould fox, an' in he shlips, unbeknownst, intil the house, an' hides behind the door. An' in comes the little rid hin, a minute afther, with her apron full iv shticks, an' shuts to the door an' locks it, an' pits the kay in her pocket. An' thin she turns round—an' there shtands the baste iv a fox in the corner. Well, thin, what did she do, but jist dhrop down her shticks, and fly up in a great fright and flutter to the big bame across inside o' the roof, where the fox couldn't git at her!

"Ah, ha!" says the ould fox, "I'll soon bring yees down out o' that!" An' he began to whirrul round, an' round, an' round, fashter, an' fashter, an' fashter, on the floor, afther his big, bushy tail, till the little rid hin got so dizzy wid lookin', that she jist tumbled down aff the bame, and the fox whipped her up and popped her intil his bag, and shtarted off home in a minute. An' he wint up the wood, an' down the wood half the day long wid his little rid hin shut up shmotherin' in the bag. Sorra a know she knowed where she was at all, at all. She thought she was all biled an' ate up, an' finished shure! But, by an' by, she remimbered herself, an' pit her hand in her pocket, an' tuk out her little bright scissors,

and shnipped a big hole in the bag behind, an' out she leapt, an' picked up a big shtone an' popped it intil the bag, an' rin aff home an' locked the door.

An' the fox he tugged away, up over the hill, with the big shtone at his back thumpin' his shoulders, thinkin' to himself how heavy the little rid hin was, an' what a fine shupper he'd have. An' whin he came in sight iv his din in the rocks, and shpied his ould mother a watchin' for him at the door, he says, "Mother! have ye the pot bilin'?"

An' the ould mother says, "Sure an' it is; an' have yet the little rid hin?" "Yes, jist here in me bag. Open the lid o' the pot till I pit her in," says he.

An' the ould mother fox she lifted the lid o' the pot, an' the rashkill untied the bag, and hild it over the pot o' bilin' wather, an' shuk in the big, heavy shtone. An' the bilin' wahter shplashed up all over the rogue iv a fox, an' his mother, an' schalded them both to death. An' the little rid hin lived safe in her house foriver aftther.



THE RULER IV THE TOWN.

JIM COOGAN was a wurrukin' man
Who wurruked the livelong day,
An' ivery week he used to sneak
Two dollars from his pay,
An' put it in a stockin',
Where 'twas safely salted down—
Now look at him; this silfsame Jim
Is ruler iv the town.

He wasn't like the most iv them,
That think they're doin' proud
To draw their pay aich Sathurday
And spind it on the crowd.
He saved a voter's price aich week,
An' now he's got raynown,
For look at him, this silfsame Jim
Is ruler iv the town.

He's prisident—jist think iv that!
An' has a scretary
Who has a clurruk to do the wurruk
Phwile he drinks Tom-an'-Jerry.
An' phwin he's prisidintin'
He wears a goolden crown
A-top iv him—that same does Jim
Phwin rulin' iv the town.

Now all I've got to say is this:
Lave off yer blowin' in;
Save up yer stuff till ye've enough
To wurruk the wurrukin' min.
Then reach for office ivery year;
An' phwin ye pull wan down,
The same as him, ye'll be, like Jim,
The ruler iv the town.



"DE COTE-HOUSE IN DE SKY."

NOW I's got a notion in my head dat
when you come to die,
An' stand de 'zamination in de Cote-house in
de sky,
You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de
angel's gwine to ax
When he gits you on de witness-stan' an'
pins you to de fac's;

Cause he'll ax you mighty closely 'bout
your doins in de night,
An' de water-million question's gwine to
bodder you a sight!
Den your eyes'll open wider dan dey eber
done befo',
When he chats you 'bout a chicken-scrape
dat happened long ago!

De angels on de picket-line erlong de Milky
Way

Keeps a-watchin' what yer dribin' at an'
hearin' what you say:

No matter what you want to do, no matter
whar you's gwine,

Dey's mighty apt to find it out an' pass it
long de line;

An' of'en at de mēetin' when you make a
fuss an laff—

Why, dey send de news a kitin' by de golden
telegraph;

Den, de angel in de orfis, what's a-settin' by
de gate,

Jes' reads de message wid a look an' claps it
on de slate!

Den you better do your juty well an' keep
your conscience clear,

An' keep a-lookin' straight ahead an' watch-
in' whar you steer;

'Cause arter while de time'll come to jour-
ney fum de lan',

An' dey'll take you way up in de a'r an' put
you on de stan';

Den you'll hab to listen to de clerk an' ans-
wer mighty straight.

Ef you ebber 'spec' to trabble froo de ala-
baster gate!



HAN'S REGISTERED LETTER.

HANS BLUKMAN got mad the other day. It was in London. There were a number of new letter-carriers wanted in the post-office department, and five or six score applicants were on hand to be examined by the shrewd medical gentlemen who were appointed to conduct this rigid scrutiny. Among these, was fat Hans Blukman, a well-to-do tradesman. He stood about the middle of the long line, before the closed doors of a room at the post-office building. He waited his turn with perspiring impatience. Every now and then, the door would open, a head would be thrust through the crack of the door and cry "Next!" Then somebody—not Hans Blukman—would enter.

At last it came Han's turn. He entered and found himself alone with a man of professional aspect. Hans held out a slip of paper. The official said:

"Take off your coat."

"Take off mine goat? Vot you dink I come for? To get shafed? I vant——"

"All right. Take off your coat, or I can't examine you."

"Den I vos got to be examined? So? Dot's all right, I s'pose," and off came the coat.

"Off waistcoat, too!"

"Look here, my friend, you dink I was a tief? You wants to zearch me? Well, dot's all right. I peen an honest man, py dunder, and you don't vind no schtolen broperty my clothes insite! I vas never zearch pefore already——"

"I don't want to search you: I want to examine you. Don't you understand?"

"No, I ton'd understand. But dot's all right; dere's mine clothes off, und if I cold catch, dot vill your fault peen entirely."

The professional man placed his hand on the visitor's shoulder blade, applied an ear to his chest, tapped him on the breast-bone and punched him in the small of the back, inquiring if it hurt.

"Hurt? No, dot ton'd hurt; but maype, if dose foolishness ton'd stop, somepody ellus gits bretty soon hurt."

"Does that hurt?" was the next question, accompanied by a gentle thrust among the ribs.

"No, dot ton'd hurt; but, by dunder, it——"

"Be quiet! I'm in a hurry—I've a dozen more to attend to. Now, can you read this card when I hold it out so?"

"No."

"Can you read it now?" bringing it a few inches nearer.

"No; but you choost pring me out my spegtagles by my goat pocket and I read him."

"Oh! that won't do. Your sight is defective, I am sorry to say, and you are rejected. Put on your clothes—quick, please."

"Dot's all right. So I vos rechected, eh? Well, dot vas nezzary, I subbose; but it's very vunny, choost the same. And now I've peen rechected und eggssamined, may-

pe, you don'd some objections got to git me dot rechistered letter?"

"What registered letter?"

"Dot rechistered letter vot vas spoken about on dis piece baber."

"The dickens! Who sent you to me with that? I thought you had come to be examined. Didn't you apply to be a letter-carrier?"

"A letter-garrier? No I don't vant to be a letter-garrier. I half bizziness got py mineself, but I vants my rechistered letter."

"Here," said the doctor to a messenger in the lobby, "show this man the registered-letter clerk," and the bewildered foreigner was conducted to the proper window where after passing through such a trying ordeal he finally received his letter from "Sharmeny" all right.



LITTLE BREECHES.

(A Pike County, Missouri, view of Special Providence.)

I DON'T go much on religion.

I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, Sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free-will, and that sort of thing—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever since one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe came along—
No four-year-old in the country
Could beat him for pretty and strong.
Pert and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight—
And I'd larnt him to chaw tobacker,
Jest to keep his milk teeth white.

The snow came down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;

I went in for a jug of molasses

And left the team at the door.

They scared at something and started—

I heard one little squall,

And hell-to-split over the prairie

Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!

I was almost froze with skeer;

But we roused up some torches,

And sarched for 'em far and near.

At last we struck horses and wagon,

Snowed under a soft white mound,

Upsot, dead beat—but of little Gabe

No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me

Of my fellow-critters' aid—

I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,

Crotch-deep in the snow and prayed.

* * * * *

By this the torches was played out,
 And me and Isrul Parr
 Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
 That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
 Where they shut up the lambs at night.
 We looked in and seen them huddled thar,
 So warm and sleepy and white.
 And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
 As peart as ever you see,

"I want a chaw of tobacker,
 And that's wat's the matter of me."
 How did he git thar? Angels!
 He could never have walked in that
 storm;
 They jest scooped down and toted him
 To whar it was safe and warm.
 And I think that savin' a little child
 And bringin' him to his own,
 Is a derved sight better business
 Than loafin' around the Throne.



MAMMY'S HUSHABY.

HUSHABY, hushaby, lil' baby boy,
 Shet yo' eyes tight an' drap off ter
 sleep;
 Mistah Coon was a-pacin' at a mighty jog
 When he seed a 'possum curled up on a
 lawg:
 "Howdy, Brer 'Possum, I'se glad you a'n't
 a dawg"—
 Hushaby, lil' baby boy.
 All de lil' mawkin' birds a sleepin' in dar
 nes',
 When night comes den sleepin' is de bes',
 Tek up m' honey boy an' hug him ter m'
 bres',
 Hushaby, lil' baby boy.

Hushaby, hushaby, lil' baby boy,
 Watch dawg bark an' booger man run;
 Down in the medder lil' bunnies race,
 Frolickin' an' jumpin' 'all about de
 place—
 Jess yo' quit dat laffin' right in yo' mam-
 my's face—
 Hushaby, lil' baby boy.
 Oi' brindle cow's a-callin', "goo' night, goo'
 night," she said,
 Time all lil' chilluns fer ter be in bed;
 Tight shet go dem bright eyes, down drap
 dat curly head—
 Hushaby, lil' baby boy.
 —Richard Linthicum.



DER DRUMMER.

WHO puts oup at der pest hotel,
 Und dakes his oysders on der
 shell,
 Und mit der frauleins cuts a schwell?
 Der drummer.
 Who vas it gomes indo mine schtore,
 Drows down his pundles of der vloor,
 Und nefer schtops to shut der door?
 Der drummer.

Who dakes me py der handt und say,
 "Hans .Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day?"
 Und goes vor peeseness righdt away?
 Der drummer.

Who shpreads his zamples in a trice,
 Und dells me, "Look, und see how nice?"
 Und says I gets "der bottom price?"
 Der drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goods vas bought,
 Mooch less as vot I gould imbort,
 But let's them go as he vas "short"?
 Der drummer.

Who says der tings vas eggstra vine—
 "Vrom Sharmany, upon der Rhine!"
 Und sheats me den dimes oudt off nine?
 Der drummer.

Who varrants all der goods to suit
 Der gustomers ubon his route,

Und ven dey gomes dey vas no goot?
 Der drummer.

Who gomes aroundt ven I been oudt,
 Drinks oup mine bier, und eats mine kraut,
 Und kiss Katrina in der mout?
 Der drummer.

Who, ven he gomes again dis way,
 Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
 Und mit a plack eye goes away?
 Der drummer.



CONSOLATION.

'TAIN' no matter what yoh does,
 Ner to whah yoh strays,
 T'ings'll make yer wish dey wuz
 Dif'unt, lots o' ways.
 When I's done de bes' I can,
 Weary ez kin be,
 Wisht I was some yuther man,
 'Stid o' being me.

But, when mawnin' fin's me strong,
 Ready foh de day,
 Strikes me dat I may be wrong,
 Pinin' dat-a-way.
 Ef folks changed aroun' so free,
 Comfort might be slim;
 P'raps I'd wish dat I wuz me,
 'Stid o' bein' him.



JIM BLUDSO OF "THE PRAIRIE BELLE."

WALL, no; I can't tell where he lives,
 Becase he don't live, you see;
 Leastways, he's got out of the habit
 Of livin' like you and me.
 Whar have you been for the last three year
 That you haven't heard folks tell
 How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
 The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—they engineers
 Is all pretty much alike—
 One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
 And another one here, in Pike.
 A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
 And an awkward hand in a row,
 But he never flunked, and he never lied—
 I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
 To treat his engine well;
 Never be passed on the river;
 To mind the pilot's bell;
 And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
 A thousand times he swore
 He'd hold her nozzle ag'in' the bank
 Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississipp,
 And her day come at last—
 The Movastar was a better boat,
 But the Belle she wouldn't be passed.
 And so she come tearin' along that night—
 The oldest craft on the line—
 With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
 And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine

The fire burst out as she cleared the bar,
 And burnt a hole in the night,
 And quick as a flash she turned, and made
 For that willer-bank on the right.
 There was runnin' and cursin,' but Jim
 yelled out

Over all the infernal roar:
 "I'll hold her nozzle ag'in' the bank
 Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, blackbreath of the burnin
 boat

Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
 And they all had trust in his cussedness,
 And knowed he would keep his word.

And, sure's you're born, they all got off
 Afore the smokestacks fell—
 And Bludso's ghost went up alone
 In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at jedgment
 I'd run my chance with Jim,
 'Longside o' some pious gentlemen
 That wouldn't shook hands with him.
 He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing—
 And went for it thar and then;
 And Christ ain't a goin' to be too hard
 On a man that died for men.

—John Hay.



YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I HAF von funny leedle poy,
 Vot gomes shust to mine knee;
 Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
 As efer you dit see.

He runs, und schumps, und schmashes
 dings

In all barts off der house:
 But vot off dot? he vas mine son,
 Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
 Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
 To make der shticks to beat it mit,—
 Mine cracious dot vas drue!

I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart
 He kïcks oop sooch a touse:
 But nefer mind; der poys vas few
 Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
 Who baints mine nose so red?
 Who vas it cut dot schmooth blace oudt
 From der hair upon mine hed?

Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
 Vene'er der glim I douse?
 How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
 To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

He get der measles und der mumbs,
 Und eferyding dot's oudt;
 He sbills mine glass off lager bier,
 Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.

He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese,—
 Dot vas der roughest chouse;
 I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
 But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
 Mit sooch a grazy poy,
 Und vish vonce more I Gould haf rest,
 Und beaceful dimes enshoy;

But vhen he vas ashleep in ped,
 So quiet as a mouse,
 I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,
 But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

—Charles F. Adams.

Modern Dialogues and Plays

Any dialogue or play in this department can be presented upon any platform or stage erected in the school-room, church or home with little trouble and cost. All of the costumes are easily and inexpensively made. They embrace a wide variety suitable for every occasion both for adults and children.



A PAGEANT OF THE MONTHS.

CHARACTERS.

Gentlemen—

Ladies—

JANUARY.

FEBRUARY.

MARCH.

APRIL.

JULY.

MAY.

AUGUST.

JUNE.

OCTOBER.

SEPTEMBER.

DECEMBER.

NOVEMBER.

ROBIN REDBREASTS; LAMBS AND SHEEP;
NIGHTINGALE AND NESTLINGS.

Various Flowers, Fruits, etc.

SCENE:—A COTTAGE WITH ITS GROUNDS.

(A room in a large, comfortable cottage; a fire burning on the hearth; a table on which the breakfast things have been left standing. January discovered seated at the fire.)

JANUARY.

Cold the day and cold the drifted snow,
Dim the day until the cold dark night.

[Stirs the fire.]

Crackle, sparkle, fagot; embers, glow;
Some one may be plodding through the snow,

Longing for a light,
For the light that you and I can show.
If no one else should come,
Here Robin Redbreast's welcome to a crumb,
And never troublesome:

Robin, why don't you come and fetch your crumb?

Here's butter for my bunch of bread,
And sugar for your crumb;
Here's room upon the hearth-rug,
If you'll only come.

In your scarlet waistcoat,
With your keen bright eye,
Where are you loitering?
Wings were made to fly!

Make haste to breakfast,
Come and fetch your crumb,
For I'm as glad to see you
As you are glad to come.

(Two Robin Redbreasts are seen tapping with their beaks at the lattice, which January opens and throws out crumbs to birds. A knock is heard at the door. January hangs a guard in front of the fire, and opens to February, who appears with a bunch of snowdrops in her hand.)

JANUARY.

Good-morrow, sister.

FEBRUARY.

Brother, joy to you!
I've brought some snowdrops; only just a few,
But quite enough to prove the world awake,

Cheerful and hopeful in the frosty dew,
And for the pale sun's sake.

(She hands a few of her snowdrops to January, who retires into the background. While February stands arranging the remaining snowdrops in a glass of water on the window-sill, a soft butting and bleating are heard outside. She opens the door, and sees one foremost lamb, with other sheep and lambs bleating and crowding towards her.)

FEBRUARY.

O you, you little wonder, come—come in,
You wonderful, you woolly, soft, white
lamb:

You panting mother ewe, come too,
And lead that tottering twin
Safe in:

Bring all your bleating kith and kin,
Except the horny ram.

(February opens a second door in the background, and the little flock files through into a warm and sheltered compartment out of sight.)

The lambkin tottering in its walk,
With just a fleece to wear;
The snowdrop drooping on its stalk
So slender,—

Snowdrop and lamb, a pretty pair,
Braving the cold for our delight,
Both white,
Both tender.

(A rattling of door and windows; branches seen without, tossing violently to and fro.)

How the doors rattle, and the branches
sway!

Here's brother March comes whirling on
his way,

With winds that eddy and sing.

(She turns the handle of the door, which bursts open, and discloses March hasten-

ing up, both hands full of violets and anemones.)

FEBRUARY.

Come, show me what you bring;
For I have said my say, fulfilled my day,
And must away.

MARCH.

(Stopping short on the threshold.)

I blow and arouse,
Through the world's wide house,
To quicken the torpid earth:
Grappling I fling
Each feeble thing,
But bring strong life to the birth.
I wrestle and frown,
And topple down;
I wrench, I rend, I uproot;
Yet the violet
Is born where I set
The sole of my flying foot.

(Hands violets and anemones to February, who retires into the background.)

And in my wake
Frail wind-flowers quake,
And the catkins promise fruit.
I drive ocean ashore
With rush and roar,
And he cannot say me nay:
My harpstrings all
Are the forests tall,
Making music when I play.
And as others perforce,
So I on my course
Run and needs must run,
With sap on the mount,
And buds past count,
And rivers and clouds and sun,
With seasons and breath
And time and death
And all that has yet begun.

(Before March has done speaking, a voice is heard approaching accompanied by a twittering of birds. April comes along



Photo by Byron, N. Y.

THE MAYPOLE DANCE.



CHILDREN'S DRILL.

(Juvenile march now popular in schools and kindergartens in which the little ones are taught gracefulness of movement and courteous manners.

singing, and stands outside and out of sight to finish her song.)

APRIL.

(Outside.)

Pretty little three
Sparrows in a tree,
Light upon the wing;
Though you cannot sing,
You can chirp of Spring:
Chirp of Spring to me,
Sparrows, from your tree.

Never mind the showers,
Chirp about the flowers,
While you build a nest:
Straws from east and west,
Feathers from your breast,
Make the snuggest bowers
In a world of flowers.

You must dart away
From the chosen spray,
You intrusive third
Extra little bird;
Join the unwedded herd!
These have done with play,
And must work to-day.

APRIL.

(Appearing at the open door.)

Good-morrow and good-bye: if others fly,
Of all the flying months you're the most
flying.

MARCH.

You're hope and sweetness, April.

APRIL.

Birth means dying,
As wings and wind mean flying;
So you and I and all things fly or die;
And sometimes I sit sighing to think of
dying.
But meanwhile I've a rainbow in my show-
ers,
And a lapful of flowers,

And these dear nestlings, aged three hours;
And here's their mother sitting,
Their father merely flitting
To find their breakfast somewhere in my
bowers.

(As she speaks April shows March her apron full of flowers and nest full of birds. March wanders away into the grounds. April, without entering the cottage, hangs over the hungry nestlings watching them.)

APRIL.

What beaks you have, you funny things,
What voices, shrill and weak;
Who'd think anything that sings
Could sing with such a beak?
Yet you'll be nightingales some day
And charm the country-side,
When I'm away and far away,
And May is queen and bride.

(May arrives unperceived by April, and gives her a kiss. April starts and looks round.)

APRIL.

Ah, May, good-morrow, May, and so good-
bye.

MAY.

That's just your way, sweet April, smile
and sigh;
Your sorrows half in fun,
Begun and done
And turned to joy while twenty seconds
run.

At every step a flower
Fed by your last bright shower,—

(She divides an armful of all sorts of flowers with April, who strolls away through the garden.)

MAY.

And gathering flowers I listened to the
song
Of every bird in bower.

The world and I are far too full of bliss,
To think or plan or toil or care;

The sun is waxing strong,
The days are waning long,
And all that is,
Is fair.

Here are May buds of lily and of rose,
And here's my namesake-blossom,
May;
And from a watery spot
See here, forget-me-not,
With all that blows
To-day.

Hark to my linnets from the hedges green,
Blackbird and lark and thrush and
dove,
And every nightingale
And cuckoo tells its tale,
And all they mean
Is love.

(June appears at the further end of the garden, coming slowly towards May, who seeing her, exclaims:)

MAY.

Surely you're come too early, sister June.

JUNE.

Indeed I feel as if I came too soon
To round your young May moon.
And set the world a-gasping at my noon,
Yet must I come. So here are strawberries,
Sun-flushed and sweet, as many as you
please;

And there are full-blown roses by the score,
More roses and yet more.

(May, eating strawberries, withdraws among the flower beds.)

JUNE.

The sun does all my long day's work for
me,

Raises and ripens everything;
I need but sit beneath a leafy tree
And watch and sing.

(Seats herself in the shadow of a laburnum.)

Or if I'm lulled by note of bird and bee,
Or lulled by noontide's silence deep,
I need but nestle down beneath my tree
And drop asleep.

(June falls asleep; and is not awakened by the voice of July, who behind the scenes is heard half singing, half calling.)

JULY.

(Behind the scenes.)

Blue flags, yellow flags, all freckled,
Which will you take? Yellow, blue,
speckled!

Take which you will, speckled, blue, yellow,
Each in its way has not a fellow.

(Enter July, a basket of many-colored irises swung upon his shoulders, a bunch of ripe grass in one hand, and a plate piled full of peaches balanced upon the other. He steals up to June, and tickles her with the grass. She wakes.)

JUNE.

What, here already?

JULY.

Nay, my tryst is kept;
The longest day slipped by you while you
slept.

I've brought you one curved pyramid of
bloom,

(Hands her the plate.)

Not flowers, but peaches, gathered where
the bees,

As downy, bask and boom

In sunshine and in gloom of trees.

But get you in, a storm is at my heels;

The whirlwind whistles and wheels,

Lightning flashes and thunder peals,

Flying and following hard upon my
heels.

(June takes shelter in a thickly-woven arbor.)

JULY.

The roar of a storm sweeps up
From the east to the lurid west,

The darkening sky, like a cup,
 Is filled with rain to the brink;
 The sky is purple and fire,
 Blackness and noise and unrest;
 The earth, parched with desire,
 Opens her mouth to drink.

Send forth thy thunder and fire,
 Turn over thy brimming cup,
 O sky, appease the desire
 Of earth in her parched unrest;
 Pour out drink to her thirst,
 Her famishing life lift up;
 Make thyself fair as at first,
 With a rainbow for thy crest.

Have done with thunder and fire,
 O sky with the rainbow crest;
 O earth, have done with desire,
 Drink, and drink deep, and rest.

(Enter August, carrying a sheaf made up of different kinds of grain.)

JULY.

Hail, brother August, flushed and warm,
 And scathless from my storm.
 Your hands are full of corn, I see,
 As full as hands can be:
 And earth and air both smell as sweet as
 balm

In their recovered calm,
 And that they owe to me.

(July retires into the shrubbery.)

AUGUST.

Wheat sways heavy, oats are airy,
 Barley bows a graceful head,
 Short and small shoots up canary,
 Each of these is some one's bread;
 Bread for man or bread for beast,
 Or at very least
 A bird's savory feast.

Men are brethren of each other,
 One in flesh and one in food;

And a sort of foster brother,
 Is the litter, or the brood
 Of that folk in fur and feather,
 Who, with men together,
 Breast the wind and weather.

(August describes September toiling across the lawn.)

AUGUST.

My harvest home is ended; and I spy
 September drawing nigh
 With the first thought of Autumn in her
 eye,

And the first sigh
 Of Autumn wind among her locks that fly.

(September arrives, carrying upon her head a basket heaped high with fruit.)

SEPTEMBER.

Unload me, brother. I have brought a few
 Plums and these pears for you,
 A dozen kinds of apples, one or two
 Melons, some figs all bursting through
 Their skins; and pearled with dew
 These damsons, violet-blue.

(While September is speaking, August lifts the basket to the ground, selects various fruits, and withdraws slowly along the gravel walk, eating a pear as he goes.)

SEPTEMBER.

My song is half a sigh
 Because my green leaves die;
 Sweet are my fruits, but all my leaves are
 dying;

And well may Autumn sigh,
 And well may I
 Who watch the sere leaves flying.

My leaves that fade and fall,
 I note you one and all;
 I call you, and the Autumn wind is calling,
 Lamenting for your fall,
 And for the pall
 You spread on earth in falling.

And here's a song of flowers to suit such
hours:

A song of the last lilies, the last flowers,
Amid my withering bowers.

In the sunny garden bed
Lilies look so pale,
Lilies droop the head
In the shady, grassy vale;
If all alike they pine
In shade and in shine,
If everywhere they grieve,
Where will lilies live?

(October enters briskly, some leafy twigs bearing different sorts of nuts in one hand, and a long, ripe hop-vine trailing after him from the other. A dahlia is stuck in his button-hole.)

OCTOBER.

Nay, cheer up, sister. Life is not quite
over,
Even if the year has done with corn and
clover,
With flowers and leaves; besides, in fact,
it's true,
Some leaves remain, and some flowers too,
For me and you.
Now see my crops.

[Offering his produce to September.]

I've brought you nuts and hops;
And when the leaf drops, why the walnut
drops.

(October wreathes the hop-vines about September's neck, and gives her the nut twigs. They enter the cottage together, but without shutting the door. She steps into the background; he advances to the hearth, removes the guard, stirs up the smouldering fire, and arranges several chestnuts ready to roast.)

OCTOBER.

Crack your first nut, light your first fire,
Roast your chestnuts, crisp on the bar,

Make the logs sparkle, stir the blaze
higher;

Logs are as cheery as sun or as star,
Logs we can find wherever we are.

Spring, one soft day, will open the leaves,
Spring, one bright day, will lure back the
flowers;

Never fancy my whistling wind grieves,
Never fancy I've tears in my showers;
Dance, nights and days! and dance on,
my hours.

[Sees November approaching.]

OCTOBER.

Here comes my youngest sister, looking
dim

And grim,
With dismal ways.

What cheer, November?

NOVEMBER.

(Entering and shutting the door.)

Nought have I to bring,
Tramping a-chill and shivering,
Except these pine cones for a blaze,—
Except a fog which follows,
And stuffs up all the hollows,—
Except a hoar frost here and there,—
Except some shooting stars,
Which dart their luminous cars,
Trackless and noiseless through the keen
night air.

(October, shrugging his shoulders, withdraws into the background, while November throws her pine cones on the fire and sits down listlessly.)

NOVEMBER.

The earth lies fast asleep, grown tired
Of all that's high or deep;
There's naught desired and naught re-
quired
Save a sleep.

I rock the cradle of the earth,
I lull her with a sigh;

And know that she will wake to mirth
By and bye.

(*Through the window December is seen running and leaping in the direction of the door. He knocks.*)

NOVEMBER.

(*Calls out without rising.*)

Ah, here's my youngest brother come at last:

Come in, December.

(*He opens the door and enters, loaded with evergreens in berry, etc.*)

Come in and shut the door,
For now it's snowing fast;
It snows, and will snow more and more;
Don't let it drift in on the floor.
But you, you're all aglow; how can you be
Rosy and warm and smiling in the cold.

DECEMBER.

Nay, no closed doors for me,
But open doors and open hearts and glee
To welcome young and old.

Dimmest and brightest month am I;
My short days end, my lengthening days
begin;

What matters more or less sun in the sky,
When all is sun within?

(*He begins making a wreath as he sings.*)

Ivy and privet dark as night
I weave with hips and haws a cheerful
show,
And holly for a beauty and delight,
And milky mistletoe.

While high above them all is set
Yew twigs and christmas roses, pure
and pale;
Then Spring her snowdrop and her violet
May keep, so sweet and frail;

May keep each merry singing bird,
Of all her happy birds that singing
build:
For I've a carol which some shepherds
heard
Once in a wintry field.

(*While December concludes his song, all the other months troop in from the garden, or advance out of the background. The twelve join hands in a circle, and begin dancing round to a stately measure as the Curtain falls.*)

—Christina G. Rossetti.



PAT DOLAN'S WEDDING.

CHARACTERS.

NICHOLAS NEVERSLIP, *a modern husband.*

PATRICK DOLAN, *an Irish lad.*

MATILDA, *Never slip's wife.*

MISS SPYALL, *a gossip.*

BIDDY CROGAN, *a domestic.*

SCENE:—*A drawing room. Time, evening. Table and two chairs, C. Nicholas discovered standing near L. E. with cane and gloves in hands: he calls to his wife, who is supposed to be up stairs dressing for the opera.*

NICHOLAS.—My dear, it is half-past seven; do hurry; I am sure we will be late.

MATILDA.—I am coming—be with you in one minute. Has Biddy fastened the back gate?

NICHOLAS (*aside*).—I know we'll be late (*calls*), Biddy! (*crosses to R. E.*)

BIDDY.—I'm here, sur. [*Enter Biddy R. E.*] What do you want wid me, sur?

NICHOLAS.—Biddy is the back gate fastened?

BIDDY.—I'll see, sur, (*turns to go.*)

NICHOLAS.—Biddy!

BIDDY.—Sur!

NICHOLAS.—Biddy, I am going to the opera; that is, we are, Mrs. Neverslip and myself.

MATILDA (*calls*).—Nicholas!

NICHOLAS.—Well, what's the matter?

MATILDA.—Where did you lay my fan?

NICHOLAS.—I never touched your fan. (*looks at his watch.*) It is twenty minutes to eight; I declare we will be late.

BIDDY (*aside*).—I wonder if he means to keep me shtandin' here all night?

NICHOLAS (*to Matilda*).—I am going!

MATILDA.—Here I come.

NICHOLAS.—It is time you were coming.

MATILDA.—Oh, dear!

NICHOLAS.—What's the matter?

MATILDA.—Oh, you've hurried me so I've gone and dressed without my fichu; I can never go without it.

NICHOLAS (*aside*).—Confound her fish-hook. (*aloud*) Snails and turtles! are you never coming?

BIDDY (*aside*).—I'm nather a gate post nur a clothes prop. (*aloud*) Mr. Neverslip, I'll be goin' to the kitchen; I lift the banes on the sthove; I think they're burnin'. [*Exit Biddy R. E.*]

NICHOLAS.—For mercy sake do come.

MATILDA (*singing*).—I am coming, darling, coming——

NICHOLAS.—How provokingly cool you are.

[*Enter Matilda L. E.*]

MATILDA.—Now, my dear, we'll be off. [*Both start toward L. E.*] Why, where's your hat?

NICHOLAS (*feels his head*).—Good gracious! It is up stairs—Matilda, dear, will you get it for me?

MATILDA.—You cruel man——(*knock heard from without.*)

BOTH.—Horrors! Some one at the door!

NICHOLAS.—Biddy!

[*Enter Biddy R. E.*]

BIDDY.—Ay, sur!

NICHOLAS.—Biddy, we're out.

BIDDY.—Yer what?

NICHOLAS.—We're out; that is, we soon will be. We do not wish to see anyone—you comprehend?

BIDDY (*angrily*).—Don't want to see anyone. I comprehend! Sur, I'm an honest Irish girl, and I niver comprehend anybody. (*arms akimbo*) Niver!

[*Prolonged knock at the door.*]

NICHOLAS.—Go to the door and say we're out!

BIDDY (*aside*).—The man is surely out of his head.

[*Exit Biddy L. E.*]

MATILDA.—Oh my! we'll never get off.

NICHOLAS.—My dear, it's all your own fault.

MATILDA (*puts handkerchief to eyes*).—Dear, dear! Nicholas. Hark!

MISS SPYALL (*from without*).—Take this card to——

BIDDY (*from without*).—They're out, mum.

MISS SPYALL.—Then I'll just step in a moment and write a line or two.

BIDDY.—But they're out.

MATILDA.—Oh grief! It is that awful Spyall; good-bye opera to-night.

NICHOLAS.—We might as well give up now.

[*Enter Biddy L. E. walking backward followed by Miss Spyall.*]

MISS SPYALL (*aside*).—Out of the street; ah! I understand! (*Extends hands to Nicholas and Matilda*)—(*aloud*) How delighted I am to see you! What! going out?

BIDDY.—Yis, out; they're out—outward bound, I forgot part of the wurruds.

NICHOLAS.—Silence, Bridget!

MATILDA.—We need you no longer, Biddy.

BIDDY.—Indade, ye'll give me two wakes' notice. I'll not lave now.

MATILDA.—I mean we do not need you here. You may go to the kitchen. Oh, bother! My hair is coming down. Biddy get me a hair-pin, quick!

[Exit Biddy R. E.]

MISS SPYALL.—What a beautiful dress; is it all silk?

NICHOLAS.—Part muslin, Miss.

MATILDA.—Nicholas, you shock me.

NICHOLAS (*Pulls out watch and starts to go*).—Oh, oh, oh!

MISS SPYALL.—Going to church?

NICHOLAS.—No, not to church.

MISS SPYALL.—Oh, I see; the museum.

NICHOLAS.—We have an engagement.

MISS SPYALL.—A wedding? That's it! I know. Who is it? Do tell me if it is Nancy Beadle? I thought she and John—

MATILDA.—My husband and I are about going down town on important business, it is time we were there now.

MISS SPYALL.—Anything important? You know I can be trusted.

NICHOLAS.—Gone! gone! gone!

MISS SPYALL.—Hey?

MATILDA.—Miss Spyall, you will please excuse me this evening, we must go at once.

[Enter Biddy R. E. with clothes-pins in each hand.]

NICHOLAS (*pointing to watch*).—We've lost our seats. (*Matilda and Miss Spyall take seats.*)

BIDDY (*to Nicholas*).—Niver moind me; still, I'll bring two chairs from the dining-room if ye insist. (*To Matilda*) Here's the puns, mum.

MATILDA.—Stupid girl, these are clothes-pins.

MISS SPYALL.—What a silly creature.

BIDDY (*aside*).—The spalpeen!

NICHOLAS.—Excuse me. I must get my hat. [Exit L. E.]

MATILDA.—Oh, he's a darling man!

MISS SPYALL.—Spe-len-did!

(*A crash is heard.*)

MATILDA.—What have you done?

NICHOLAS (*groans*).—Broken my shins, smashed my hat and upset your toilet stand!

MATILDA.—You wretch—edly unfortunate man.

[Enter Nicholas L. E. limping with smashed hat in hand.]

MISS SPYALL.—I must be going.

MATILDA.—We are going to the opera.

NICHOLAS.—To hear the final chorus.

MISS SPYALL.—How delightful!

MATILDA.—Biddy, keep a sharp look out.

[Exit all except Biddy L. E.]

BIDDY.—Yis, I'll kape a sharp look out. I'll first take a look at the back gate. Poor Pat's been waitin' at that same gate for a whole hour; faith he's stharved wid the cold (*starts and listens*) Arrah, what's that? Sure some one's in the kitchen. I hear a brogan on the stairs—the saints protect me. [Enter Pat R. E., looking around cautiously.] Oh, Pat Dolan! How dare ye frighten me loike that? How did ye enter the house?—What if the folks had been in?

PAT.—Whist, me darlin'; I saw them lave by the front door, and in the wink of an eye, it's meself that lepped over the fence; I thried the back door, it was unlatched, and here I am, Biddy dear!

BIDDY.—Niver do the loikes of that again. You might be shot for a burglar or a dynamiter.

PAT. (*sitting at table*).—Niver fear, Biddy dear; go ye and bring a crust of bread and sup of—of something stronger than tay, if yer have it; sure I've room here

for a loaf, and I'm thrimblin' wid wake-ness—

BIDDY.—I'll see what's lift in the pantry. Be aisy till I come back. (*Starts to go.*)

PAT.—Biddy!

BIDDY.—What, darlint? (*Pauses.*)

PAT.—Do ye hear anything?

BIDDY.—It's the Niverslips! Run for your life!

PAT.—Be aisy; it's me poor heart beat-in'; and nothin' more. It always bates whin I see that face.

BIDDY (*Looks over her shoulder*).—What face? I see no face!

PAT.—Don't be a greenhorn. I mane your own lovely countenance.

BIDDY.—Oh, ye blarney!

[*Exit R. E.*]

PAT. (*Rises from chair and walks up and down the stage*).—Humph! this is a very foine house. It lacks the comforts of a home, howiver, for there's not the sign of a pipe or a 'bacca bowl about the room. They're evidently mane people.

[*Enter Biddy R. E. carrying tray, on which are loaf of bread, a knife, a black bottle and two glasses.*]

Look at that now! If that isn't the tip of hospitality my name's not Patrick Dolan.

BIDDY (*places tray on table*).—Now, Pat, ye must not trifle over the sup, (*fills glass from bottle*) but drink it at once. It would niver do to have the folks foind ye here.

PAT (*takes glass*).—Here's to our wedding day (*drinks*), Oh! ah! (*jumps to his feet and runs about stage holding his throat*) I'm pizened, I'm kilt.

BIDDY (*following him about*).—Shpeak, shpeak, me darlint Pat.

PAT (*gasping and pointing to bottle*).—Look—look—look at that! What's in the bottle?

BIDDY.—Sure I can't read. (*Hands bottle to Pat.*)

PAT.—Saint Patrick defend me! (*reads*) "Pure Jamaica Ginger," Oh! it's atin me up! (*Noise heard without.*)

BIDDY.—Hark! (*Both listen.*)

NICHOLAS (*from without*).—We should have taken an umbrella; hurry in or we shall be drowned with the rain.

PAT (*agitated*).—Put me away! hide me! cover me up!

BIDDY.—Run! No—shtop—they're here! get under the table.

PAT (*crawls under table*).—Bad luck to the rain!

BIDDY.—Arrah! What shall I do? He's opening the door wid the noight key. Kape shtill, Pat.

NICHOLAS.—Walk in Miss Spyall; it is only a shower.

[*Enter Neverslip, Matilda and Miss Spyall L. E.*]

MISS SPYALL (*aside*).—Refreshments, as I live! (*Aloud*) I feel real chilly! If I were home I'd have a bowl of hot tea, or something warm.

BIDDY.—I was thinkin' mum, that ye might be cold.

MATILDA.—What's that, Biddy?

BIDDY.—I thought ye'd need a warrum drink and a bite, so I've the bottle and bread handy for yez. (*Points to bottle.*)

NICHOLAS (*takes bottle*).—Jamaica Ginger.

MATILDA.—The idea! Bread and ginger. Why, Biddy, you are certainly becoming insane.

MISS SPYALL (*aside*).—I thought they were too mean to have cake and wine, I thought it was a pound cake. How disappointed and hungry I feel. (*Aloud*) I wonder if it still rains?

NICHOLAS.—Be seated, ladies. Biddy, go to the door, and see if it has stopped

raining.—(*Matilda and Miss Spyall take seats at table.*)

I will see if I can find an umbrella for Miss Spyall. [*Exit L. E.*]

PAT.—(*Pat's head rises slowly from behind table.*)

MISS SPYALL.—Does Mr. Neverslip smoke much?

MATILDA.—Never at all. Why do you ask?

MISS SPYALL.—I thought I detected a strong odor of an old pipe.

PAT (*aside*).—Ye spalpeen! (*Pulls her ear and stoops behind table.*)

MISS SPYALL.—Oh! (*indignantly*). Don't do that again. I dislike such familiarity.

MATILDA (*astonished*).—Why, what's the matter with you?

MISS SPYALL.—I guess if I were to pull your ear you would know how it feels. There! (*They turn their backs to each other angrily.*)

(*Pat peeps from under table and pulls Matilda's ear.*)

MATILDA (*springing to her feet*).—You impudent gossip! How dare you? (*Rubs her ear.*) If you want exercise, try pedestrianism; I will excuse your presence. (*Points to door.*)

MISS SPYALL (*rising and backing off*).—I am shocked beyond expression. (*aside*) If I only get out—the woman's surely mad.

[*Enter Nicholas L. E. with umbrella*]

MATILDA.—My dear, give Miss Spyall the umbrella; she is surely ill and should get home with all possible speed.

MISS SPYALL.—Not at all, not at all, sir; it is your insolent wife who needs your attention.

NICHOLAS.—What is the meaning of such singular language? (*Picks up bottle.*) You have not been tampering with this?

[*Enter Biddy R. E. holding shawl in her hands.*]

BIDDY.—Look at me shplendid shawl! An illigant present that oi've just received. (*unfolds shawl and advances towards rear of table.*)

NICHOLAS.—Some other time, Biddy; we are engaged at present.

MISS SPYALL (*aside*).—The whole family are certainly crazy.

MATILDA.—I'm in no humor to look at shawls; I prefer taking a dissolving view of somebody's back. (*Looks at Miss Spyall.*)

BIDDY (*holds up shawl with both hands*).—Pat, get behind the shawl.

PAT.—(*crawls behind the shawl, screens himself from view, and moves off with Biddy.*)

BIDDY (*backing towards the door*).—It shows better at a distance, mum.

NICHOLAS (*advancing to Biddy*).—This must cease.

BIDDY.—Don't come too close; ye'll shpoil the effect.

MATILDA.—Take the shawl from her.

NICHOLAS.—Let me have it. (*Pulls shawl from Biddy, exposing Pat to view.*)

PAT (*bowing*).—Yez'll pardon me, but I was always bashful.

NICHOLAS.—Explain yourself, at once!

MATILDA.—Look after the teaspoons!

MISS SPYALL (*aside*).—Here's a nut to crack! Here's a scandal.

BIDDY (*crying and holding apron to eyes*).—I'll tell yez the truth. Patsy and meself are engaged to be married, and seein' as I was to be lift alone in this big barn of a house, an' bein' timid, the poor man jist happened in to kape me company for a few minutes.

PAT.—What she says is intirely true, your honors; it's meself that can bring a reference the lingsh of me arrum.

NICHOLAS.—Enough. Biddy is too good a girl to be guilty of even a wrong thought. Our spoons are safe, and I (*all advancing to front*) have but one suggestion to make, that in future you entertain him in the kitchen, where you will not be likely to be disturbed by unwelcome visitors.

MATILDA.—If I thought I would be free from unwelcome visitors (*looking at Miss Spyall*) I'd go to the kitchen too.

PAT.—The nixt kitchen we mate in will

be the kitchen of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Dolan; how do you loike that?

MISS SPYALL (*aside*).—Well I'm supplied with a lot of fresh news anyhow. (*All take positions.*)

NICHOLAS.—And as there appears to be a wedding near at hand, we must prepare for it; so we'll say good night—and dream of getting ready.

[CURTAIN.]

—Geo. M. Vickers.



THE UNHAPPY HOME.

A TEMPERANCE PLAY.

(Characters—Man and his wife; Nellie, a daughter, ten years old; Friend, dressed in a man-of-the-world style; A. and B., two young men, dressed in business suits.)

SCENE I.

MR. L. and his wife on the stage; Mr. L. dressed for his work, and about to go.)

MRS. L.—Albert, I wish you would give me seventy-five cents.

MR. L.—What do you want seventy-five cents for?

MRS. L.—I want to get some braid for my new dress.

MR. L.—Haven't you something else that will do?

MRS. L.—No. But, then, braid is cheap; and I can make it look quite pretty with seventy-five cents.

MR. L.—Plague take these women's fashions. Your endless trimmings and thing-a-ma-jigs cost more than the dress is worth. It is nothing but shell out money when a woman thinks of a new dress.

MRS. L.—I don't have many new dresses. I do certainly try to be as economical as I can.

MR. L.—It is funny kind of economy, at all events. But if you must have it, I suppose you must.

(*Takes out his purse, and counts out carefully seventy-five cents, and puts his purse away angrily. He starts to go; but when at the door, he thinks he will take his umbrella, and goes back for it. Finds his wife in tears, which she tries hastily to conceal.*)

MR. L.—Good gracious! Kate, I should like to know if you are crying at what I said about the dress.

MRS. L.—I was not crying at what you said. I was thinking of how hard I have to work. I am tied to the house. I have many little things to perplex me. Then to think—

MR. L.—Pshaw! What do you want to be foolish for? (*Exit.*)

(*In the hall he was met by his little girl, Lizzie.*)

LIZZIE—(*holding both his hands.*) Oh, papa, give me fifteen cents.

MR. L.—What in the world do you want it for? Are they changing books again?

LIZZIE—No. I want a hoop. It's splendid rolling; and all the girls have one. Please, can't I have one?

MR. L.—Nonsense! If you want a hoop, go and get one off some old barrel. (*Throws her off.*)

LIZZIE—(*in a pleading tone.*) Please, Papa?

MR. L.—No, I told you!

(*She bursts into tears, and he goes off muttering, "Cry, then, and cry it out."*)

SCENE II.

(*Albert and Wife enter.*)

MRS. L.—I am glad you are home thus early. How has business gone to-day?

MR. L.—Well, I am happy to say.

MRS. L.—Are you very tired?

MR. L.—No; why?

MRS. L.—I want you to go to the sewing circle to-night.

MR. L.—I can't go; I have an engagement.

MRS. L.—I am sorry. You never go with me now. You used to go a great deal.

(*Just then Lizzie comes in crying, dragging an old hoop, and rubbing her eyes.*)

MR. L.—What is the matter with you, darling?

LIZZIE—The girls have been laughing at me, and making fun of my hoop. They say mine is ugly and homely. Mayn't I have one now?

MR. L.—Not now, Lizzie; not now. I'll think of it.

(*Lizzie goes out crying, followed by her mother. A friend of Mr. L. enters.*)

FRIEND—Hello, Albert! What's up?

MR. L.—Nothing in particular. Take a chair.

FRIEND—How's business?

MR. L.—Good.

FRIEND—Did you go to the club last night?

MR. L.—Don't speak so loud!

FRIEND—Ha, wife don't know—does she? Where does she think you go?

MR. L.—I don't know. She never asks

me, and I am glad of it. She asked me to go with her to-night, and I told her I was engaged.

FRIEND—Good! I shan't ask you where, but take it for granted that it was with me. What do you say for a game of billiards?

MR. L.—Good! I'm for that. (*They rise to go.*) Have a cigar, Tom?

FRIEND—Yes. (*They go out.*)

SCENE III.

(*Two men in conversation.*)

B.—Billiards? No, I never play billiards.

A.—Why not?

B.—I don't like its tendency. I cannot assert that the game is, of itself, an evil, to be sure. But, although it has the advantage of calling forth skill and judgment, yet it is evil when it stimulates beyond the bounds of healthy recreation.

A.—That result can scarcely follow such a game.

B.—You are wrong there. The result can follow in two ways. First, it can lead men away from their business. Secondly, it leads those to spend their money who have none to spend. Look at that young man just passing. He looks like a mechanic; and I should judge from his appearance that he has a family. I see by his face that he is kind and generous, and wants to do as near right as he can. I have watched him in the billiard saloon time after time, and only last night I saw him pay one dollar and forty cents for two hours' recreation. He did it cheerfully, too, and smiled at his loss. But how do you suppose it is at home?

A.—Upon my word, B., you speak to the point; for I know that young man, and what you have said is true. I can furnish you with facts. We have a club for a literary paper in our village. His wife was very anxious to take it; but he said he could not afford the \$1.25 for it. And his.

little Lizzie, ten years old, has coaxed her father for fifteen cents, for a hoop, in vain. My Nellie told me that.

B.—Yes; and that two hours' recreation

last night, would have paid for both. It is well for wives and children that they do not know where all the money goes.



LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD, OR THE WICKED WOLF AND THE VIRTUOUS WOOD-CUTTER.

CHARACTERS:

JACK, *the woodcutter, who rescues RED RIDING-HOOD from the WOLF, quite by accident.*

THE WOLF, *a wicked wretch, who pays his devours to LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD, but is defeated by his rival.*

DAME MARGERY, *mother of LITTLE RED*

RIDING-HOOD, *a crusty role, and very ill-bred.*

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD, *a fascinating little pet, so lovely that you are not likely to see two such faces under a hood.*

THE FAIRY FELICIA, *a beneficent genius, versed in spells, and quite au fait in magic.*

GRANNY, *an invisible old girl, by kind permission of the Prompter.*

[The dresses are easily enough made, with the exception of the Wolf's. A rough shawl or a fur jacket will answer the purpose, and the head can be made of pasteboard. There is always someone in a community, however small, with ingenuity for such work.

The Butterfly in Scene II is affixed to wire held at the wings. The Prompter reads the part of Granny, standing close to the bed, in order to assist in getting rid of the Dummy when Wolf is supposed to eat it.]

SCENE I.

The outside of LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD's Cottage. Enter RED RIDING-HOOD's MOTHER. She runs about the stage looking for her child.

MOTHER. Red Riding-Hood! Red Riding-Hood, I say!

Where can the little monkey hide away?

Red Riding-Hood! O dreary, dreary me!

Provoking child, where ever can she be! [*Looks off on both sides.*]

She is a shocking disobedient child,

Enough to drive a loving mother wild;

But stay! where are the butter and the cake

That to her grandmother she has to take?

Fetches basket from cottage and shows cake and butter.

Here is the cake, and here's the butter, see!

The nicest cake and butter that could be.

These in the basket I will neatly lay,

A present to poor Granny to convey.

They are not tithes, though given to the wicker;

Puts them in basket.

Bless me, I wish the child were only quicker!

Red Riding-Hood, Red Riding-Hood! Dear, dear!

Enter LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

R. R.-H. Here I am, ma.

MOTHER. You wicked puss, come here!
Take this to Granny! Poor
old soul, she's ill;
Give her my love and these tid-
bits.

R. R.-H. I will.
Won't it be nice? Through
wood and field I'll walk,
And have with Jack, perhaps,
a little talk.
Dear Jack! At thought of him
why quickly beat, heart?
Dear Jack! he's no Jack-pud-
ding, but a sweet-tart!
Won't I catch butterflies and
gather flowers!

MOTHER. Mind you don't dawdle and be
gone for hours,
But go straight there and back
again with speed,
And do not loiter in lane, wood,
or mead,
Or else a great big wolf shall
come to eat you;
At any rate your loving moth-
er'll beat you!

*Threatens R. R.-H. with stick. Enter
JACK, at back.*

JACK. Where is Red Riding-Hood,
my heart's delight?
La, there's her mother! What
a horrid fright!

MOTHER. What are you doing here, you
rascal Jack?
Be off, or I will hit your head a
crack. [*Strikes at him,
but misses.*]

JACK. Before your hits, ma'am, I pre-
fer a miss;
Bows to R. R.-H.
So blow for blow, I mean to
blow a kiss. [*Kisses hand
to R. R.-H.*]

MOTHER. Kisses to blo—

JACK. Hush! don't be coarse and low:
If you don't like my company,
I'll go;
Your words are violent, your
temper quick,
So this young woodcutter will
cut his stick.

*He and R. R.-H. exchange signs, blow
kisses, etc. Exit JACK.*

MOTHER (to R. R.-H.). That spark is not
your match, and you're to
blame.

To take delight in such a paltry
flame.

Now go; and lose no time upon
the road,

But hasten straight to Grand-
mother's abode.

R. R.-H. I will not loiter, mother, by the
way,
Nor go in search of butterflies
astray.

Instead of picking flowers, my
steps I'll pick,

And take the things to Granny,
who is sick.

Good-by, dear mother.

MOTHER (*kisses her.*) There, my dear,
good-by.

R. R.-H. See how obedient to your word
I fly!

MOTHER. A one-horse fly! What non-
sense you do talk!

You have no wings, and so of
course must walk.

You go afoot. How now, miss?
Wherefore smile?

R. R.-H. Why go afoot? I've not to go
a mile;

That was the reason, mother,
why I smiled.

MOTHER. That joke's so far-fetched, that
it's very miled. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Forest Glade. Enter RED RIDING-HOOD.

R. R.-H. How nice the wood is, with its cool green shade!

I must sit down and rest here,
I'm afraid;

Though mother would declare
I'm only lazy.

I'm very tired and weary.

[*Yawns, then sees flower and starts.*] Lawk! a daisy! [*Picks flowers.*]

It can't be wrong some pretty flowers to pull;

With them I'll fill my little apron full,

And take to please my poor old granny's eye.

Butterfly flies across the stage.

O, isn't that a lovely butterfly?

[*Runs after it.*]

Stop, little butterfly, a moment, do.

Tries to catch it, and runs into the arms of JACK, who enters.

I've caught it.

JACK. Beg your pardon, I've caught you. [*Kisses her.*]

R. R.-H. Don't you be rude, sir! Fie, why treat me thus!

JACK. You thought to take a fly, I took a bus.

I love you, pretty maid! Suppose we say

That we'll be married? Just you fix the day. [*Embraces her.*]

R. R.-H. You're very pressing, sir! Well, let me see:

Next Wednesday a wedding's day shall be.

JACK. An earlier date far better, dear, will do;

Say, why not Tuesday as the day for two?

Another kiss!

R. R.-H. A kiss? O dear me, no!

Farewell. To poor old Granny's I must go,

For mother has commanded me to take

The poor old soul some butter and a cake.

JACK. I'm off to work, then.

R. R.-H. Whither you go pray?

JACK. I'm not quite sure, but mean to axe my way. [*Exit.*]

R. R.-H. Now I must hurry off to Granny.

FAIRY appears.

Law!

How lovely! such a sight I never saw.

FAIRY. I am a fairy, and your friend, my dear;

You'll need my aid, for there is danger near.

Your disobedience to your mother's will

Has given bad fairies power to work you ill.

R. R.-H. Thanks, beauteous fairy. But no harm I meant,

And of my disobedience much repent.

FAIRY. I know it, and will therefore prove your friend;

You shall o'ercome your troubles in the end.

Remember when your case my help demands,

You've naught to do save simply clap your hands.

Exit FAIRY.

R. R.-H. How very sorry I am now that I

Was disobedient: let the time
slip by,
Neglected Granny and my
mother's words,
To gather flowers and list to
singing birds,
To hunt the butterflies. 'Twas
wrong, I fear—
But, goodness gracious me,
what have we here?

Enter WOLF.

WOLF. O, what a very pretty little girl!
Such rosy cheeks, such hair, so
nice in curl!

(*Aside.*) As tender as a chicken, too,
I'll lay;
One doesn't get such tidbits ev-
ery day.

(*To R. R.-H.*) What brings you wander-
ing in the wood like this,
And whither are you going,
pretty miss?

R. R.-H. I'm bound for Granny's cot-
tage, but I fear
I've strayed from the right path
in coming here.
I'm taking her a currant-cake
and butter;
So nice, their excellence no
tongue can utter.

WOLF (*aside*). However excellent, I'll bet
I lick it;

As to the cake, I'll gobble
pretty quick it.

(*To R. R.-H.*) And where does Granny
live?

R. R.-H. Not far from this;
It's near the river.

WOLF (*pointing off*). Then, my little miss,
Along that path you have but
to repair,
And very shortly you will find
you're there.

R. R.-H. O, thank you; now I'll go.
[*Exit.*]

WOLF. And I'll be bound
You'll find that same short cut
a long way round.
The nearest road to the cottage
take,
And of old Granny I short
work will make,
And then I'll gobble *you* up,
little dear.
I didn't like to try and eat you
here;
You might object to it—some
people do—
And scream and cry, and make
a hubbuboo;
And there's a woodcutter, I
know, hard by,
From whose quick hatchet
quick-catch-it should I!
Here goes to bolt old Granny
without flummery,
A spring—and then one swal-
low shall be summery!
[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

*Interior of GRANDMOTHER'S cottage. On
the right hand, close to the wing, a bed
with a dummy in it with a large night-
cap. WOLF is heard knocking.*

GRANNY (*spoken from the wing close by
the bed*). Who's there?

WOLF (*imitating R. R.-H.*) Your little
grandchild, Granny dear.

GRANNY. That child has got a shocking
cold, that's clear.

Some carelessness—she's got
her feet wet through

With running in the rain or
heavy dew,

Perhaps without her bonnet;
and, of course,

- The little donkey is a little hoarse.
Her words she used not croak-ingly to utter—
What do you want?
WOLF. I've brought you cake and butter,
But can't come in, the door my strength defies.
GRANNY. Pull at the bobbin, and the latch will rise.
Enter WOLF.
GRANNY. How are you, little darling?
WOLF. Darling! Pooh!
You didn't bolt your door, so I'll bolt you!
GRANNY. O, mercy! murder! what is this I see?
Some frightful spectre must the monster be!
WOLF. Don't make a noise, for you're a hopeless hobble in;
I'm not a ghost, but soon shall be a gobble-in'!
WOLF *flings himself on the bed; shrieks and growls are heard. The dummy is removed without the audience being able to see it, as WOLF is in front of it.*
WOLF (*coming down*). Yahren! yahren! yahren! yahren! yahren!
I've finished her ere she could angry be with me.
I didn't give her time to disagree with me.
Now for a night-gown (*takes one*) and a night-cap (*takes one*). Good! [*Puts them on.*]
How do I look as Grandma Riding-Hood?
Gets into bed and covers himself up. A knock is heard at the door.
WOLF (*imitating GRANNY'S voice*). Who's there?
- R. R.-H. Your little grandchild, Granny dear;
I have a cake and butter for you here.
WOLF. Pull at the bobbin and the latch will rise.
Enter R. R.-H.
R. R.-H. Good morning, Granny! here are the supplies.
Sets down basket.
WOLF. Good morning, dear, come sit beside my bed.
I'm very bad indeed, child, in my head.
R. R.-H. *sits on the side of bed.*
R. R.-H. Why, Granny, what big ears you've got?
WOLF. My dear,
That is that Granny may the better hear.
R. R.-H. And, Granny, what big eyes you've got!
WOLF. Dear me!
That is that Granny may the better see.
R. R.-H. Then, Granny, what big teeth you've got? O, la!
WOLF. To eat you up with all the better.
[*Springs out of bed and strikes an attitude.*] Ha!
R. R.-H. *screams, and runs away; WOLF pursues her round the table.*
Enter JACK.
JACK. As I was passing by, I just dropt in. [*To WOLF.*]
Shall I drop into you?
WOLF. O, pray begin!
JACK. You hideous brute, your wicked game I'll stop.
Hits WOLF with axe.
How do you like that, monster?
WOLF. That's first chop!
JACK. That isn't all—another chop to follow!

Strikes him again. They struggle. WOLF falls with a loud cry.

Don't halloa, sir!

WOLF. I must—I'm beaten hollow;
You've felled me to the earth.

JACK. Yes, I'm the feller!
I'll beat you black and blue.

WOLF (*aside*). Then I'll turn yellor!
Goes into convulsions, shrieks, and feigns to be dead. JACK flings down axe, and embraces R. R.-H.

R. R.-H. You've saved my life, dear
Jack! What can I do
To show my love and gratitude
to you?

JACK. Sweetest Red Riding-Hood,
say you'll be mine,
To jine our hands the parson
I'll engine.

WOLF *creeps behind them, and secures the axe.*

WOLF (*leaping up*). That en-gine won't
assist you, tender pair;
Snatches up R. R.-H. with one arm, brandishing axe.

If that's your line, why I shall
raise the fare.

JACK. He's got the axe—O, here's a
nice quandary!

R. R.-H. (*claps hands*). You'll raise the
fare? Then I will raise
the fairy!

FAIRY *appears at the back. Enter R. R.-H.'s MOTHER.*

MOTHER. You wicked child, where have
you been? Oho!
You're listening to the *shoot* of
that young beau!
But I'll forbid it, and I'll have
my way.

FAIRY *comes forward.*

FAIRY. Excuse me, but your orders I
gainsay.

MOTHER. Who are you, madam, I should
like to ask?

FAIRY. I am the Fairy of the Wood,
whose task

It is to aid the weak against
the strong,

And set things right when they
are going wrong.

You, Master Wolf, please keep
that hatchet ready;

For that sad jest of eating the
old lady,

You shall die, jester, by that
very tool!

Dame Margery, you have acted
like a fool.

MOTHER. Good Mistress Fairy, why,
what have I done?

FAIRY. Jack is no peasant, but a
prince's son,

Stolen from the crib by an old
cribbing gypsy,

When he was little and his
nurse was tipsy.

MOTHER. You don't say!

JACK. I a prince!

R. R.-H. Good gracious, mother!
Is he that 'ere?

FAIRY. He's that heir, and no other.

Your mother won't reject his
house and lands,

Though she did him; so here I
join your hands,

With blessings, from the Fairy
of the Wood,

On brave Prince Jack and fair
Red Riding-Hood.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

SCENE—*A farm house.*

CHARACTERS—*Mrs. Touchwood at the washtub being quizzed by the census taker.*

CENSUS TAKER—Good morning, madam. Is the head of the house at home?

MRS. TOUCHWOOD—Yes, sir, I'm at home.

C. T.—Haven't you a husband?

MRS. T.—Yes, sir, but he ain't the head of the family, I'd have you to know.

C. T.—How many persons have you in your family?

MRS. T.—Why bless me, sir, what's that to you? You're mighty inquisitive, I think.

C. T.—I'm the man that takes the census.

MRS. T.—If you was a man in your senses you wouldn't ask such impertinent questions.

C. T.—Don't be offended, old lady, but answer my questions as I ask them.

MRS. T.—“Answer a fool according to his folly!”—you know what the Scripture says. Old lady, indeed!

C. T.—Beg your pardon, madam; but I don't care about hearing Scripture just at this moment. I'm bound to go according to law and not according to gospel.

MRS. T.—I should think you went neither according to law nor gospel. What business is it to you to inquire into folks' affairs, Mr. Thingumbob?

C. T.—The law makes it my business, good woman, and if you don't want to expose yourself to its penalties, you must answer my questions.

MRS. T.—Oh, it's the law is it? That alters the case. But I should like to know what the law has to do with other people's household affairs?

C. T.—Why, Congress made the law, and

if it don't please you, you must talk to them about it.

MRS. T.—Talk to a fiddle-stick! Why, Congress is a fool, and you're another.

C. T.—Now, good lady, you're a fine, good-looking woman; if you'll give me a few civil answers I'll thank you. What I wish to know first is, how many are there in your family?

MRS. T.—Let me see [*counting on her fingers*]; there's I and my husband is one—

C. T.—Two, you mean.

MRS. T.—Don't put me out, now, Mr. Thinkummy. There's I and my husband is one—

C. T.—Are you always one?

MRS. T.—What's that to you, I should like to know. But I tell you, if you don't leave off interrupting me I won't say another word.

C. T.—Well, take your own way, and be hanged to you.

MRS. T.—I will take my own way, and no thanks to you. [*Again counting her fingers.*] There's I and my husband is one; there's John, he's two; Peter is three, Sue and Moll are four, and Thomas is five. And then there's Mr. Jenkins and his wife and the two children is six; and there's Jowler, he's seven.

C. T.—Jowler! Who's he?

MRS. T.—Who's Jowler! Why, who should he be but the old house dog?

C. T.—It's the number of persons I want to know.

MRS. T.—Very well, Mr. Flippergin, ain't Jowler a person? Come here, Jowler, and speak for yourself. I'm sure he's as personable a dog as there is in the whole State.

C. T.—He's a very clever dog, no doubt. But it's the number of human beings I want to know.

MRS. T.—Human! There ain't a more human dog that ever breathed.

C. T.—Well, but I mean the two-legged kind of beings.

MRS. T.—Oh, the two-legged, is it? Well, then, there's the old rooster, he's seven; the fighting-cock is eight, and the bantam is nine——

C. T.—Stop, stop, good woman, I don't want to know the number of your fowls.

MRS. T.—I'm very sorry indeed, I can't please you, such a sweet gentleman as you are. But didn't you tell me—'twas the two-legged beings——

C. T.—True, but I didn't mean the hens.

MRS. T.—Oh, now I understand you. The old gobbler, he's seven, the hen turkey is eight; and if you'll wait a week there'll be a parcel of young ones, for the old hen turkey is setting on a whole snarl of eggs.

C. T.—Blast your turkeys!

MRS. T.—Oh, don't now, good Mr. Hipperstitcher, I pray you don't. They're as honest turkeys as any in the country.

C. T.—Don't vex me any more. I'm getting to be angry.

MRS. T.—Ha! ha! ha!

C. T. [*striding about the room in a rage.*]—Have a care, madam, or I shall fly out of my skin.

MRS. T.—If you do, I don't know who will fly in.

C. T.—You do all you can to anger me. It's the two-legged creatures who talk I have reference to.

MRS. T.—Oh, now I understand you. Well, then, our Poll Parrot makes seven and the black gal eight.

C. T.—I see you will have your own way.

MRS. T.—You have just found out, have you! You are a smart little man!

C. T.—Have you mentioned the whole of your family?

MRS. T.—Yes, that's the whole—except the wooden-headed man in front.

C. T.—Wooden-headed?

MRS. T.—Yes, the schoolmaster what's boarding here.

C. T.—I suppose if he has a wooden head he lives without eating, and therefore must be a profitable boarder.

MRS. T.—Oh, no, sir, you are mistaken there. He eats like a leather judgment.

C. T.—How many servants are there in the family?

MRS. T.—Servants! Why, there's no servants but me and my husband.

C. T.—What makes you and your husband servants?

MRS. T.—I'm a servant to hard work, and he is a servant to rum. He does nothing all day but guzzle, guzzle, guzzle; while I'm working, and stewing, and sweating from morning till night, and from night till morning.

C. T.—How many colored persons have you?

MRS. T.—There's nobody but Dinah, the black girl, Poll Parrot and my daughter Sue.

C. T.—Is your daughter a colored girl?

MRS. T.—I guess you'd think so if you was to see her. She's always out in the sun—and she's tanned up as black as an Indian.

C. T.—How many white males are there in your family under ten years of age?

MRS. T.—Why, there ain't none now; my husband don't carry the mail since he's taken to drink so bad. He used to carry two, but they wasn't white.

C. T.—You mistake, good woman; I meant male folks, not leather mails.

MRS. T.—Let me see; there's none except little Thomas, and Mr. Jenkins' two little girls.

C. T.—Males, I said, madam, not females.

MRS. T.—Well, if you don't like them, you may leave them off.

C. T.—How many white males are there between ten and twenty?

MRS. T.—Why, there's nobody but John and Peter, and John ran away last week.

C. T.—How many white males are there between twenty and thirty?

MRS. T.—Let me see—there's the wooden-headed man is one, Mr. Jenkins and his wife is two, and the black girl is three.

C. T.—No more of your nonsense, old lady; I'm heartily tired of it.

MRS. T.—Hoity toity! Haven't I a right to talk as I please in my own house?

C. T.—You must answer the questions as I put them.

MRS. T.—“Answer a fool according to his folly”—you're right, Mr. Hippogriff.

C. T.—How many white males are there between thirty and forty?

MRS. T.—Why, there's nobody but I and my husband—and he was forty-one last March.

C. T.—As you count yourself among the males, I dare say you wear the breeches.

MRS. T.—Well, what if I do, Mr. Impertinence? Is that anything to you? Mind your own business, if you please.

C. T.—Certainly—I did but speak. How many white males are there between forty and fifty?

MRS. T.—None.

C. T.—How many between fifty and sixty?

MRS. T.—None.

C. T.—Are there any between this and a hundred?

MRS. T.—None except the old gentleman.

C. T.—What old gentleman? You have not mentioned any before.

MRS. T.—Why, grandfather Grayling—I thought everybody knew grandfather Grayling—he's a hundred and two years old next August, if he lives so long—and I dare say he will, for he's got the dry wilt, and they say such folks never dies.

C. T.—Now give the number of deaf and dumb persons.

MRS. T.—Why, there is no deaf persons, excepting husband, and he ain't so deaf as he pretends to be. When anybody axes him to take a drink of rum, if it's only in a whisper, he can hear quick enough. But if I tell him to fetch an armful of wood or feed the pigs or tend the griddle, he's as deaf as a horse-block.

C. T.—How many dumb persons?

MRS. T.—Dumb! Why, there's no dumb body in the house, except the wooden-headed man, and he never speaks unless he's spoken to. To be sure, my husband wishes I was dumb, but he can't make it out.

C. T.—Are there any manufactures carried on here?

MRS. T.—None to speak on, except turnip-sausages and tow cloth.

C. T.—Turnip-sausages?

MRS. T.—Yes, turnip-sausages. Is there anything so wonderful in that?

C. T.—I never heard of them before. What kind of machinery is used in making them?

MRS. T.—Nothing but a bread-trough, a chopping-knife and a sausage filler.

C. T.—Are they made of clear turnips?

MRS. T.—Now you're terrible inquisitive. What would you give to know?

C. T.—I'll give you the name of being the most communicative and pleasant woman I've met with for the last half-hour.

MRS. T.—Well, now, you're a sweet gentleman, and I must gratify you. You must know we mix with the turnip a little red

cloth, just enough to give them a color, so they needn't look as if they were made of clear fat meat; then we chop them up well together, put in a little sage, summer savory, and black pepper; and they make as pretty little delicate links as ever was set on a gentleman's table; they fetch the highest price in the market.

C. T.—Indeed! Have you a piano in the house?

MRS. T.—A piany! What's that?

C. T.—A musical instrument.

MRS. T.—Lor, no. But Sary Jane, down at the Corners, has one. You see, Sary got all highfalutin about the great Colushun down to Bosting, and down she went; an' when she came back the old man got no rest until she had one of the big square music boxes with white teeth—'spose that's what you call a piany.

C. T.—You seem to know what it is, then.

MRS. T.—Yes, sir. Have you anything more to ax?

C. T.—Nothing more. Good morning, madam.

MRS. T.—Stop a moment; can't you think of something else? Do now, that's a good man. Wouldn't you like to know what we're going to have for dinner; or how many chickens our old white hen hatched at her last brood; or how many—

C. T.—Nothing more—nothing more.

MRS. T.—Here, just look in the cupboard, and see how many red ants there are in the sugar-bowl; I haven't time to count them myself.

C. T.—Confound your ants and all your relations.

[Exit in bad humor.]



MR. PINCHEM'S CLERK.

SCENE.—*An office with a desk or table on which are an inkstand, a pile of ledgers and some extra sheets of paper. Mr. Pinchem, with gray wig and whiskers and spectacles, sits in his office busily engaged in figuring up his accounts. He does not look up from his paper, but keeps on figuring while his clerk enters and takes a seat near the table in such a position as to both face the audience.*

CLERK. Mr. Pinchem, I—I—

MR. PINCHEM. Have you got those goods off for Kalamazoo?

CLERK. Yes, sir, they are off. Mr. Pinchem, I—

MR. P. And about that order for starch?

CLERK. That has been attended to, sir. Mr. Pinchem—

MR. P. And that invoice of tea?

CLERK. That's all right, sir. Mr. Pinchem, I have—

MR. P. And that cargo of sugar?

CLERK. Taken care of as you directed, sir. Mr. Pinchem, I have long—

MR. P. What about Bush and Bell's consignment?

CLERK. Received in good order, sir. Mr. Pinchem, I have long wanted—

MR. P. And that shipment to Buffalo?

CLERK. All right, sir. Mr. Pinchem, I have long wanted to speak to you—

MR. P. Ah! speak to me? Why, I thought you spoke to me fifty times a day.

CLERK. Yes, sir, I know, but this is a private matter.

MR. P. Private? Oh! Ah! Wait till I see how much we made on that last ten thousand pounds of soap—six times four are twenty-four; six times two are twelve

and two to carry make fourteen; six times nought are nothing and one to carry makes one; six times five are thirty, seven times four—ah! well go ahead, I'll finish this afterwards.

CLERK. Mr. Pinchem, I have been with you ten long years,—

MR. P. Ten, eh! Long years, eh! any longer than any other years? Go ahead.

CLERK. And I have always tried to do my duty.

MR. P. Have, eh? Go on.

CLERK. And now I make bold—

MR. P. Hold on! What is there bold about it? But, never mind, I'll hear you out.

CLERK. Mr. Pinchem I want to ask—ask—I want to ask—

MR. P. Well, why don't you ask then? I don't see why you don't ask if you want to.

CLERK. Mr. Pinchem I want to ask you for—for—

MR. P. You want to ask me for the hand of my daughter. Ah! why didn't you speak

right out? She's yours, my boy, take her and be happy. You might have had her two years ago if you had mentioned it. Go long, now, I'm busy. Seven times six are forty-two, seven times five are thirty-five and four are thirty-nine, seven times eight—

CLERK. Mr. Pinchem—

MR. P. What! You here yet? Well, what is it?

CLERK. I wanted to ask you for—

MR. P. Didn't I give her to you, you rascal!

CLERK. Yes, but what I wanted to ask you for was not the hand of your daughter, but a raise of salary.

MR. P. Oh! that was it, eh? Well, sir, that is an entirely different matter; and it requires time for serious thought and earnest deliberation. Return to your work. I'll think about it, and some time next fall, I'll see about giving you a raise of a dollar or so a week. Seven times eight are fifty-six and three are fifty-nine—

(Curtain Falls.)



KINDNESS AND CRUELTY.

(For a big boy of twelve and a little boy of eight.)

PAUL—Are you the boy who called me names the other day?

CHARLES—If you are the boy who threw stones at a toad, I am the boy who called you cruel.

P.—Then I shall give you a beating.

C.—I do not see how that would change the fact. You would still be cruel.

P.—Are you not afraid of me?

C.—I am just about as afraid of you as I am of our big rooster when he jumps on a fence and crows.

P.—I am larger and stouter than you are.

C.—So a hawk is larger than a king-bird; but the king-bird is not afraid of him.

P.—Why did you call me cruel for stoning an ugly toad?

C.—Because it is a cruel act to give needless pain to any living thing.

P.—Would you not like to have all the toads put out of the way?

C.—By no means. The toad is of use, and does us no harm. Four or five toads will keep a garden free from bugs, worms and flies that would spoil the leaves. A

good gardener would rather have you strike him than kill a toad.

P.—I never heard before that a toad was of any use.

C.—Probably all the creatures in the world are of use, in some way, though we may not yet have found it out. But what harm did you ever know a toad to do? See how he tries to hop out of your way as soon as he hears your step.

P.—It is true; I never heard of a toad's doing any harm. What is your name?

C.—My name is Charles Larcom.

P.—Charles Larcom, I have been in the wrong, and you have been in the right. Will you shake hands with me?

C.—Gladly; I'd much rather shake hands than fight.

P.—I was cruel in stoning the toad, and you said no more than the truth about me.

C.—I think we shall be good friends. Come and see me; I live in the white house by the brook, near the old willow tree.

P.—I know the house. Will you go and pick berries with me next Saturday afternoon?

C.—That I will; and my brother would like to go, too.

P.—I'll call for you at three o'clock; till then, good-bye.

C.—Good-bye, Paul Curtis; I'm glad to have met you.



A PEACH PIE.

CHARACTERS—THE BAKER,

A LITTLE GIRL.

(As the Curtain Rises the Baker is Seen Arranging His Goods.)

(*Enter Little Girl.*)

GIRL—Do you sell pies?

BAKER—Yes, my little girl.

GIRL—My mamma said you sold pies. How much are they?

BAKER—Ten cents apiece.

GIRL—Give me a peach pie.

BAKER—(looking over wares). I am all out of peach pies. However, I have some nice mince pies.

GIRL—But I want a peach pie.

BAKER—Well, I am all out.

GIRL—My mamma said you kept peach pies.

BAKER—Well, so I do, but just now I am out of them.

GIRL—I am willing to pay you for one.

BAKER—Yes, I know, but I haven't any.

GIRL—My mamma said if I gave you ten cents you would give me a peach pie.

BAKER—So I would if I had any.

GIRL—Any what?

BAKER—Peach pies.

GIRL—That's what I want.

BAKER—Yes, but I haven't any. I have nothing but mince pies left.

GIRL—But I don't want a mince pie. I want a peach pie.

BAKER—Well, I haven't any.

GIRL—You sold mamma a peach pie yesterday for ten cents.

BAKER—Yes, I had peach pies yesterday.

GIRL—How much do you want for peach pies?

BAKER—If I had any to sell, I would let you have one for ten cents.

GIRL—I have got ten cents in my hand.

BAKER—I don't doubt it, my little girl.

GIRL—And I want a peach pie.

BAKER—I haven't any peach pies; I'm all sold out. Don't you understand?

GIRL—You sold my mamma a peach pie yesterday for ten cents.

BAKER—Of course I did. I had some to sell yesterday, and if I had any to sell to-day, I would let you have it.

GIRL—This is a baker shop, isn't it?

BAKER—Of course it is.

GIRL—And you sell pies and cakes?

BAKER—Of course I do.

GIRL—Then I want a peach pie.

BAKER—Little girl, go home. I shall never have any more peach pies to sell. Do you hear? Never any more peach pies!

(*Curtain.*)



A GROVE OF HISTORIC TREES.

(Arbor Day.)

TREE planting on Arbor Day, for economic purposes in the great West, has given to the prairie States many thousand acres of new forests, and inspired the people with a sense of their great value, not only for practical purposes, but for climatic and meteorological results as well. The celebration of Arbor Day by the public schools in several of the older States by the planting of memorial trees, as originated at Cincinnati, in the spring of 1882, and generally known as the "Cincinnati plan," has done much also to awaken a widespread interest in the study of trees; and this annual celebration promises to become as general in the public schools and among the people as the observance of May Day in England. "Whatever you would have appear in the nation's life you must introduce in the public schools." Train the youth into a love for trees, instruct them in the elements of forestry, and the wisdom of this old German proverb will be realized.

FIRST PUPIL.

Scattered here and there over this beautiful land of ours are many prominent trees that have been consecrated by the presence of eminent personages, or by some conspicuous event in the history of our country.

SECOND PUPIL.

Perhaps the best-known tree in American history is the "Charter Oak" in Hartford,

Conn., which was prostrated by a September gale in 1848, when it measured twenty-five feet in circumference. It was estimated to be six hundred years old, when the first emigrants looked upon it with wonder.

Sir Edmund Andross was appointed the first governor-general of the colony of Connecticut, and arrived at Boston in December, 1686. He immediately demanded the surrender of the charter of Connecticut, and it was refused.

In October, 1687, he went to Hartford with a company of soldiers while the assembly was in session, and demanded an immediate surrender of their charter. Sir Edmund was received with apparent respect by the members, and in his presence the subject of his demand was calmly debated until evening. The charter was then brought forth and placed upon the table around which the members were sitting. Andross was about to seize it, when the lights were suddenly extinguished. A large concourse of people had assembled without, and the moment the lights disappeared they raised a loud huzza, and several entered the chamber. Captain Wadsworth, of Hartford, seized the charter, and, unobserved, carried it off and deposited it in the hollow trunk of a large oak tree fronting the house of Hon. Samuel Wyllys, then one of the magistrates of that colony. The candles were relighted, quiet

was restored, and Andross eagerly sought the coveted parchment. It was gone, and none could, or would, reveal its hiding-place. Ever after that tree was called the "Charter Oak."

THIRD PUPIL.

The "Washington Elm" still stands at Cambridge, Mass. It is on Garden Street, a short distance from the colleges, and is a large, well-preserved tree. It was this elm that shaded Washington on that July 3d, 1775, when he took command of the American army at Cambridge, and began that long public life in which he exhibited such brilliant talents, and won for himself the deserved title of "Father of his Country."

We have been an independent nation for more than a century, but this tree still stands, and its massive trunk and wide-spreading branches form a fitting emblem of the prosperous nation that started out, as it were, from beneath its shade; and in it are centered fond remembrances of our Revolutionary fathers.

FOURTH PUPIL.

In the middle of Eighteenth Street, Chicago, between Prairie Avenue and the lake, there stood until recently a large cotton-wood tree; it was the last of a group which marked the spot where the Indian massacre of 1812 took place. Fort Dearborn stood at the mouth of the Chicago River, about one and one-half miles from the clump of trees. In August an army of Indians attacked the fort, and the garrison being weak, the commandant offered to surrender on condition that the force might withdraw without molestation. At nine o'clock on August 15th, the party, composed of about seventy-five persons, advanced from the fort along the Indian trail, which follows the lake shore. When the little band had reached the cotton-wood tree, a volley was

showered by the Indians. All were killed except twenty-two, who surrendered and were spared. To-day an imposing monument marks the spot, that takes the place of the tree that was blown down.

FIFTH PUPIL.

Who has not heard of the elm at Shakamaxon, under the spreading branches of which William Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians, which was never sworn to, and which stands alone as the only treaty made by the whites with the Indians which was never broken? For more than a century and a quarter this tree stood, a grand monument of this most sincere treaty ever made, and then it was blown down, and a monument of marble now but poorly marks the spot where it stood.

SIXTH PUPIL.

"The Cary Tree," planted by the roadside in 1832 by Alice and Phœbe Cary, is a large and beautiful sycamore standing on the turnpike from College Hill to Mount Pleasant, Hamilton County, Ohio. As these two sisters were returning from school one day they found a small tree in the road, and carrying it to the opposite side they dug out the earth with sticks, and planted it.

SEVENTH PUPIL.

It was the custom of our ancestors to plant trees in the early settlement of our country, and dedicate them to Liberty. Many of these "Liberty Trees," consecrated by our forefathers, are still standing. "Old Liberty Elm" in Boston was planted by a schoolmaster long before the Revolutionary War, and dedicated by him to the independence of the colonies. Around that tree, before the Revolution, the citizens of Boston and vicinity used to gather and listen to the advocates of our country's freedom. Around it, during the

war, they met to offer up thanks and supplications to Almighty God for the success of the patriot armies, and after the terrible struggle had ended, the people were accustomed to assemble there year after year, in the shadow of that old tree, to celebrate the liberty and independence of our country. It stood till within a few years, a living monument of the patriotism of the people of Boston, and when at last it fell, the bells in all the churches of the city were tolled, and a feeling of sadness spread over the entire State.

EIGHTH PUPIL.

At the southern line of Fort Mercer, on the Delaware River, close by the bank, are the remains of the hickory tree which was used as a flagstaff during the battle which occurred there in autumn of 1777. There stood, until 1840, near Charleston, S. C., a magnificent magnolia tree, under which General Lincoln signed the capitulation of that city in 1789. Incredible as it may appear, the owner of the land and of the house shaded by the tree, wherein he and his mother were born, subsequently felled it for firewood. At Rhinebeck may still be seen an interesting memento of the lamented General Montgomery. A day or two before he left home to join the army under Schuyler he was walking on the lawn in the rear of his brother-in-law's mansion with the owner, and as he came near the house Montgomery stuck a willow twig in the ground, and said, "Let that grow to remember me by." It did grow, and is now a willow with a trunk at least ten feet in circumference. On the banks of the Genesee River stood an oak believed to have been a thousand years old, called "The Big Tree." Under it the Seneca nation of Indians held councils; and it gave the title "Big Tree" to one of the eminent chiefs of that nation, at the period of our Revolution. It was

twenty-six feet in circumference. It was swept away by a flood in the autumn of 1857. A pear tree that stood on the corner of Thirteenth Street and Third Avenue, in New York City, bore fruit until 1860, when it perished. It was planted in his garden by Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch governor of New Netherlands (now New York), in 1667.

NINTH PUPIL.

Other trees of historic interest are the ash trees planted by General Washington at Mount Vernon. These trees form a beautiful row, which is the admiration of all who visit the home of the "Father of his Country."

The weeping willow over the grave of Cotton Mather, in Copp's burying-ground, was taken from a tree that shaded the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena. Copp's burying-ground is so near Bunker Hill battlefield that a number of gravestones can be seen to-day which were pierced through by bullets fired by British soldiers in that battle.

TENTH PUPIL.

But besides historical trees there are many others that attract our attention from their great size. Among these are the wonderful trees of California. They are about five hundred in number, ninety-five being of enormous size. There is one fallen monster, which must have stood four hundred and fifty feet in the air, and had a diameter of forty feet. Another engaged the efforts of five men for twenty-five days in cutting, and on the level surface of the stump thirty-two dancers find ample room. "Old Goliath" shows the marks of a fire, that, according to surrounding trees untouched, must have raged a thousand years ago. The diameter of the largest is thirty-three feet; the circumference of the largest, five feet above the ground, sixty-one feet. This

is the only one more than sixty feet in circumference.

So much larger are those immense trees than those we ordinarily see, that a comparison is about the only way in which we can correctly measure them. Shortly after they were discovered, the hollow trunk of one of them was forwarded to New York, where it was converted into a grocery store.

In one of these groups of trees a stage-road has been cut under the trunk through the roots, and immense coaches, drawn by six horses, pass directly under the old giant.

ELEVENTH PUPIL.

I will tell you how George P. Morris came to write the poem, "Woodman, Spare That Tree." Mr. Morris, in a letter to a friend, dated New York, February 1, 1837, gave in substance the following account:

"Riding out of town a few days after, in company with a friend, an old gentleman, he invited me to turn down a little romantic woodland pass, not far from Bloomingdale.

"Your object?" inquired I. 'Merely to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather long before I was born, under which I used to play when a boy, and where my sisters played with me. There I often listened to the good advice of my parents. Father, mother, sisters—all are gone; nothing but the old tree remains.' And a paleness overspread his fine counte-

nance and tears came to his eyes. After a moment's pause, he added: 'Don't think me foolish. I don't know how it is; I never ride out but I turn down this lane to look at that old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend.' These words were scarcely uttered when the old gentleman cried out 'There it is!' Near the tree stood a man with his coat off, sharpening an axe. 'You're not going to cut that tree down, surely?' 'Yes, but I am though,' said the woodman. 'What for?' inquired the old gentleman, with choked emotion. 'What for? I like that! Well, I will tell you. I want the tree for fire-wood.' 'What is the tree worth to you for firewood?' 'Why, when down, about ten dollars.' 'Suppose I should give you that sum,' said the old gentleman, 'would you let it stand?' 'Yes.' 'You are sure of that?' 'Positive!' 'Then give me a bond to that effect.' We went into the little cottage in which my companion was born, but which is now occupied by the woodman. I drew up the bond. It was signed and the money paid over. As we left, the young girl, the daughter of the woodman, assured us that while she lived the tree should not be cut. These circumstances made a strong impression on my mind, and furnished me with the materials for the song."



BACKBITERS BITTEN.

A Dialogue for Four Girls.

CHARACTERS.

MISS MARVEL, MISS GAD, MISS SLANDER,
MISS UPHAM.

MISS MARVEL. Who would have thought it, Miss Slander?

MISS GAD. You don't say so, Miss Slander!

MISS SLANDER. Oh, but it is quite true. It must be. Besides, my brother William heard it at the barber-shop.

Miss M. Well, now, I always had my suspicions; there was always a something—a what-do-you-call-it sort of a look about the Uphams that I never liked.

Miss S. They say it is all over town—at least brother William says it must be. But, whether or no, that's the fact. John Upham's store was shut up this morning.

Miss G. Well, well, it is no more than I always said it would come to.

Miss S. They certainly always lived above their station. As my brother William often said to me, "Nancy," says he, "mark my words; for all that them Uphams hold up their noses like conceited peacocks, as they are, pride will have a fall," says he, "pride will have a fall!"

Miss M. And such goings-on, Miss Slander, to be sure—such goings-on! Parties, parties, parties, from Monday till Saturday—the best joint at the butcher's, the nicest loaf at the baker's, always bespoke for the Uphams. Well, they must be content now with poor people's fare!

Miss S. If they can get even that! for my brother William says they will be sold out and out,—down to the baby's go-cart. Dear me, dear me!

Miss G. Only think of it. How different it was this time last year, Miss Slander,—Miss Upham with her new velvet dress, the finest Genoa, Mr. Upham with his new phaeton, Master Upham with his new watch, and little Emma Upham with her new fancy hat!

Miss M. But everybody could see what was coming. It could not go on so forever. That's what I said. But Upham was always such a proud man.

Miss S. Never would take anybody's advice but his own—there! it was no later than Wednesday week, when my brother William civilly asked him, in the most neighborly way in the world, if he wanted a

little conversation with a friend about his affairs, as they appeared to be going backward; and what do you think he said? "William," said he, "you and your sister Nancy go chattering about like a couple of human magpies, only the bird's instinct is better than your reason." That's just what he said, the vile brute!

Miss M. Brute, indeed, Miss Slander; you may well say that. Bird's instinct, forsooth!

Miss G. Set him up to talk reason! Had he reason enough to keep himself out of the constable's hands?

Miss M. I should not be surprised, Miss Slander, if he were to take to drinking.

Miss S. And, for that matter, my dear, Thompson told Green, who told Lilly, who told our Becky, who told William, that Upham was seen coming out of Tim Smith's saloon this very morning.

Miss G. Drunk, of course.

Miss S. Well, I don't know, exactly; but I think it is much more likely that he was drunk than that he was sober.

Miss M. Well, well, 'tis poor Miss Upham that I pity; I'm sure I sha'n't have a wink of sleep all this blessed night for thinking of her.

Miss G. Poor girl! I'm sure I feel for her. Not that she was ever much better than he. They do say—but I don't know of my own knowledge, and I'm the last person in the world to slander anybody behind their back—but they do say that, before they came here, there were reports, you know, insinuations, stories like, though I don't exactly know the rights of it, but they do say something about Miss Upham's being guilty of *stealing a nice gold watch*! But, I dare say, it is all nonsense; only, of course, there are some people, you know, that will talk.

Miss M. There, now! who would have

thought it? Did you ever? But there was always something very sly about Miss Upham—I've seen it often.

MISS G. What I hope is, that little Emma won't take after her aunt—poor thing!

MISS S. Oh, as for that, bless you, like aunt like niece—but I say nothing, not I. No, no! nobody ever heard Nancy Slander go beyond the line in that way. Mum is my word,—mum, mum! What I say is, that people ought to keep people's tongues between people's teeth; that's all. Emma Upham!—ha, ha, bless you!

MISS M. Hush, hush, if here is not Miss Upham herself.

Enter Miss Upham.

MISS G. My dear Miss Upham, I am very sorry, indeed.

MISS M. I could almost shed tears for you, Miss Upham.

MISS S. But, my dear Miss Upham, there is one consolation for you—you are not without a friend in the hour of misfortune, you know that.

MISS U. I must beg you to explain yourselves, ladies.

MISS S. Well, Miss Upham, I do not think you have any reason *now* to put on those proud airs.

MISS G. It is hardly worth while to keep a secret that is known all over the town.

MISS S. You would do better to remember that pride will have a fall, Miss Upham, pride will have a fall!

MISS U. Well, ladies, I must ask you once more to explain yourselves.

MISS M. Well, Miss Upham, does not your brother's store look very different today from what it did yesterday?

MISS S. And did not my brother Wil-

liam find, this morning, the door of your brother's store locked?

MISS G. And would not some people get some very queer answers if they were to ask you, Miss Upham, why your brother's store was shut up this morning?

MISS U. Well, I believe it is a very common thing for merchants to take an account of stock at certain seasons of the year; at least, that is the reason why my brother's store was not open quite as early as usual, this morning. He is taking an account of stock.

MISS M. Taking an account of stock?

MISS U. Yes, Miss Marvel.

MISS G. And that is the reason why the door of your brother's store was shut this morning?

MISS U. Yes, Miss Gad.

MISS S. And you are not to be sold out and out?

MISS U. Not that I know of, Miss Slander.

MISS M. I wish you a very good evening, Miss Upham.

MISS U. Good evening, Miss Marvel.

[Exit Miss M.]

MISS G. I hope no offense given, Miss Upham?

MISS U. Not in the least, Miss Gad.

[Exit Miss G.]

MISS S. Give my love to your sweet niece, Emma, Miss Upham.

MISS U. With great pleasure, Miss Slander.

[Exit Miss S.]

There go Marvel, Gad, and Slander; how full of spite and mischief they are! May I take warning from them, and keep altogether from gossiping and misrepresentation.

ON TIME—A FARCE.

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ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

CHARACTERS.

JERRY EARLEY, who fearing to be late, is just in time.

CLAUDE LATTEPLY, who, intending to be early, is a little behind time.

MR. FERMENT, who effervesces early and late, but comes to time.

KATHARINE, his daughter, who determines that Earley must be in time.

MRS. CAMPBELL, the housekeeper, who early makes a mistake, but rectifies it in time.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO COSTUMES.—*Earley*, ragged coat, afterward frock coat, with fashionable dress. *Latterly*, ragged coat, clothing disarranged, hat smashed. *Ferment*, old-fashioned clothes, bald wig, spectacles. *Katharine*, white gown and ribbons. *Mrs. Campbell*, black silk dress, cap, spectacles.

SCENE—*Parlor in Ferment's house; entrances, right and left; Mrs. Campbell discovered as curtain rises.*

MISS CAMPBELL (*with grip-sack*).
Of all the impudence I ever saw! Mr. Latterly sends his grip by a boy, so as not to lose time. I'd time him if I had anything to do with him. (*Shakes grip, then throws it on floor.*)

Enter Ferment, left.

FERMENT. What's all this uproar, Mrs. Campbell? What is that (*pointing to grip*)?

MRS. C. Mr. Latterly's grip, left by a boy, who fairly threw it at me and rushed off without a word, except to say that he must see a fight.

FERMENT. Latterly's grip, eh? Then Latterly is not far off. Good! Would you mind taking the grip to his room? It has his wedding coat in it, I suppose.

MRS. C. I'd like to have a word with you, Mr. Ferment.

FERMENT. Now, Mrs. Campbell, I have no time for words. I am excited.

MRS. C. I've had charge of Katharine ever since her mother died, fifteen years ago—

FERMENT. You wanted a word with me? This sounds as though you wanted the whole dictionary!

MRS. C. A dictionary wouldn't hold all the words I should like to say.

FERMENT. Don't say 'em. Take one letter at a time.

MRS. C. I will. The letter K, Katharine. So she is to be married this morning! I am sorry to hear it.

FERMENT. Everybody has a right to be sorry.

MRS. C. But she hasn't a right to be sorry this way. Mr. Latterly is not her choice.

FERMENT. He is a choice young man—he is *my* choice.

MRS. C. A girl has a right to her own choice.

FERMENT. Meaning Mr. Jerry Earley?

MRS. C. She says he is a splendid young man.

FERMENT. Katharine shall marry the man I pick out for her. It is my theory that a girl should be guided by her father. Will you kindly take that grip to Mr. Latterly's room?

MRS. C. (*kicking grip out.*) Very well.

[Exit, right.]

FERMENT. Shall the daughter of Henry Ferment, author of that book, "The Degeneracy of the Young," marry a man simply because he is her choice? Never! The young should be guided by the old, that's my theory. Why, I've never seen this man

Earley. No, she marries Latterly as soon as he arrives. It was a stroke of genius to nab the minister and lock him in the study, so that the wedding should take place as soon as Latterly arrives—for I distrust Katharine, she might give me the slip.

Enter Katharine, left.

KATHARINE. Father!

FERMENT. What is it, my daughter?

KATHARINE. I have followed you to tell you I will not marry Mr. Latterly. Simply because he is the son of your old school friend cannot make me like him.

FERMENT. You've never seen him.

KATHARINE. Neither have you. He writes you that he admires your book, and on the strength of that you determine that he is fit to be your son-in-law.

FERMENT. I am upholding the theory of that book—the young should be guided by the old. Mr. Earley comes too late if, as you say, he writes you that he comes this morning to ask me for your hand. Everybody has a right to be happy, and so have I. My theory shall be upheld. [*Exit, left.*]

KATHARINE. I marry a man I do not know! Never! Oh, if Jerry only comes in time! If he will only make haste!

MRS. C. (*entering*). Mr. Latterly's wedding coat has arrived. I've just kicked it into his room. Don't you dare to marry that man!

KATHARINE. But what shall I do if Mr. Earley does not arrive in time?

MRS. C. He's not fit to be called Earley if he is late. But I am sorry your father has never seen him. A man likes to marry his daughter to a man he knows.

KATHARINE. He doesn't know Mr. Latterly, except through his father.

MRS. C. That's something, though your Aunt Anna writes that he is a mere fortune-hunter, and you say Mr. Earley is not that.

KATHARINE. Indeed, no! If father only knew him!

MRS. C. Your father refuses to know any young man.

KATHARINE. Consequently I had to meet Mr. Earley at Aunt Anna's when I visited there last winter.

MRS. C. I think your father is scandalous. But you needn't marry if you don't want to.

KATHARINE. And the minister is locked up in the study, and Mr. Latterly's coat in his room. Oh, if Jerry would only come (*going to window*)!

MRS. C. I've taken care of you for fifteen years, and you shall not be made miserable now. Mr. Latterly has never seen you. Suppose I waylay him and pretend I am you? That ought to make him hesitate.

KATHARINE. If he is what Aunt Anna says he is, he will hesitate at nothing.

MRS. C. But I am old enough to be his mother.

KATHARINE. But father is rich enough to be his father-in-law. Oh, if Jerry would only come!

FERMENT (*entering*). Mrs. Campbell, will you please leave us?

MRS. C. Very well (*shaking fist back at him*)! [*Exit, right.*]

FERMENT. I won't have any more nonsense, Katharine. You've got to make Latterly a happy man—everybody has a right to be happy. Let us reason together?

KATHARINE. Reason! You don't know what reason is. Booh! [*Exit, right.*]

FERMENT. She said "Booh!" to me. This is degeneracy in the young with a vengeance. A girl to say Booh to her father. I thought she couldn't say Booh to a goose. Now she *shall* marry Latterly. I am an up-right man (*pitching over chair*). Oh, oh! (*Gets up, rubbing his leg, as pounding is heard.*) That's the minister. He don't get

out till Latterly gets in. That's what he gets for coming here to tell me my book is all wrong. But I must go and pacify him.

[*Exit, right.*]

Enter Earley, left; coat is ragged, collar and necktie hanging.

EARLEY. I am in time. That's all I want, time, and the last tap I gave Latterly he didn't come to time. Now to find Katharine and run off with her.

KATHARINE (*entering, right, screaming*). Oh, Jerry! What is the matter?

EARLEY. What do you see is the matter?

KATHARINE. Your condition. Such disarrangement!

EARLEY. The disarrangement arranged itself. I've had a difference of opinion with Mr. Latterly.

KATHARINE. Mr. Latterly! What has he done to you?

EARLEY. You'd better ask what I've done to him.

KATHARINE. What *have* you done?

EARLEY. I've done him, after he tried to do me.

KATHARINE (*flying to him*). He has injured you?

EARLEY. Wait till you see *him*.

KATHARINE. Tell me about it, tell me!

EARLEY. We came here in the same car. I recognized him by your Aunt Annie's description of him. He didn't know me. At the station he was in such a hurry that he scourged me. I am not the man to be scourged. I pushed him. At that he struck me. I threw my grip to the platform. He threw his, and yelled to a boy to carry it here. But the boy took mine in mistake. Then Latterly grappled with me. I left him getting plastered up by the trainmen. That gives us a few minutes start of him. Now come, we'll get out of this, come!

KATHARINE. Oh, Jerry, the minister is here to marry me to Mr. Latterly.

EARLEY. Then we have no time to lose. Come!

Noise heard outside; Ferment calling, "Katharine! Katharine!"

KATHARINE. There is papa. He must not find me here. He does not know you. Pretend you are somebody else. Tell him you are a book-agent. I will see you in a few minutes. [*Exit, left; running.*]

EARLEY. Pretend I am a book-agent! Do I look like one? (*Ferment, calling, "Katharine! Katharine!"*) No, I am not the man to pretend. I meet him as myself.

FERMENT (*entering, right, calling; then seeing Earley*). What, here! You are in time. My dear boy, I am delighted to see you (*shaking Earley violently by the hand*).

EARLEY. Delighted to see me! Sir—sir—I—

FERMENT. You are in time; in fact, you are early.

EARLEY. I certainly am Earley.

FERMENT. I feared you would be late.

EARLEY. I—I do not understand.

FERMENT. I've captured a minister. He came to argue with me about my book. I simply locked him in my study. My theory shall be upheld.

EARLEY. But listen to me, sir. I am here to see your daughter.

FERMENT. And she will see you.

EARLEY. I do not understand.

FERMENT. My theory shall be upheld.

EARLEY (*angrily*). I have no objection to your upholding anything, except an objectionable aspirant to Katharine's hand—

FERMENT. Who shall be—ha, ha! held up if he appears?

EARLEY. Oh, I've attended to that.

FERMENT. You! What do you mean?

EARLEY. Sir, I must tell you the truth.

FERMENT. You'd better not tell me anything else.

EARLEY (*angrily*). Give me a chance.



Photo by Byron, N. Y.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.



Photo by Byron, N. Y.

A DRAMATIC SCENE FROM DARKEST AFRICA.

FERMENT. My dear boy, I am anxious to make you happy and uphold my theory at the same time. Go on!

EARLEY. You see my condition?

FERMENT. Now I notice you. I do think you are a trifle out of order.

EARLEY. I met that rival of mine. He struck me. I left him with the trainmen—getting patched up.

FERMENT. What! He dares to come here and brave me. (*Calling.*) Mrs. Campbell! Mrs. Campbell!

MRS. C. (*entering, right.*) I am here, I am here!

FERMENT. Show the gentleman his room. I will go after Katharine. My theory shall be upheld. [*Exit, right.*]

MRS. C. (*grasping Earley's arm.*) Aren't you ashamed to marry Katharine like this!

EARLEY. I don't care how I marry her, so I do marry her.

MRS. C. And she loving another man!

EARLEY (*astounded*). Explain yourself.

MRS. C. She's dead in love with another man.

EARLEY (*grasping her arm*). What do you mean? Tell me instantly.

MRS. C. (*freeing herself*). She told me so; she has always said so. She only takes you because you force her.

EARLEY. Force her? I give her up! In love with another man! Good-by (*going; then returning and shaking her*). Woman, I must know all of this. Tell me!

MRS. C. You know very well the minister is here to marry you to Katharine, and she loving poor Mr. Earley.

EARLEY (*releasing her; his hand to his head*). My brain reels! (*Aside.*) I see. The light is beginning to come. There is yet hope. (*Aloud.*) Show me to my room, I must rest.

MRS. C. Nothing will stop your marriage?

EARLEY. Nothing! My room—I am dizzy.

MRS. C. (*pointing, left.*) Unhappy man, there is your room. (*Earley goes in, and she turns the key in lock.*) Mr. Ferment locked up the minister, and I lock up the bridegroom. Let us see if he will be married before Mr. Earley gets here.

KATHARINE (*entering, right*). Where is he, where is he?

MRS. C. Mr. Latterly is in there with his wedding-coat.

KATHARINE. Surely he has not come?

MRS. C. Surely he has.

KATHARINE. And where is Mr. Earley?

MRS. C. I haven't the slightest idea.

KATHARINE (*wringing hands*). Oh, to treat me thus—to treat me thus!

MRS. C. Never you mind, I've locked Mr. Latterly in, and here's the key.

KATHARINE. The key! Give it to me (*taking it and going to window and throwing it out*). Now let father do his worst. But Jerry to treat me thus.

[*Exit right, weeping.*]

MRS. C. (*dashing off her cap*). She shall never marry Latterly. (*Pounding heard at door.*) You may pound, but you won't get out. (*Ferment outside, calling, "Katharine! Katharine!"*) Now for it. (*Claps on cap.*)

FERMENT (*entering, left*). Where is Katharine? I am in a hurry. (*Pounding heard.*) Who is that?

MRS. C. That is Mr. Latterly. He is in that room. I have locked him in and the key is thrown away. He shall not marry Katharine.

FERMENT. Locked him in!—You vixen! Go! Leave me—leave the house!

MRS. C. I will—with Katharine.

[*Exit, right.*]

FERMENT. Locked him in! (*At door, left.*) Break the lock! Burst open the

door! (*Door flies open; Earley enters in wedding-coat.*) Now, my lad, I'll see who is master here. Come to the minister.

EARLEY. I will. First, let me explain.

FERMENT. I will listen to no explanations. My theory shall be upheld.

KATHARINE (*entering, right, not observing Earley*). Father, I will never permit this outrage!

FERMENT. My theory shall be upheld!

EARLEY (*coming forward*). Mr. Ferment, listen to me.

KATHARINE (*screaming with delight*). Who is this?

FERMENT. Your husband that is to be. Go! To the minister, go!

KATHARINE. Father, there is a mistake.

FERMENT. Go, I tell you! Take her, my boy! Go!

EARLEY (*with warning glance at Katharine*). But, sir——

FERMENT (*angrily*). You object?

EARLEY (*in mock obeisance*). By no means; but——

FERMENT. Go! That scoundrel may be here at any minute and make trouble. Not a word. To the minister, go (*pushing them off, left*)! Now let the villain come!

MRS. C. (*entering, right, excitedly, in bonnet and coat, with boxes*). I am going. I am going first. I want to tell you my opinion of you.

FERMENT. I don't wish to hear it.

MRS. C. You are a bear.

FERMENT. Go!

MRS. C. You are a donkey.

FERMENT. Go!

MRS. C. You are a wolf in sheep's clothing.

FERMENT. I don't care if I am a whole zoological garden. Go! My theory shall be upheld.

MRS. C. (*dropping boxes and running to*

him). I'll uphold your theory (*boxing his ears, he crying: You vixen, etc.*)!

Enter, Latterly, left, in ragged coat, his face plastered.

FERMENT. (*breaking away*). How? What? Who are you?

MRS. C. (*running to Latterly*). Oh, you poor, dear creature! You are too late.

FERMENT. You may be Earley (*laughing*)—but too late.

LATTERLY. Sir, I have been maltreated by a villain.

MRS. C. Oh, why didn't you kill him!

LATTERLY. Mr. Ferment, I am here; and where is *she*?

MRS. C. (*weeping*). She is being married.

LATTERLY. Married?

FERMENT (*rubbing his hands*). Married!

LATTERLY. But she is to be married to me.

FERMENT. As I said before, you may be Earley, but you are too late.

LATTERLY. Sir, I will have damages.

FERMENT. It looks to me as though you have had damages enough.

LATTERLY. You make a jest of me? I will claim damages for breach of promise.

FERMENT. Claim what you please; you—you fortune-hunter.

LATTERLY. You insult me. Because your sister calls me a fortune-hunter, you insist upon it? I will have damages. I know your means. I will claim damages or your daughter. I've never seen her, and damages will do as well.

MRS. C. Oh, sir, how can you!

LATTERLY. I've been imposed upon. But the money will do—I'll claim damages. I'll enter proceedings at once. I don't want the girl, but I *will* have the money, as sure as my name is Latterly.

FERMENT. Latterly?

MRS. C. Latterly (*sinking into chair*)!

LATTERLY (*to Ferment*). You know very well that I am Claude Latterly; and you have brought me here to make a fool of me.

FERMENT. And you'd rather have damages than my daughter.

LATTERLY. I don't want your daughter. You've made a fool of me. I want damages.

FERMENT. Then my sister's opinion of you was correct; you *are* a fortune-hunter?

LATTERLY. I want damages.

FERMENT. Then you shall have damages (*running to him, scuffling him off, left; noise, as of some one falling down stairs*).

MRS. C. (*rising*). I see it, I see it (*clapping her hands*)! Katharine is being married to Mr. Earley. I see it, I see it!

FERMENT (*returning and rolling up his sleeves*). I've settled him, I've settled him! Rather have the money, would he? He's running for the train as fast as his legs will carry him. My theory shall be—oh, where is my theory?

MRS. C. (*clapping him on the back*). I see it, I see it!

FERMENT. Mrs. Campbell, I don't know what *you* see, but *I* see that I have made a fool of myself.

MRS. C. No, you haven't; you've made a happy woman of your daughter.

FERMENT. But my dignity! They'll think I've been fooled.

MRS. C. Pretend—pretend you knew all the time—pretend you did it all to try Katharine's attachment for Mr. Earley. I'll help you out.

FERMENT. You will? You're an angel, if you are a widow. And you'll never tell?

MRS. C. Never.

FERMENT. Never expose me?

MRS. C. Never. Hush! Here they are. *Enter, Katharine and Earley, arm in arm.*

KATHARINE (*running to him*). Father, I must confess.

EARLEY. Mr. Ferment, you refused to hear my explanation.

FERMENT (*bombastically*). My lad, my daughter, be happy. I know all.

KATHARINE. Why, father!

FERMENT. I tell you I know all. Hasn't a father who writes about the degeneracy of the young the right to test the affection of his daughter for the man she professes to love?

EARLEY. You knew all along who I was?

MRS. C. Of course he did.

EARLEY. But my grip came here instead of Mr. Latterly's.

FERMENT. I wish no explanations, I tell you.

KATHARINE. Oh, father, and I thought you were determined to marry me to Mr. Latterly!

FERMENT. A fortune-hunter. He'll not come to-day; I've a theory he will not. And now—I am giddy. (*Sits in chair.*)

MRS. C. (*fanning him*). Don't faint. Revive yourself.

FERMENT (*jumping up*). Revive myself! I will, Mrs. Campbell; you've been my daughter's companion for fifteen years, be her father's companion for the rest of his life. I'll revive myself—be my wife.

MRS. C. Oh, sir (*resting her head on his shoulder*)!

KATHARINE. Father, may you be happy.

EARLEY. Bless you, my children.

FERMENT. And now let's all be happy together. It is one of my theories that—

MRS. C. That everybody is an idiot who does not find the way to happiness.

FERMENT. And I'll uphold that theory. It may be a little late, but it is—

KATHARINE. Earley (*pointing to Earley*).

EARLEY. Not too late. In fact, it is "ON
TIME."

EARLEY. KATHARINE. MRS. CAMPBELL.
FERMENT.
CURTAIN.



THE HARVEST QUEEN AND HER MAIDENS.

SARAH M. WYMAN.

CHARACTERS.

THE QUEEN, MARION, JULIA, LULU,
HELEN, MARIA, LILIAN, BERTHA,
BLANCHE, NETTIE, ALICE.

The real names of the children can be substituted if desired.

SCENE—*A platform with raised seat for the Queen at right; the maidens gracefully grouped at left.*

WHAT your gleanings, darling maidens,

Through the precious Summer time?
From the year's maturer ripenings,
What your offering for my shrine?

In the golden-dotted meadows,
In the fields of yellow grain,
Through the orchard, crimson-fruited,
By the streamlet's low refrain,—

You have found great nature's treasures
Sparkling with the gems they wear;
Have you brought them, sweet-voiced maidens,
That your Queen the gifts may bear?

MARION—

This sheaf of wheat
The loyal Marion lays
Low at your feet;
Emblem of pleasant days,
Found in the sunny ways
Where maidens meet.

JULIA—

For thee these grapes, from clinging vine;
So clings my heart, dear Queen, to thine.

LULU—

Melons, juicy and red,—
Melons, yellow as gold,—
Melons, from emerald bed,—
Melons, I scarce can hold!
Oh, take them, my Queen, and the homage,
too,
Of your loving subject, the little Lu!

HELEN—

Delaware peaches, soft as the cheek is
Of baby Grace;
No nicer nor rarer, no sweeter nor fairer,
In any place.

MARIA—

Oh, the fields of growing corn,
With tassels soft as silk;
And little tender baby ears,
At first as white as milk.
And then, the white is changed to gold,
The husks grow tough and strong;
September brings the harvesters,
And wakes their merry song.

LILIAN—

These little ferns within a deep alcove
So deftly grew;
I seized the pretty, feathery things,
Soft as blue bird's tender wings,
And brought to you.

Oh, let the graceful, fragile forms
Around the altar lie,
And grace the heavier gifts it bears,
The stiffer lines its contour wears,
Until they die.

BERTHA—

Some Autumn leaves for thee I've gathered
From maples dashed with gold;
From sumacs, flaming by the way-side,
And oaks centuries old.

BLANCHE—

These asters, with their fringe of blue,
I picked, dear Queen, and brought to you.

NETTIE—

And the gentian,
"Whose sweet and quiet eye
Looks through its fringes to the sky."

QUEEN—

Oh, thank you, maidens, for the gifts
My heaped-up altar shows;
Such love the true heart ever feels,
But other, never knows.

ALICE—

Great Queen, *myself* I give to thee;
All that I am, or hope to be;—
My love, my trust, my life, my all,
Attentive to thy slightest call.

Within an attic's low retreat,
Where grateful sunbeams never meet,
Weary and sick, lame, and in pain,
I heard on the roof the Summer rain,
And longed to lay my burdens by,
And in the bliss of rest to lie,
Till, rain-refreshed, the grain and flowers
Should brighten in the sunny hours,
And I could gather them for thee,
And fruits from many a loaded tree.

But no! for me 'twas never meant;
Alas! I groped in discontent,
'Till suddenly a silver light
Around my couch, one stormy night,
Seemed all the dreary room to fill;
A voice spake softly: "Peace, be still!"

Subdued, I lay in wondering rest;
New thoughts arose within my breast.
Content, no more the fields to roam,
I pledged to make for thee a home
Within my heart; to consecrate
My life to thee, and humbly wait
Thy will; to walk when thou shouldst lead,
And *trust* in every hour of need.

QUEEN—

Ah, sweet maiden, you have chosen
Wisest, truest, fondest, best;
Other gifts will crown my altar,
Yours within my heart shall rest.

Such living trust,—such devotion,
Jesus, Lord, the Crucified,
Asks of all His loving children,
That in Him they may abide.

Oh, my Alice! in your sufferings,
Christ's the light that shone around;
When yourself you freely offered
'Twas this Jesus that you found.

Maidens, come, and give your service,
All your lives can ever be,
To the glorified Redeemer—
Just these little gifts to me.

CURTAIN.



A WOMAN'S RIGHTS MEETING.

CHARACTERS.

MISS BELINDA INEZ SNICKS, an old maid.
MRS. BETSY SWAGGLESNOCK, a widow.
MISS MARY ANN HIGGINS, an old maid.
FLORABEL SNIPPER, a young lady.

SCENE—*A schoolroom, or an apartment in a house.*

MISS SNICKS (*rising*). Feller-citizens—that is to say, my countrywomen: This is an important and un-

conquerable occasion,—an occasion fully—that is to say—an epoch in the history of woman,—an epoch big and overflowin' with unexpoundable and paregorical events, whose oleaginous paradigms shall rise up in the dim future, which is fast recedin' into atmospherical and oblivious phantasmagoria of the past, to lead us on over the precipitous and inflexible profundity of the mountainous and ever-rising periods, which shall grow more and more inflammable and multitudinous until the rising whirlpools shall sweep the malestrom from Dan—that is, I mean Daniel—to that other place which is derived from the Latin word big sheep, and shall go on in a roarin', unaccountable, automatical, jimmy-twistical—

FLORABEL. Run for a dictionary!

MISS HIGGINS. Run for a doctor!

MISS SNICKS. Order, until I have coincided.

MRS. SWAGGLESNOCK. You mean until you have concluded.

MISS SNICKS (*angrily*). No, *sir*! I mean just what I say. Do you pretend to inculcate the abject and unconquerable idea that I cannot give the proper words in their proper places, and expatiate and preponderate to a certainty on the inexplicable—

MRS. SWAGGLESNOCK. Let's get to business. We didn't come here to waste time and say big words. Important work is before us.

MISS SNICKS. I'm sure I was making the opening speech, and was digressing spontaneously, but was direfully and ruefully interrupted.

MRS. SWAGGLESNOCK. The first thing in order is to elect a President.

MISS SNICKS. I do not like to put myself forward, but I think this society, the great Frog Hollow Woman's Rights Society, should have a President who could use sweeping and high-sounding words,

and who would be an inflammable and never-receding light, and one that could address all the women's rights conventions and mass meetings, and be an honor to herself, her friends, her society, and her female relations. I, therefore, think that I should be your President; but pardon me in making the direful provocation.

FLORABEL. I don't know what that means.

MISS HIGGINS. I'm in favor of Miss Snicks for President; she's the oldest.

MISS SNICKS (*springing to her feet*). It isn't so. Thirty-two summers alone have passed over my unwrinkled brow. I tell you, Mary Ann Higgins, you are the oldest, and you know it!

MISS HIGGINS. It isn't so!

MISS SNICKS. It is!

FLORABEL. I think you are both pretty old chickens.

MISS HIGGINS. And what are you? An impertinent minx, and you ought to be at home!

MISS SNICKS. You are a dilapidated decoction of diametrical docility.

FLORABEL (*aside*). Goodness, I think she must have swallowed another dictionary this morning!

MISS SNICKS. You are the conglomeration and the expurgation of the quintessence of all the constitutional impudence in creation. How do you like that, hey?

FLORABEL. I like that first-rate! But how about the President? Wouldn't I run well?

MISS SNICKS. Yes; you run well after the young men, that's all!

FLORABEL. And the young men run after me; but they don't trouble you old gals very much.

MISS HIGGINS. For my part, I hold myself aloof from the male sect. I despise them, one and all.

FLORABEL. The "male sect" must take it pretty hard.

MISS SNICKS. And for my part, I throw my head loftily aloof and pass the male sect with impetuosity and fiery indignification, never once condescending in my unlimited and unfirmamentable scorn to look upon those bituferated bipeds, who would dare to take away our rights and trample our liberties under their unhallowed feet.

FLORABEL. Oh, dear!

MRS. SWAGGLESNOCK. There will be nothing done here to-day. I'm going home.

[Exit Mrs. Swagglesnock.

MISS SNICKS (*continuing*). And thus it is. Trifling discouragements and small botherfications make small-minded people forget that there is an extraordinary—and—and—an anti-spasmodical work to be done. The world is one great parenthetical

and antediluvian field, which the octogenarian—

MISS HIGGINS (*aside*). The old fool.

[Exit hastily.

MISS SNICKS (*continuing*). Worker and believer in woman's rights will have to unsallivate and throw the direful effects arising from the opprobriousness upon the status of the *ignus fatus* and the aristocratus—

FLORABEL. Of the crazy Snicks snatus. Finish the dictionary, old gal, and then come home. Good-by. If you choke on one of your big words write and let me know.

[Exit.

MISS SNICKS. Impudent minx! They are gone, and will not listen to golden words and magnificent splutterances. Well, I suppose we will have to postpone until the next adjournment.

CURTAIN.



MOTHER EARTH AND THE MAY QUEEN.

LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

CHARACTERS.

MOTHER EARTH, DAME NATURE, MR. WEATHERCOCK, MAY, QUEEN OF MAY.

SUNBEAMS, eight very small children, with song.

MAY FLOWER, ARUM, YARROW, DANDELION, ANEMONE, YELLOW WEED, six girls, with recitation.

CROCUS, LADY-SLIPPER, TRILLIUM, DAFODIL, four girls, with extracts from the poets.

BIRDS, a troupe of little folks, with song and march, in which the flowers join.

MAY POLE DANCERS, selected for the purpose.

SCENE—*A lawn, or woodland, with gaily-decked background; elevated positions for Mother Earth and Dame Nature;*

the various participants wearing a dress, sash, or flower, to indicate the character represented. The introduction of music at proper intervals will aid the children in performing their parts.

MOTHER EARTH. I'm fairly worn out. No sooner do I get the snow and ice fairly settled for the winter and the flowers safely tucked into their beds, than up jumps the sun and hints that it is time for them to be stirring again, and that I had better clear away the snow drifts. Then of course everything goes wrong. The north wind comes blustering round undoing all my work; the south wind, who ought to be at home helping me, goes scurrying off, no one knows where, and even the flow-

ers declare it isn't time to grow, and not one of them will stir. Oh, dear! such wayward children! They will break my heart. (*Wipes her eyes.*)

DAME NATURE. Truly, mother, your life is a hard one. But come, cheer up, better days are coming I am sure.

MOTHER EARTH. I hope so, for I am getting quite discouraged. Just look at the old brown gown I am wearing, and there's the spring dressmaker pretends she can't find green enough to finish my new one, and here it is half-past April by the season's clock. I don't know what to do with such children; they are getting beyond my control and unless there is a change very soon we shall have no May Day.

DAME NATURE. Why don't you consult Mr. Weathercock? He may be able to send the south wind to help you.

MOTHER EARTH. I will, and, as good luck will have it, here he comes now. (*Enter Mr. Weathercock.*) Good morning to you, neighbor.

MR. WEATHERCOCK. Good morning, Mother Earth and fair Dame Nature. What mean these anxious faces? Surely the springtime should bring only happiness.

MOTHER EARTH. How can I be happy when I am so anxious? Everything is late.

MR. WEATHERCOCK. We have had a tardy spring. Indeed my neck is quite stiff from trying to keep track of the winds.

MOTHER EARTH (*anxiously*). What are our prospects for May Day? Can you help us?

MR. WEATHERCOCK (*looking about him*). I'm looking north, I'm looking south,

I'm glancing east and west,

Dear, kindly Mother Earth, for you

I'll try to do my best.

The warm south wind will soon be here,

I see him on his way,

So summon from their wintry beds
The flowers to welcome May.

MOTHER EARTH. Thank you, Mr. Weathercock. Now, Dame Nature, if you will help me we will try to waken the lag-gard flowers.

MOTHER EARTH and DAME NATURE.

Come, little flowers,
Springtime is coming,
'Tis time to arise,
Flowers fair, flowers sweet,
Open your eyes.

(*Enter Sunbeams, skipping and dancing.*)

MOTHER EARTH. What curious folks are these? Whence come you, little ones?

SUNBEAMS (*singing—air: "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower"*).
We are little sunbeams,

Dancing here and there,
And we've come to help you,
Earth so fair.

We will wake the flowers
From their winter's sleep,
Send them hither, May to keep.

CHORUS.

Yes, we are children
Of the shining sun,
See he has sent us
One by one,
Pretty yellow pencils
Of golden light,
We have come to waken night.

Come, my pretty flow'rets,
Open wide your eyes,
Winter's over, now 'tis time
To arise.
Birdie in the tree-top
Sings his sweetest strain,
Bright springtime is here again.

(*Chorus.*)

Now they all have heard us,
From their little beds,
See where one by one, they
Lift their heads.
Oh, my pretty flowers,
Sleep no more I pray,
Come here and help us keep May Day.

(Chorus.)

The first group of flowers, having been secreted, before rise of curtain, behind screens, fancy parasols, or large Japanese fans, now peep out in turn from their hiding places, and all arise as last verse is sung.

FLOWERS (in concert).
Something's astir,
Hear the birds chirp and chatter,
What can it be? Dear me, what's the matter?

(They hide again.)

SUNBEAMS (calling to them).
Don't you know, flower lassies,
For each year that passes,
In spite of the work, there is o'er time for play,
And every one has its own holiday.
Cold winter is over, glad springtime is here,
And that's what the chirping and chatter means, dear.

FLOWERS (rising).
Oh, thank you, kind sunbeams,
For telling the reason,
But what is the holiday, pray, for this season?

SUNBEAMS.
The brightest and best in the annals, I'm told,
Glad May Day, so famous in stories of old,
So wake from your slumber, now winter is over,
Come, lift up your heads, my bonny red clover,

Come, Mayflowers sweet, and buttercups bold,
Come, dandelions, lift up your faces of gold,
All come here together, my blossoms so bright,
Each one in your springtime colors bedight.

MOTHER EARTH. I thank you, fair Sunbeams. You have started the lazy flowers at last. (*Flowers come forward.*) Here they come now. Good morrow, my pretty ones!

FLOWERS.

Good morrow, gentle Mother Earth,
To you we make our bow,
We heard the sunbeams call us,
And so we greet you now.
Oh, yes, we flower people
Have all come here to-day,
And we'll show you how we mean
To keep this springtime holiday.

MAY FLOWER.

See, I'm the little Mayflower,
Beside the brooklet's brink,
When springtime winds are blowing,
I lift my buds of pink.

ARUM.

Within the woods you'll find me,
The Arum—if you search.
I preach to all the flower folk
Who care to go to church.

YARROW.

I'm but a summer flower,
And yet I'm here to-day
To tell you how we flowers keep
This happy first o' May.

DANDELION.

See! I'm a Dandelion,
So sturdy, strong and bold,
The merry children laugh to see
My starry face of gold.

ANEMONE.

Because with all the breezes,

I nod my head, you see

The children call me "wind-flower,"

But my name's Anemone.

YELLOW WEED (*Buttercup*).

My name is little Buttercup;

But you may somewhere read

That the country folk in olden days

Of called me Yellow-weed.

DAME NATURE.

Now that was well said, my fair little
flowers.

Come rest for awhile within these shady
bowers,

For see, just behind you with music and
song,

More gay flower-folk come trooping along.

(*They step aside.*)

Enter other flowers and May.

FLOWERS.

We heard the wood birds' carol,

Upon the tasseled trees,

And so we lifted up our heads,

To catch the passing breeze;

And then we heard you calling,

And so, we came this way,

We bring your youngest daughter,—

The merry month of May.

MOTHER EARTH. You are welcome, dear
daughter, beloved alike by young and old.
(*May bows and steps back with flowers.*)

DAME NATURE. Of a truth, she hath a
goodly presence, and you may well be proud
of your fair daughter. But why do you call
her May?

MOTHER EARTH. Her name comes from
the Latin *Marius*, meaning, to grow—tak-
ing its name from *Maia*, one of the heathen
deities.

DAME NATURE. Well named, indeed!
She is a growing month, and giveth new
life and joy to all who greet her.

MOTHER EARTH. Aye, and many curi-
ous rites of old did usher in her coming.
E'en royalty itself did not disdain to seek
the fields and woods and "fetch the haw-
thorn blooms" to crown the month of May.
The ancient Romans, too, held a *springtime*
feast in honor of the goddess Flora. Poets
have sung the praises of the merry month;
wouldst hear some of their words of praise?

DAME NATURE. That would please me
right well.

MOTHER EARTH. Come, fair flowers,
can you tell us aught that the poets have
said?

FLOWERS.

Yes, kind Mother Earth,

Gladly we will now say

Words that have been said or sung

Of the month of May.

CROCUS.

Now lilacs break out into buds;

Now spicy winds are blowing;

And 'tis heigho! the daffodils

Down in the garden growing.

—*M. F. Butts.*

LADYSLIPPER.

May shall make the bud appear

Like a jewel, crystal clear,

Mid the leaves upon the limb

Where the robin lilts his hymn.

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

TRILLIUM.

May with cowslip-braided locks

Walks through the land in green attire;

And burns in meadow-grass the phlox

His torch of fire.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

DAFFODIL.

April and May one moment meet,—

But farewell sighs their greetings
smother;

And breezes tell, and birds repeat

How May and April love each other.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

ALL THE FLOWERS.

Time presses, and we may not stay
 To tell you all the words
 That poets oft have sung and said,
 For see! here come the birds—
 Robins, bluebirds, swallows,
 Orioles, blithe and gay,
 These and many more have come
 To welcome in the May:

BIRDS (*singing—Tune: "Sing a Song of Sixpence"*).

Sing a song of birdies
 Flying here and there
 In the shady woodlands,
 Through the sunny air.

Sing a song of birds' nests
 Underneath the eaves,
 Nestled in the tree tops
 'Mong the starting leaves.

Sing a song of birds' eggs
 Blue as summer's sky,
 When their doors are open'd
 Out the birdlings fly.

(*Flowers join in the song.*)

Sing a song of springtime's
 Merry month of May.
 And of flowers gathered
 Here to keep May Day.

Sing about the May-Queen,
 (*They lead her forward.*)
 Flower-crowned, you see,
 Gayest little lassie
 In the world is she.

Oh, our sovereign lady,
 Bow we unto thee;
 Birds and flowers together
 Vow thee fealty.

MAY QUEEN.

True and loyal, Oh, my subjects,
 You will ever be, I ween,
 So, gay birds and pretty flowers,
 Take the blessing of your Queen.

MOTHER EARTH.

I, too, now would welcome
 The fair Queen o' May,
 It is well you are here,
 Though you reign but a day.

DAME NATURE.

Thy voice is as sweet
 As the low, rippling waters.
 My greeting now to thee
 May's fairest of daughters.

MR. WEATHERCOCK.

My respects to your majesty, Queen of the
 May,
 For your sake, the winds shall be quiet
 to-day.

MAY QUEEN.

Thanks for pleasant words of greeting
 One and all have given to me,
 I will try to be, my subjects,
 Worthy of your loyalty.
 But old Time goes hurrying onward,
 With him there is no delay,
 So, together let us frolic
 Through the shining hours to-day.
 Hand in hand, close-locked together,
 Let us all at once advance,
 While our voices ring out gayly,
 We will round the May-pole dance.
They dance around May-pole, singing:
Tune—"Buy a Broom."
 The robin just whispered, "Oh, springtime
 is coming,
 The flowers' gay banners are all now un-
 furled,
 And down in the meadows, the bees are a-
 humming,
 For springtime, fair springtime's renew-
 ing the world."

Chorus—

We'll be gay! we'll be gay!
 See the bluebirds gayly winging,
 And the robins lightly swinging,
 Hear happy voices ringing,
 Singing, here is May.

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

J. S. MURPHY.

An uproarious farce in one act, illustrating the ludicrous and perplexing predicaments in which a similarity of names places a nervous and modest grocer, who is mistaken for a popular hero by the ladies in an Atlantic City cottage during the Spanish-American war.

CHARACTERS.

RICHMOND P. HOBBS (Mr. Hobbs' son), a Hoboken grocer.

MRS. SAPHIRA HOBBS, his wife, a small woman with a large temper.

RICHMOND P. HOBSON, the hero of the Merrimac.

DR. MARIAN MEASLES, a very new woman, but "mannish" in appearance.

MRS. MARIA QUIGG, proprietor of Quigg's cottage.

MISS ADELAIDE VON CHATTERTON, MISS EUGENIA MONTMORENCY, MISS GERTRUDE WIGGLESWORTH, MISS MILDRED FITZ-WILSON, guests of the cottage and hero worshippers.

PATIENCE MAGILLICUDDY, the lady of the kitchen.

KOOPAY, a seashore cabman.

KLUBBS, an Atlantic City policeman.

SCENE—*Dining-room in Quigg's cottage August, 1898. Entrances right and left, and right and left center at back. Patience discovered arranging table in center of stage. Enter Mrs. Quigg from right with letter in hand.*

MRS. QUIGG. Patience, we'll soon have a man in the cottage now.

PATIENCE. Fortune be praised, mum. Shure, this Spanish war's an awful blow till us gur-r-ls.

MRS. Q. There's hardly a male guest on the island.

PATIENCE. Sorry a wan, mum. Aven Thorndyke's futman—ond a foiner luckin' mon he wuz—has gone aff wid the marine corpse.

MRS. Q. (*laughing*). What is the marine corpse, Patience?

PATIENCE. Shure, it's the dead min the sailyors sphin yarn for.

MRS. Q. To make their shrouds, I suppose.

PATIENCE. Indade, I don't know, mum. But who is it's comin' here?

MRS. Q. (*proudly*). Mr. Hobson, the hero of the Merrimac.

PATIENCE. Av he's a Merry Mack he must be a gude-natured Irishman.

MRS. Q. He's coming here to regain his health, which was shattered in a Spanish prison. I forget the name, but it was Moro something.

PATIENCE. Oh, I know—Moryomensing.

Enter Dr. Measles, right.

DR. MEASLES. I hear that Mr. Hobson is coming here.

MRS. Q. I expect him by the next train.

DR. M. I hope everything is ready for him.

MRS. Q. Ready and waiting.

DR. M. I should like to see whether his room is right. I feel it my duty as a medical practitioner to help him regain his health.

MRS. Q. We all feel the same way, Doctor, I'm sure.

DR. M. I shall take it upon myself to see that Patience cooks his food hygienically.

PATIENCE (*bristling up*). Indade, Dr. Mazles, Oi'll do me own cookin' mesilf.

DR. M. (*decisively*). You will do it much better under the supervision of a physician.

PATIENCE. Oi wull luck after the soup all roight.

DR. M. Mrs. Quigg, I wish to inspect Mr. Hobson's room.

MRS. Q. Come with me, Doctor.

[Exit Mrs. Q. and Dr. M.]

PATIENCE. Oi shuppose Mazles wull want me to do the cookin' in caster ile. Shure, the poor-ir mon's in hard luck. Begorry, av Mazles takes howld av fwat the Spaniards has left av 'im she'll make 'im sorry he didn't sink with his ship.

Enter Miss von Chatterton, Miss Montmorency, Miss Wigglesworth, and Miss Fitz-Wilson, by different doors, cautiously, and each oblivious of the others. They tip-toe to Patience, to whom they all speak at once in subdued tones.

ALL FOUR. Is he here yet, Patience? *(Patience looks at one after the other in surprise, and they also are surprised when they become aware of the presence of each other.)*

EACH *(to the others)*. Oh, I didn't see you!

PATIENCE. Ez who here?

ALL FOUR. Our hero, Hobson, the brave.

PATIENCE. Not yit; but he'll be here purty soon. Onyhow, Oi don't think yous gur-r-ls will huv much show at him.

ALL FOUR. Why not, Patience?

PATIENCE. Dr. Mazles is goin' t' take charge av him.

ALL FOUR. Who says so, Patience?

PATIENCE. She diz; and fwat she sez goes—outside av the cookin' departmint. She's upsthairs now luckin' av his room's all roight. [Exit right center.]

MISS VON CHATTERTON. Only one man in the place, and that horrid doctor wants to monopolize him.

MISS MONTMORENCY. I wish this awful war was over.

MISS WIGGLESWORTH. I wish I was back in Philadelphia.

MISS FITZ-WILSON. I wonder if any men are left there.

MISS VON C. I feel that I know Mr. Hobson already. I've had his picture for two months.

MISS M. I've written poetry about him.

MISS W. That doesn't give you any claim on him.

MISS M. Yes it does.

MISS VON C. No it doesn't.

MISS M. More than buying his picture does.

MISS W. Maybe it isn't his picture at all.

MISS VON C. It is his picture.

MISS F. How do you know? You never saw him.

MISS VON C. I cut it from a magazine; his name's under it.

MISS F. I have his signature in my autograph album.

THE OTHERS. Oh-h! How did you get it?

MISS F. I got it with a pound of mixed tea and pasted it in the album. It looks real cute.

MISS W. What is his full name?

MISS F. Richmond Pearson Hobson.

MISS W. Is he the one that said: "On, Richmond, on"?

MISS M. You mean, "Charge, Richmond, charge!"

MISS W. No, indeed; he's a hero.

MISS M. Well, heroes have things charged.

MISS F. So do their wives. *(Patience enters, listening.)*

MISS VON C. Do you know what it was made him a hero?

MISS M. He kissed all the girls in Cuba.

MISS W. He sank a Spanish mackerel fleet and said: "There's glory enough for all!"

MISS F. He stopped the Cubans from making Havana cigars from Spanish onions.

PATIENCE. Bedad, yer all wrong. He joomped overboard and saved an Irish sailyorman named Merry Mack.

MISS VON C. There must be six Richmonds in the field.

PATIENCE. Av they're not vaccinated Mazles wull catch thim all.

ALL FOUR. Do you think so, Patience?

PATIENCE. Mazles is very catchin', ond av you gur-r-ls don't luck yer purtiest the dochter wull be Hobson's ch'ice.

ALL FOUR. Oh, oh, oh, oh! (*Each takes out a pocket mirror and looks at herself critically.*)

MISS VON C. My frizzes are out. I must fix them. [*Exit.*]

MISS MONT. My nose is red. That will never do. [*Exit.*]

MISS WIG. My head looks like a fright. [*Exit.*]

MISS FITZ. I must change my bow. [*Exit.*]

PATIENCE. Av onny poo-ir mon ivir de-sarved a pinshin, it wull be Hobson fwhen he escapes from this place. He'll foind it takes a braver mon till face the gur-r-ls single-honded at Atlantic City thon it diz till run past the Spanish foorts in Santiago harbor.

[*Exit, shaking head dolefully, right.*]

Enter Koopay, left, carrying two cabas.

KOOPAY. Here you are, sir, right end uppermost, as the man said when he trod on a tack in his stockin'-feet a-tryin' to hush the babby in the middle of the night. *Enter Hobbs, with a fan in one hand and a folded sun-umbrella in the other. He looks around suspiciously, walks softly, acts timidly, and speaks in a mild, subdued voice.*

HOBBS. Are you sure this is Twigg's Cottage?

KOOPAY. Sure as Davy Crockett afore he went ahead.

HOBBS. Thank you. How much do I owe you?

KOOPAY. Twenty-five fer the ride and fifty cents fer amusin' ye with conversation 'long the road.

HOBBS (*looking in pocketbook*). A dollar is the smallest I have.

KOOPAY (*taking it*). I'll git it changed at the store. I'll buy a quarter's worth oo' cigars. See?

HOBBS. But I don't smoke.

KOOPAY. No; but I do. S' long, boss. Any time ye want another ride lemme know. [*Exit, left.*]

HOBBS (*looking around*). Strange Sapphira isn't here to meet me. I suppose she's having her afternoon nap. I don't hear a sound. This is just the kind of a place I need. (*Lays hat and umbrella on table, and puts the cabas beside chair in which he sits.*) I'll have a nice, quiet time here, and I'll go back to town feeling like a new man. Strange there's no one here to meet me. Maybe Sapphira's never told 'em. That's it. She knows I'm nervous and don't want any fuss made over me; so I suppose I'll have to wait here until somebody comes, and then I can explain. I'll read the paper awhile. (*He takes out a paper and reads.*) Ah! Well, well! "Insanity on the increase among the fashionable women of America."

PATIENCE (*entering, right; aside*). Ah, there he is now! But ain't he the quiet luckin' little mon for a hero? Shure, thim brave min's always quiet. The wans that makes the noise niver diz onnything else. Oi'm the fur-st wan t' see 'im, ond Oi'll be the fur-rst t' sphake till 'im. (*Aloud.*) Is this Mishter Hob-son? (*Hobbs jumps up nervously, dropping paper and upsetting chair.*)

HOBBS. Ye-yes. I—I—a—just arrived. Was I expected?

PATIENCE. Indade ye were.

HOBBS. I suppose Mrs.—

PATIENCE. Mrs. Quigg has iviryrthing prepared fur ye.

HOBBS. I'm very glad to know it.

PATIENCE. Iviryrbody will be glad to welcome Mr. Hob-son, ond will be proud to be sthayin' in under the same roof wid him.

HOBBS. You are very kind, I'm sure.

PATIENCE. Oi'll go ond tell Mrs. Quigg yer come.

HOBBS. Thank you. (*He watches Patience, who goes to right entrance, where she stops, takes out a small American flag and waves it at Hobbs, cheering in a subdued voice.*)

PATIENCE. Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

HOBBS (*greatly astonished*). That young woman seems to be bubbling over with patriotism. It's astonishing how this war with Spain has aroused the American people. I'm glad to see it. (*Sits.*) It only needed this to unite our glorious country into one coherent homogeneous mass of consolidated patriotism, of which it behooves all foreign governments to take immediate and perpetual notice. Now, then, to resume this extraordinary article. (*He reads.*)

MRS. Q. (*entering right, aside*). Ah, there he is, sure enough! How noble looking. Reminds me of poor, dear Quigg. I must speak to him. (*Aloud.*) I believe I have the honor of addressing Mr. Hob-son? (*Hobbs jumps up and bows.*)

HOBBS (*aside*). Hobbs' son! She, too, seems to be acquainted with father. (*Aloud.*) Yes, ma'am, I am Mr. Hobbs' son. (*Aside.*) The old man must have been here. (*Aloud.*) And you are Mrs. Twigg?

MRS. Q. (*bowing*). At your service, sir.

HOBBS. Thank you. You're very kind.

MRS. Q. Pray, be seated, sir. I will remove your luggage to your room.

HOBBS. No; let me do it.

MRS. Q. Oh, no; I couldn't think of it. I consider it an honor, sir.

HOBBS. Thank you. I should like—

MRS. Q. Just make yourself at home, and I will have a nice, tempting luncheon set out for you.

HOBBS. But, madam, if it is not inconvenient, I should like to see—

MRS. Q. No trouble at all. Everybody will be delighted to see you. Now, pray, make yourself easy while I give my orders. (*Aside.*) To think that such a hero should be so modest and unassuming. Just like the late Mr. Quigg. (*Takes Hobbs' two cabas, goes to right door, where she repeats flag business, and exits.*)

HOBBS. The landlady also is filled to overflowing with patriotism. I like to see it. I wonder how Sapphira likes it. I shouldn't wonder if they made her patriotic, too. By jingo, I feel like saying "hurrah!" myself. I believe I'm beginning to improve already. Now, then, to finish this startling article. (*Sits and reads.*)

DR. M. (*entering right; aside, admiringly*). Ah! my beau ideal of a hero. But a man in the nervous condition sure to be brought on by confinement in a prison must not read. No, no. Conversation, and promenades, and proper diet are what he must have, and it is my duty as a patriotic American to see that he gets them. (*Snatches paper.*) Mr. Hobson, I believe?

HOBBS (*timidly*). Yes, sir—ma'am—I mean—that is—yes. (*Aside.*) She knows the old man, too.

DR. M. I am Dr. Measles. You are very nervous.

HOBBS. Yes, Doctor. I suppose you have been talking with Mrs.—

DR. M. With no one. I saw it as soon as I focused my professional eyes on you.

HOBBS (*timidly*). Do you think—

DR. M. (*imperiously*). I do not think, sir; I know that you must not read newspapers with their exciting, sensational articles. It is poison to one in your neurasthenic state. Let me feel your pulse. I knew it. Pulse feeble and fluctuating. Show me your tongue. (*He puts out tongue a little.*) Open your mouth wider. (*He does so.*) And put out your tongue as if you meant it to be out on dress-parade. (*He obeys.*) Um-m! Coated.

HOBBS. Coated!

DR. M. (*strongly*). Yellow-coated!

HOBBS. I'm surprised.

DR. M. You needn't be. It results from reading yellow journals.

HOBBS. Doctor, what kind of coat should my tongue have when it's out on dress-parade?

DR. M. (*severely*). I never allow my patients to treat the subject of health with levity. Remain perfectly quiet while I see about your food.

[*Exits, with more flag business.*]

HOBBS. The Doctor has it. It must be epidemic. Somebody has inoculated everybody else with rampant, flag-waving, hip-hip-hurrying patriotism. I wish Sapphira would come. If any more of these effervescent patriots hurrah at me I'm afraid I may get a nervous chill. I admire patriotism, especially American red, white and blue patriotism; but when it becomes a disease there is no telling where it may lead, particularly to a man whose pulse is feeble and fluctuating, and whose tongue has a yellow coat just like a Chinese prime minister.

Enter Miss von C., left, with small flag; they eye each other steadfastly as she crosses to door, right, and goes through flag

exercise, cheers with suppressed ardor, and exits.

HOBBS. Another of 'em; right good-looking, too. This is the most remarkable experience I've ever had.

Miss F. enters right, with a flag; crosses to left, watching Hobbs admiringly (as he watches her suspiciously, and follows at a safe distance), repeating, "Huzzah! Huzzah! Huzzah!" and exits.

HOBBS. I wonder if these people are crazy. That article said that insanity is greatly on the increase among the fashionable women of America. I wonder if I've struck some kind of a sanitarium. I wish Sapphira were here. I'll try if I can find her. (*Crosses to right, but halts on seeing Miss M. enter. She begins waving a flag round her head.*) Another; she's as crazy as a March hare. So young and handsome, too. Poor thing! I must humor her. (*He takes out a handkerchief, waves it every time she waves the flag.*) The people have gone crazy over the war. Probably they've lost their relatives—their brothers, or husbands, or lovers. (*She advances, waving flag, and he retreats, waving handkerchief.*)

MISS M. Huzzah! huzzah! huzzah!

HOBBS. Huzzah! huzzah! huzzah!

Miss M. makes a quick advance. Hobbs turns to run out left, but encounters Miss W., who enters, bearing a flag. Hobbs stops, and he and Miss W. gaze at each other a moment in silence.

HOBBS (*aside*). Two of 'em! This thing is becoming alarming.

MISS W. (*waving flag*). Huzzah! huzzah! huzzah!

HOBBS (*responding feebly*). Huzzah! huzzah! huzzah! (*He retreats as Miss W. advances.*)

MISS M. Huzzah! huzzah! huzzah!



Photo by Byron, N. Y.

A TOKEN OF LOVE.



Photo by Byron, N. Y.

THE DUET.

HOBBS (*turning to her*). Huzzah! huzzah! huzzah!

MISS W. Huzzah! huzzah! huzzah!

HOBBS (*taking out another handkerchief*). Huzzah! huzzah! huzzah!

MISS M. Huzzah! huzzah! huzzah!

Hobbs huzzahs alternately to the two ladies, until Miss W. advances to door right center and Miss M. to door left center, with Hobbs standing between them near the table. Both ladies wave and huzzah together, Hobbs waving both handkerchiefs at once. They jump towards him and finally disappear. Hobbs jumps back against the table which moves forward and he falls beneath it, then lies on his back waving and huzzahing wildly.

HOBBS (*under table*). Huzzah! huzzah! huzzah! Every body! huzzah for everything! I've got the disease myself! Huzzah! hip, hip, huzzah!

Enter Dr. Measles, carrying red, white and blue napkin, followed by Mrs. Q. with pitcher of ice-water, knife, fork and spoon, and Patience with a table-cloth. They are astonished to see Hobbs and express sympathy.

DR. M. My dear patient!

PATIENCE. Pu-ir mon!

MRS. Q. What ever can be the matter?

DR. M. (*lifting him to a chair*). Those papers have brought on an attack of vertigo. (*She fans him with the red, white and blue napkin, which starts him off again.*)

HOBBS (*waving*). Huzzah! huzzah! huzzah! All round, for everybody, for everything! (*Collapses, and rolls up eyes.*)

PATIENCE. He's kilt! he's kilt! arrah me, he's kilt!

DR. M. (*authoritatively*). Leave it all to me. The best thing in a case of this kind is an application of ice-cold water to the base of the cerebellum.

MRS. Q. Here it is, Doctor. (*Mrs. Q.*

pours water on the napkin as Dr. M. holds it, and applies it to the back of Hobbs' neck. He jumps to his feet and wriggles.)

HOBBS. Ouch! Take it off! My spine's on fire! Put it out and I'll huzzah for a week.

DR. M. (*taking the napkin from his neck*). I knew that would bring him around. There's nothing like ice-cold water in such cases.

HOBBS. Ice-cold water! I thought it was a red-hot poker you were running up and down my spine!

DR. M. Now, sit down and remain quiet while we get your luncheon ready. After you get that I'll allow you to take a nap, and you will awake greatly improved.

Mrs. Q. and Patience set the table and exit right. Dr. M. in the interval patting Hobbs' hands and rubbing his forehead. He presents a pitiful sight and speaks in a tone of anguish.

HOBBS (*aside*). How will I ever get out of this place? Where can Sapphira be? I must ask! (*Aloud.*) Doctor.

DR. M. Shish (*putting her finger to her lips and then placing her hand over Hobbs' mouth*)! You must not talk yet. Let me prepare you for your luncheon. (*She tucks the napkin under his chin like a bib as Mrs. Q. enters, followed by Miss von C., Miss M., Miss W. and Miss F. each carrying a dish. Patience brings up the rear with a huge tureen.*)

DR. M. Now, Mrs. Quigg, what have you first?

MRS. Q. (*taking tureen*). Some delicious snapper soup.

HOBBS (*brightening and smacking his lips*). If there's anything I dote on it is snapper soup.

DR. M. Take it away! It would poison a man of his nervous temperament.

HOBBS (*disappointed*). I'm not as nerv-

ous as I was, Doctor. I think that half a bowl —

THE OTHERS. Oh, yes; just half a bowl.

DR. M. (*peremptorily*.) Not a spoonful under any circumstances! Send it out, Mrs. Quigg!

MRS. Q. Patience, take it back. (*Patience takes it and exits.*)

DR. M. What has Miss von Chatterton?

MISS VON C. A lovely stewed lobster.

HOBBS (*cheering up*). Lobster! I like it any old way.

DR. M. My dear man, that would kill you with cramps in an hour. Take it away.

MISS VON C. (*going out, aside*.) It's my opinion that this isn't the only lobster in Atlantic City. [*Exit.*]

DR. M. Miss Montmorency, we'll try yours. What is it?

MISS M. Fried scrapple and Dutch apple-dumplings. It's just lovely.

HOBBS (*gleefully*). Scrapple and dumplings will make a new man of me.

DR. M. It would make a dead man of you. Do you wish to commit suicide? Fried scrapple will kill anything ten miles away from Philadelphia.

MRS. Q. The dumplings will neutralize the ill effects of the scrapple.

DR. M. Not apple dumplings, especially Dutch apple dumplings. Dried apple dumplings or pepper-pot dumplings might have been allowable, but not these. They would kill a door-knob. (*With a dramatic gesture.*) Remove the scrapple and the Dutch apple dumplings!

MISS M. (*going out with dish, aside*.) It's my opinion that doctor doesn't know a Dutch apple dumpling from a Welch rarebit.

[*Exit.*]

DR. M. Now, Miss Wigglesworth? (*She lays her dish on table and Dr. M. sniffs at it suspiciously.*) What in the world is it?

MISS W. Macaroni croquettes and cheese sauce. I'm sure that will soothe his nerves.

HOBBS (*bracing up*). Ah! Macaroni and cheese! I could eat it alive.

DR. M. Impossible. Macaroni alone would give you that terrible Italian disease—sciatica—before sundown, and cheese sauce at this season would simply be placing an undertaker's mortgage on your liver.

MRS. Q. Why, Doctor, the Ladies' Magazine specially recommends macaroni and cheese for August luncheons.

DR. M. Madam, if you feed the poor man by the Ladies' Magazine you will give him the barber's itch. Remove it!

MISS W. (*going out with dish, aside*.) I don't believe she is a doctor at all. She's a graduate of one of those six weeks' barber colleges.

DR. M. Next!

MISS W. (*triumphantly*). There! I knew she was a female barber. Next, indeed! She'll be feeding the poor fellow on lather and bay rum next! [*Exit.*]

DR. M. What have you, Miss Fitz-Wilson?

MISS F. (*hesitating*.) I'm afraid it won't answer. (*Puts dish on table.*) It's only plain water-cress and nothing more. (*Hobbs makes a wry face.*)

DR. M. (*enthusiastically*.) The finest thing in the world for nervous dyspepsia. A water-cress diet will starve it out of the system in a year.

HOBBS (*feebly*). Doctor, I don't like water-cress.

DR. M. You *must* like water-cress.

HOBBS (*firmly*). But I don't like water anything; not even water-crackers, or salt-water taffy. I can't even look at water colors without gagging.

MISS VON C. *hurries in with a dish.*

DR. M. Ah! What have we now?

MISS VON C. Carrot salad.

DR. M. Splendid! Splendid!

HOBBS. I can't go carrots. Carrots are worse to me than a red-headed girl is to a mad bull.

DR. M. (*who has red hair, severely.*) Red hair has its mission in this world, sir!

HOBBS. But not in the cooking department, Doctor.

MISS M. (*entering, hurriedly, placing dish on table.*) Fish balls!

MISS W. (*following her.*) Gravy for the fish balls.

PATIENCE. (*following with a large covered dish.*) Here's the sthuff!

DR. M. What is it, Patience? (*All come up as Patience removes cover.*)

PATIENCE. (*waving it triumphantly.*) Biled ingyins. (*All jump away but Dr. M. Hobbs nearly collapses.*)

DR. M. Ah! a dish for the Roman gods. This is, indeed, a savory feast.

HOBBS (*whining*). Doctor, I positively cannot eat onions.

DR. M. The very thing to make you strong, lusty, robust.

HOBBS. I don't want to be strong; I want to be quiet.

DR. M. Quiet! What so quieting to the nervous system as a diet of water-cress, carrots, fish-balls and onions? 'Twill make you as quiet as the night before Christmas.

PATIENCE. Fwhin all t'rough the house not a thing was sthirring, not aven a mouse.

HOBBS. Doctor, I don't want to be quiet that way. If I did, prussic acid or Paris green would be just as effective and more convenient than your prescription.

DR. M. Ungrateful man! to speak thus after all our trouble. Eat, man, eat, and be glad you have fallen under our care.

HOBBS (*aside*). If I don't get out of this lunatic asylum, Mrs. Hobbs will be a widow in twenty-four hours. Poor Sapphira! she

doesn't look well in black, either. (*Rising, aloud.*) If you will excuse me, ladies, I will not eat anything at present. I will take a stroll along the beach.

DR. M. That will never do. You must not stir until you have partaken of this hygienic feast that we have prepared expressly for you.

HOBBS. But I ain't hungry.

DR. M. You will get hungry as you eat. Sit down (*forcing him back and holding him*). Ladies, feed him! (*Each offers him a large spoonful or ladleful of something. Patience offers a huge onion on a fork. Hobbs protests. Dr. M. tries to pull his jaws apart, when a commotion is heard outside.*)

MRS. H. (*outside.*) You're sure he's in here?

KOOPAY (*outside*). That's where I left him, mum.

MRS. H. (*outside.*) Come in with us, Officer; I may need your services.

Enter Mrs. Hobbs, Koopay and Klubbs, left.

KOOPAY. There he is. Mebbe he ain't in it with both feet with all them good-lookin' girls round him.

MRS. H. I'll girl 'em (*pushing them away*). How dare you hang around my husband in this shameless manner?

ALL. Mr. Hobson her husband!

MRS. H. Yes, Mr. Hobbs' son is my husband.

HOBBS. Save me, Sapphira! save me! They are feeding me to death!

MRS. H. (*snatching the napkin from his neck.*) Why do you allow them to do it, you booby? Stand up! (*She pulls him up and shakes him.*) Can't you feed yourself? (*To the others.*) How dare you feed my husband?

DR. M. We were treating him for the benefit of his health.

MRS. H. Health! What do you know about health?

DR. M. (*frigidly*.) I am a doctor, madam!

MRS. H. Doctor! You look more like a kidnapper.

DR. M. I am a graduate of two colleges, —old school and new school.

MRS. H. I don't care whether you're an old fool or a young fool, you shan't fool with my husband.

DR. M. Your husband, madam, has grossly deceived us.

THE OTHERS (*approvingly*). Yes, yes, shamefully!

MRS. H. How?

DR. M. By coming here and posing as a single man.

MRS. H. (*shaking him*.) Is this true, you wretch?

HOBBS. They haven't given me a chance to pose yet.

MRS. H. What are you doing here, anyhow?

HOBBS. Why, my dear, are you not stopping here?

MRS. H. You know very well that I am staying at Mrs. Twigg's cottage.

HOBBS. They told me this was Mrs. Twigg's cottage.

MRS. H. (*To Mrs. Q.*) Did you, madam?

MRS. Q. (*haughtily*.) Certainly not. This is my cottage.

HOBBS. Aren't you Mrs. Twigg?

MRS. Q. (*loftily*.) No, sir, I am Mrs. Quigg. Mrs. Twigg has the little cottage in the street back of this.

MRS. H. (*severely*.) Mr. Hobbs, this is one of your little tricks.

ALL (*in surprise*.) Hobbs!

MRS. H. Hobbs, yes, Hobbs, and I am Mrs. Hobbs.

DR. M. Isn't he Richmond P. Hobson, the hero of Santiago?

HOBBS (*aside*). That's a sly one.

MRS. H. He is Richmond P. Hobbs, son of John Oliver Hobbs, of Hoboken, New Jersey, green grocer.

MRS. Q. What!

DR. M. Green! I might have known it.

MISS VON C. Gro-cer! Go, sir!

MISS M. Hoboken! Ye gods of Greece, weep for us!

MISS W. And I was wasting macaroni croquettes on it.

MISS F. I shall never enjoy the seashore again. (*They retire up the stage*.)

PATIENCE. Ain't ye the mon that kisses all the gur-r-ls?

MRS. H. Let me catch him at it if he dares!

PATIENCE (*disdainfully*). A Hoboken canned-pea merchant! Ond him wantin' snapper-soup for lunch, bad 'cess to 'im. Oi'll take these ingyuns away. The Hoboken sphalpeen shan't hov annything till ate here. Let 'em go till Twigg's where they fade thim on dried apples ond paynuts on the half-shell, so they do. [*Exit.*]

HOBBS (*after talking in pantomime with Mrs. H.*) Now, Sapphira, if you love me, get me out of this lunatic asylum.

MRS. H. Where are your things?

HOBBS (*pointing to right*). In there.

MRS. H. (*severely*.) You stand here. Don't budge till I come back.

HOBBS (*nodding toward Mrs. Q. and others*). Suppose these flag-waving lunatics make a rush for me?

MRS. H. (*pointing to Hobb's bald head*.) Who touches a hair of yon gray head dies like a dog! Come on, Mr. Officer, and Mr. Cabman, help me find my husband's clothes, which these feeble-minded females have secreted somewhere. (*She exits right followed by Klubbs and Koopay.*)

KOOPAY (*going, aside*). I'll want another dollar and no change for this trip.

MRS. Q. Ladies, we had better follow that woman and watch her. There is no telling who she is or her purpose.

DR. M. She may not be his wife at all. The vixen! to call me a kidnapper.

MISS VON C. As if any one would kidnap that (*pointing at Hobbs, who screens himself behind his opened umbrella*).

ALL (*sneering at Hobbs as they go out*). Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!

HOBBS (*watching them off*). If they imagine they can intimidate Mrs. Hobbs by going in a bunch like bananas they'll find they are mistaken. Sapphira is little, but, oh, my! she weighs a ton when she gets started. I wonder if there's anything on that table a starving man can eat. (*He examines contents of dishes.*) I'll try a carrot for luck. (*He gets one on a fork.*) If I survive this I'll try a fish-ball.

Enter Hobson, left, while Hobbs is eating.

HOBSON (*watching Hobbs*). David Paul Jones! what kind of a port have I sailed into? That lubber's helping himself out of the general mess. (*Shouts.*) Ship ahoy, messmates! (*Hobbs drops fork and carrot, jumps up and opens umbrella as a shield.*) Where's the captain?

HOBBS (*scared*). Wh—wh—what captain?

HOBSON. The captain of this craft.

HOBBS. Do you m—m—mean the boss of the ranch?

HOBSON. I suppose that's how a land-lubber would put it.

HOBBS (*pointing*). She's over there on dog watch.

HOBSON (*looking around*). I presume I'm in Mrs. Quigg's?

HOBBS. Twigg's?

HOBSON. Yes, Quigg's.

HOBBS. Twigg's or Quigg's?

HOBSON (*bawling*). Quigg's, you lubber, Quigg's.

HOBBS (*looking over umbrella*). How does it begin?

HOBSON. In the name of Davy Jones what difference does it make?

HOBBS. If your nerves are good and strong and your stomach can digest cork-soled shoes, none; but if not, you don't want to get mixed on your Twigg's or Quigg's.

HOBSON. Quigg's; yes, that's it, Quigg's. Is this Quigg's?

HOBBS. Will you be kind enough to spell it?

HOBSON (*aside*). I suppose I must humor this imbecile. (*Aloud.*) Q—u—i—

HOBBS. That's sufficient.

HOBSON. It ends with a double g.

HOBBS. They both end with double g's. If you want the one beginning with a Q, this is it.

HOBSON. Q! Confound it, you talk as if I were hunting for a Chinese laundry, I am cruising around for Mrs. Quigg's sea-side cottage.

HOBBS (*as Mrs. Q. enters*). Here she comes now! (*Aside.*) He'll think he's struck a laundry when they start to feed him on that water-cress.

HOBSON (*approaching and bowing*). Is this Mrs. Quigg?

MRS. Q. Quigg, sir, or Twigg, sir?

HOBSON (*aside*). I'd give a fig to know whether these people are twigging me with their Quigg, sir, or Twigg, sir. (*Aloud.*) Madam, I am looking for Mrs. Quigg's sea-side cottage. Is this it?

MRS. Q. There are two, sir—Mrs. Quigg's and Mrs. Twigg's.

HOBSON. I want only one. I can't board at two different houses at the same time, madam. I'm not twins.

MRS. Q. (*haughtily.*) I am Mrs. Quigg, sir. Who are you, pray?

HOBSON. I am Lieutenant Hobson.

HOBBS (*aside*). Gad! he's my double.

MRS. Q. (*screaming.*) Police! Police! Police! (*All come rushing on, including Klubbs and Koopay. Mrs. Hobbs rushes on carrying Hobbs's cabas.*)

KLUBBS. Wot's de row?

MRS. Q. (*pointing to Hobson.*) Arrest that man! He is in this conspiracy to rob my house!

HOBSON (*to Klubbs*). Stand back, sir! I am not a burglar! I am an officer of the United States Navy—Lieutenant Richmond P. Hobson.

MRS. Q. (*pointing to Hobbs.*) Pshaw! that's what *he* said.

HOBSON (*fiercely*). You're an impostor!

HOBBS (*using umbrella as a shield*). First I was a hero, then I was a wretch; now I am an impostor. In a few minutes more I suppose I'll be a lobster. Pray, go on. I'm enjoying this trip very much. I'm glad I didn't go to the mountains. If I had I suppose I would have been a genuine bald eagle by this time.

MISS VON C. (*looking at a picture.*) I do believe he is Lieutenant Hobson. He's just like his picture. (*She kisses it and shows it to the other girls.*)

HOBSON. Of course I'm Lieutenant Hobson. My trunks are at the depot. If you will send for them you will see my name on all of them.

MRS. Q. Koopay, go for the gentleman's trunks.

KOOPAY (*getting checks*). I'll have 'em here in a jiffy. (*Aside.*) This is a two dollar job and no change. [*Exit.*]

MISS W. There is one infallible test by which we may know whether or not this is the genuine Santiago hero.

ALL. What's that?

MISS W. If he is he'll kiss all of us girls.

ALL. Yes! yes! yes! yes!

HOBSON. Well, ladies, it's on rather short acquaintance; but if you can stand it I'll try and weather the gale.

PATIENCE (*going to Hobson's side*). Shure, we can sthand it.

HOBSON (*looking at her dubiously*). Um-m! courage, my boy, courage. You think *you* can?

PATIENCE (*puckering her mouth*). Oi know Oi can.

DR. M. (*going to Hobson.*) All of us girls can.

HOBSON (*looking at Dr. M. on one side and Patience on the other, dejectedly*). Was it for this I was spared at Santiago?

HOBBS. You must kiss 'em all; Hobson, old boy, no firing of blank shots, you know, in this engagement.

HOBSON. All! Is there no other choice in the matter?

HOBBS. Well, ah—there's one other choice.

HOBSON (*eagerly*). Name it! name it!

HOBBS. You must kiss 'em all or buy dinners for all.

HOBSON (*counting*). Eight kisses or ten dinners.

KLUBBS. Ahem!

HOBSON. Eleven dinners, thank you.

HOBBS. That's about the size of it at \$2.50 per.

HOBSON (*hesitating*). Um-m!

HOBBS. Well, what's Hobson's choice?

HOBSON (*looking first at Patience's puckered mouth and then at Dr. M.'s*). Bring on the dinners! (*Dinner gong sounds, and Koopay dumps in Hobson's trunks as curtain falls.*)

CURTAIN.

WHEN SCHOOL DAYS ARE ENDED.

CHARACTERS.

LOUISE EARNEST; KATE SPANGLE; MADGE
FLYAWAY; LIZZIE HELPFUL; SUSAN
EASY; MISS LESLIE, *a teacher*;
LITTLE GIRL.

SCENE, *a schoolroom*. PRESENT, LOUISE
and KATE.

LOUISE. I say, Kate! what are you
going to do when you leave school?

KATE. What am I going to do? Why,
what's put that into your head?

LOUISE. It seems to me the most natural
question in the world. Here we are in the
last half-quarter of a four years' course. A
few more weeks, and we shall be scattered,
—I was going to add, as my grandmother
would have done, "one to his farm, and an-
other to his merchandise." I wish I could
say it!

KATE. Ha, ha, ha! That sounds well!
You wish we were going to be farmers and
merchants?

LOUISE. No, I don't mean that, literally;
but I wish the spirit of it were true.

MADGE (*entering*). What's that you
wish were true?

KATE. Good, Madge! I'm glad you're
here. Come and sit down, and hear what
our future class-poet is singing about.

LOUISE. None of your nonsense, Kate!
I'm in dead earnest; I mean every word I
say; I can't say half I feel on the subject!

MADGE. What's up now? More fun?
I am in for that! Was just wishing I could
hear of some good news to drive dull care
away.

KATE. Anything but fun. We are go-
ing to have a sermon. We have already
had the text.

LOUISE. I'll tell you, Madge: I have
been turning it over in my mind lately, how
we girls are going to employ our time when

we get through school. You know I have
four brothers—

MADGE. Yes, I know that.

KATE. Of course! Madge always finds
out, somehow or other, how many brothers
any of us girls have. But go on with your
story, Louise. I'll try to hold my tongue
for five seconds.

LOUISE. How many seconds?

KATE *puts her finger on her lips, and holds
up five fingers, trying to look prim
and sober.*

LOUISE. As I was saying, I have four
brothers, who are all studying; and when
we are at home together at vacation, I hear
them discussing with the utmost eagerness
what each shall do in life. Now, I have been
with my brothers so much all my life, shar-
ing their sports, in-doors and out, that I
feel quite out in the cold when they get to
talking about their future. I must say I
wasn't much flattered the other day when I
heard Will say, "What a bother it is, try-
ing to find the right thing to do! Now,
girls don't have such a time. All they
have to think of when they leave school is,
what shall be the color of their next dress."

KATE. I hope you don't object to a girl's
giving attention to her dress. [*Looking
over her shoulder with satisfaction at her
own showy, well-fitting basque.*]

LOUISE. O no! of course not. But dress
is not everything.

KATE. Dress is a good deal, let me tell
you that! I'll wager I could make a better
impression on your brothers, or any other
young gentlemen, if I had on a stylish
dress.

MADGE. That's so.

LOUISE. I wouldn't give a fig for any
man who judged a girl by her dress alone!

MADGE. Nor I. One of the jolliest times

I ever had in my life—when we were at the beach, you know—was one day when I had gone with Hal and Herbert on a fishing-scraps; had on a short dress, jacket to match, big rubber boots, and a great sun-hat that looked like a Chinese umbrella. *You, Kate, wouldn't dare to go in such a rig.*

LOUISE. I don't see anything particularly jolly in that.

KATE. Ah! she don't tell the whole story. Some of Hal's college friends came along—where's my fan?—only half a dozen, I believe; three out of the six were—where's my smelling-bottle?—mortally wounded by Cupid's darts.

MADGE. How absurd you are, Kate!

KATE. It is the solemn truth! [*Looking very wise.*] One will never be seen on this mundane sphere again. The other two are still lingering along, but these (*MADGE gets up and tries to stuff her handkerchief in KATE's mouth*) will soon be (*struggling with MADGE*) no more. Their epitaph will be—"Died of—a big pair of rubber boots!" [*The girls all laugh.*]

LOUISE. O Kate, you always remind me of a champagne bottle—full of sparkle and effervescence. But, seriously, there is something quite captivating in seeing a girl brave the elements in pursuit of health and fun. Suppose Madge had worn a long trail down over the rocks and into the fishing-wherry; don't you believe those same fellows would have laughed at her? My brothers would.

MADGE. I don't care that (*snapping her fingers*) whether a man laughs at me or not! When I'm in for a good time, don't bring me any of your trails and flounces! I hate long dresses, unless I am off for a horseback ride; and even then I wish I could cut off about so much (*measuring half a yard with her hands*).

SUSAN enters.

LOUISE. We are wandering from our subject somewhat. Here comes Susan Easy; let's ask her opinion. Susan, what are you going to do when you leave school?

SUSAN. Do? I'm sure I don't know—never asked myself. I suppose I shall do as other girls do: stay at home, when I am not away visiting; read, and write to my friends; practice a little; go to the opera. Won't it be jolly to have no more compositions to write?

KATE. I don't dread compositions very much.

SUSAN. You don't. They are the bug-bear of my life.

MADGE. Louise, you have made me a little curious. I want to know what you are going to do.

LOUISE. That is just what I don't know. Wish from the bottom of my heart, I did.

KATE. How absurd you are, Louise. You know I am crazy to have you go to Washington with me and spend the winter.

LOUISE. Yes, you would be very proud of me and my gay outfit of three or four dresses, wouldn't you, Kate?—you with your splendid wardrobe, fresh from Paris. Say, Kate, be honest, and tell me if you should look forward now with quite so much zest to a winter in Washington, if you were to have no elegant dresses to display? Let me see; how many dozen have you ordered from Paris?

KATE (*a little touched*). I won't tell you, because you have hurt me. Just as if I should stop to ask how many yards of silk or cashmere you had in your trunk, if I could only have your own dear self?

LOUISE. Good! good! I am glad I have brought you to the point at last. You have acknowledged now that dress is not everything.

MADGE. Yes, she has owned up handsomely.

SUSAN (*to LOUISE*). You are one of the queerest girls I ever knew. Guess I shouldn't have to be asked twice to spend the winter in Washington!

LOUISE. I should enjoy going there,—hope I shall some time; but I have a question or two to settle first. I can't enjoy myself anywhere till I know what I ought to do, when we leave these dear rooms. Kate, you don't suspect it, but I am quite as much exercised about you as about myself. Now, you have splendid talents. [*KATE bows mockingly.*] Your father has spent a small fortune on your education. It is a wicked shame for you to be so indifferent as to what you ought to do with your acquirements. You'll never rest content to simply dress and flirt; you know you won't.

SUSAN. Perhaps she'll get married.

LOUISE. That's all true. I hope she will some time. But in the meanwhile what is she to do, to think of? I don't know why girls should sit down and wait for marriage any more than their brothers. Any sensible man would think better of a girl if she exercised her faculties in some way helpful to society, than if she let them die out for want of use.

MADGE. So I say. Here comes Lizzie Helpful. She never talks much with us girls. I don't like to ask her about herself.

LIZZIE *enters*.

LOUISE. I had just as lief. I will be thankful to any one to show me the truth. Lizzie, we are talking about what we shall do when we leave school. What are you going to do? Are you anxious to have school close?

LIZZIE. Were I to consult my inclinations, I might stay here and study always; but I have others beside myself to think of.

Perhaps you do not know that I have lost my father. My mother's income is small. I have several brothers and sisters younger than myself. Of course I must support myself and help support them. I am in hopes to help one of my brothers through college.

SUSAN. O dear! what a life of drudgery. Don't you *hate* to teach?

LIZZIE. Not at all. At least I do not since I hope to accomplish so much by it. I should be very glad if I could be sure of a paying school as soon as I leave here. My little sisters might come to me to be taught, and this would relieve mother of a great deal of anxiety on their account. They are bright, wide-awake girls, and mother could never afford to spend as much for their education as she has for mine.

LOUISE (*extending her hand to LIZZIE*). You are a lucky girl. I envy you. I wish every one of us could be as worthy of a diploma as you are.

MISS LESLIE (*enters, smiling*). Girls, I hope you will forgive me; but being in the next room, and the door being open, I could not avoid hearing your conversation; and I assure you the most of it has given me pleasure. You were speaking of Lizzie Helpful just now, and I wanted to call your attention to one fact that you may not have noticed. As Lizzie has had an object in studying, an aim in life, she has never been so perplexed by the difficulties in her four years' course as some of you have. Compositions, for instance, were at first quite distasteful to her, as was algebra; but she said to herself, I must become acquainted with these studies, or I cannot teach them to others. Hence she readily overcame her dislike to them.

I hope you will never forget your talk of to-day, girls. Think it over, and get some good out of it. I could have no greater happiness than to be sure my pupils

will all make the highest use of what they have learned here. I hope to hear some day that Kate is an authoress,—writing books that will do good in the world.

KATE (*eagerly*). Do you think I ever could?

MISS L. Madge will, I trust, teach gymnastics, and give lessons in hygiene. Susan will, I am sure, be a good little housekeeper for her mother, and keep her father's accounts. You are very quick at figures (*to SUSAN*).

LOUISE (*rising*). And I?

MISS L. (*putting her hand on LOUISE's head and thinking a moment*). For you, dear child, I cannot seem to mark out a course. But you are thoroughly in earnest as to what is your duty. Heaven gives to those who seek. There will be a way of usefulness opened to you, I have no doubt. *A little girl enters, bringing a note to MISS L., who takes it and reads it to herself.*

MISS L. (*smiling*). This is a note that will interest you, girls. [*Reads.*]

"DEAR MISS LESLIE: We are making preparations to leave for Europe, with our little daughters. I am exceedingly anxious

to find a young lady to accompany us who shall be at once companionable to my wife, and competent to educate my little girls. She must be earnest and practical, desirous not only to *be* good, but to *do* good. If you know of any such young lady among your pupils who would like the situation, please answer by return mail, and oblige,

"Yours truly,

"HENRY B. CLAFLIN."

KATE. Mr. Claflin! I know him well. He has one of the most delightful families I ever met. I shouldn't object to traveling to Europe with them myself.

MADGE. I don't know who would.

SUSAN. I am dying to go to Europe.

MISS L. Louise, you have not had to wait very long for a chance to make yourself useful. I feel that this opportunity belongs to you, if you will take it.

LOUISE. I should like to go, above all things. I will write to my parents at once. [*Bell rings.*]

KATE. There is the bell for recitation.

MADGE. Yes, we must hurry, or we shall all be late. [*Exeunt.*]



FOX AND GEESE.

CHARACTERS.

MOTHER GOOSE,
TWO YOUNG GEESSE,
FOX.

BACKGROUND—*Brown muslin curtain.*

COSTUME—*Full white muslin cloaks with hoods. Yellow stockings.*

MOTHER GOOSE *in the chair. Could be dressed as in the engraving.*

MOTHER GOOSE.

COME, children dear, and listen to me,
I'm feeble and old, as you can see,
And soon away from this world of woe,

Your poor, old mother must go, go, go!
[*Shakes her head.*]

Now, when I am gone, you must not fret,
Nor my good advice must you e'er forget.
Young geese are silly, and the fox is sly,
[*Enter Fox unseen.*]

Remember that when you pass him by.
[*Shakes her fingers.*]

And, children dear, whatever you do,
Never listen to him when he speaks to you!
And stay you at home when the hour is
late,

Or sad, sad indeed will be your fate.

Young geese are silly, and the fox is sly,
Remember that when I die, die, die!

[*Young geese kneel beside her.*]

FIRST YOUNG GOOSE.

Oh, mother dear, we will e'er be true,
When the fox is near we will think of you.

SECOND YOUNG GOOSE.

And though we may believe he is nice,
We'll be sure to remember your good advice;

And chance we to meet him, whenever the day,

We'll turn our faces the other way.

BOTH YOUNG GEESE (*in chorus*).

And when night comes we will never roam,
But think of the sly fox, and stay at home.

[*Rise hand in hand and repeat.*]

MOTHER GOOSE.

Young geese are silly, and the fox is sly,
Remember that when I die, die, die! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

FIRST YOUNG GOOSE.

Come, take a walk, come, sister dear,
See! overhead the moon shines clear;
And, if our way the fox should pass,
We'll hide us down in some thick grass;
And, when he's gone, we'll hasten home—
Don't be a coward, sister, come!

• SECOND YOUNG GOOSE.

Oh, sister dear, I should love to go;
But he, the old fox, is sly, you know.

FIRST YOUNG GOOSE.

What if he is! we are not afraid;
We'll show him that we geese are made
Of something more than feathers. Come!
We'll go not very far from home.
*They walk back and forth, hand in hand—
meet Fox face to face. Fox in brown
fur cloak and hood.*

Fox.

Good evening, oh, good evening! How d'ye
do?

Two charming little maids like you
Should never walk alone.

I see, my dears, you're really quite afraid
of me.

I'm not a handsome fellow, that I own,
And if you bid me, I'll go my way alone.
But come, my dears, I know you will—
Come walk with me to yonder moonlit hill;
I'll show you where the vine's rich clusters
grow;

And you shall feast upon them—will you
go?

[*Aside.*]

I ask these silly geese on grapes to sup,
But when I get them safe, I'll eat *them* up!
[*Geese walk off, hand in hand, with Fox.*]

SCENE III.

*A pen made with chairs, Young Geese
kneeling within.*

YOUNG GEESE (*in chorus*).

Oh, please let us out, kind sir, please do.
And whatever you ask we will do for you.
[*Repeat.*]

Fox (*with contempt*).

What! let you out, now that I've got you
in;

Why, my little dears, that would be a sin?
If you had been to your mother true,
You'd have shunned the trap I laid for you.
But now you are here, please don't blame
me,

It's all your own fault, as you can see.
Young geese are silly, and the fox is sly.
Did you think of that when I passed you
by?

And you listened to me when I spoke to
you,

Is that what your mother advised you to
do?

Oh, no! my dears, you may cackle and
squeal,

But you're here to make me a luscious
meal.

Good sense is but folly when it comes too
late!

And a goose must expect but a goose's
fate!

So, to-night you may sup on regret and
tears,

To-morrow (*smacks his lips*)—good night,
pleasant dreams, my pretty
dears!

[*Aside.*]

I might have said more, but what's the use,
Of talking good sense to a silly young
goose;

Young geese *will be* silly, and the fox is sly,
Remember that, kind friends, good-bye!
good-bye!



ALARM

Dramatic Readings and Recitations

This department includes selections that afford the reader opportunities for the full and varied display of dramatic and oratorical powers.



BEN HUR'S CHARIOT RACE.

THE trumpet sounded short and sharp. The starters, one for each chariot, leaped down, ready to give assistance if any of the fours proved unmanageable. Again the trumpet blew, and simultaneously the gate-keepers threw the stalls open. Forth from each stall, like missiles in a volley from so many great guns, rushed the six contesting fours—the Corinthian's, Messala's, the Athenian's, the Byzantine's, the Sidonian's, and Ben-Hur's—and the vast assemblage rose and, leaping upon the benches, filled the circus with yells and screams.

The competitors were under view from nearly every part of the circus, yet the race was not begun; they had first to make successfully the chalked line, stretched for the purpose of equalizing the start. If it were dashed upon, discomfiture of man and horses might occur; on the other hand, to approach it timidly was to incur the hazard of being thrown behind in the beginning of the race—a certain loss of the great advantage of being next the wall on the inner line of the course.

Each driver looked first for the rope, then for the coveted inner line. With all six aiming at the same point and speeding furiously, a collision seemed inevitable. Quick the eye, steady the hand, unerring the judgment required. The fours neared the rope together. Ben-Hur was on the

extreme left of the six. At Messala, who was more than an antagonist to him, he gave one searching look, and saw the soul of the man, cunning, cruel, desperate, in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve.

In that brief instant all his former relations with Messala came before him. First, happy childhood, when, loving and beloved, they played together. Then, manhood that brought a change in Messala, and the Roman's inborn contempt of Jews asserted itself and broke the friendship. Then the bitter day, when, by the accidental falling of a loose tile, the Roman procurator was nearly killed, and he, Ben-Hur, was accused of willfully throwing the missile. One word from Messala would have saved the family from ruin, but the word was not spoken. Nay, more, it was Messala that urged on the Roman authorities and prevented even a fair trial of the case. It was Messala's influence that had banished him to the galleys for life, that had consigned his mother and sister to an uncertain fate, whose very uncertainty was more torture than their certain death would have been. It was Messala that had stolen his property and with it had bought the silence of the authorities on the cruel deeds; and was it not money that belonged to the House of Hur that Messala was betting with in this very race? Was it human nature to resist an opportunity for vengeance like this?

No. At whatever cost he would humble his enemy.

He saw that Messala's rush would, if there was no collision, and the rope fell, give him the wall. Therefore, he yielded it for the time. Just then the trumpeter blew a signal. The judges dropped the rope. And not an instant too soon, for the hoof of one of Messala's horses struck it as it fell. The Roman shook out his long lash, loosed the reins, leaned forward, and with a triumphant shout took the wall.

"Jove with us! Jove with us!" yelled the Roman faction, in a frenzy of delight.

"Jove with us!" screamed a young nobleman.

"He wins! Jove with us!" answered his associates.

Messala having passed, the Corinthian was the only contestant on the Athenian's right, and to his side he tried to turn his four; but the wheel of the Byzantine, who was next on the left, struck the tail-piece of his chariot, knocking his feet from under him. There was a crash, a scream of rage and fear, and the unfortunate Athenian fell under the hoofs of his own steeds. Sanballat, a friend of Ben-Hur, turned to a group of Roman noblemen.

"A hundred sesterii on the Jew!" he cried.

"Taken!" answered one of the group.

"Another hundred on the Jew!" shouted Sanballat. Nobody appeared to hear him. The situation below was too absorbing, and they were too busy shouting, "Messala! Messala! Jove with us!"

While the spectators were shivering at the Athenian's mishap, and the Sidonian, Byzantine, and Corinthian were striving to avoid involvement in the ruin, Ben-Hur drew head to the right, and, with all the speed of his Arabs, darted across the trails of his opponents, and took the course neck

and neck with Messala, though on the outside. And now, racing together, side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second goal. Making the turn here was considered the most telling test of a charioteer. A hush fell over the circus. Then, it would seem, Messala observed Ben-Hur and recognized him, and at once the audacity of the man flamed out.

"Down, Eros! up, Mars!" he shouted, whirling his lash. "Down, Eros! up, Mars!" he repeated, and gave the Arab steeds of Ben-Hur a cut, the like of which they had never known.

The blow was seen in every quarter. The silence deepened and the boldest held his breath. The affrighted four sprang forward as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. The car trembled with a dizzy lurch, but Ben-Hur kept his place and gave the horses free rein, and called to them in a soothing voice, trying to guide them round the dangerous turn, and before the fever of the people began to abate he had back the mastery. Not that only; on approaching the first goal he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman. Even Messala, with all his boldness, felt it unsafe to trifle further.

On whirled the cars. Three rounds were concluded; still Messala held the inside position; still Ben-Hur moved with him side by side; still the other competitors followed as before. The contest began to have the appearance of a double race, Messala and Ben-Hur in the first, the Corinthian, Sidonian, and Byzantine in the second. In the fifth round the Sidonian succeeded in getting a place outside Ben-Hur, but lost it directly. The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative position. Gradually the speed had been quickened; men and beasts seemed to know

alike that the final crisis was near. The interest, which from the beginning had centred chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense general sympathy for the latter, was fast changing to anxiety on his account. On all the benches the spectators bent forward, motionless.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" cried Sanballat to the Romans.

There was no reply.

"A talent, or five talents, or ten; choose ye!"

"I will take thy sestertii," answered a Roman youth.

"Do not so," interposed a friend.

"Why?"

"Messala has reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chariot-rim, the reins loose as flying ribbons, then look at the Jew!"

"By Hercules!" replied the youth, "I see, I see! If the gods help him not, he will be run away with by the Israelite. No; not yet! Look! Jove with us! Jove with us!"

If it were true that Messala had gained his utmost speed, he was slowly but certainly beginning to forge ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down; from the balcony their bodies appeared actually to skim the earth; their nostrils showed blood-red in expansion; their eyes seemed straining in their sockets. The good steeds were doing their best! How long could they keep the pace? It was but the commencement of the sixth round. On they dashed! As they neared the second goal, Ben-Hur turned in behind the Roman's car. The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound. They screamed, and howled, and tossed their colors, and Sanballat filled his tables with their wagers. Ben-Hur was hardly holding a place at the tail of his enemy's car.

Along the home-stretch—sixth round—Messala leading, next him, pressing close, Ben-Hur. Thus to the first goal, and around it, Messala, fearful of losing his place, hugged the stony wall with perilous clasp; a foot to the left and he had been dashed to pieces; yet when the turn was finished, no man, looking at the wheel-tracks of the two cars, could have said, "Here went Messala, there the Jew." They left but one trace behind them.

And now all the people drew a long breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand. First, the Sidonian gave the scourge to his four, and they dashed desperately forward, promising for an instant to go to the front. The effort ended in promise. Next, the Byzantine and the Corinthian each made the trial with like result, after which they were practically out of the race. Thereupon, all the factions except the Romans joined hope in Ben-Hur, and openly indulged their feeling.

"Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!" they shouted. "Speed thee, Jew!"

"Take the wall now!"

"On! loose the Arabs! Give them rein and scourge!"

"Let him not have the turn on thee again. Now or never!"

Either he did not hear, or could not do better, for half-way round the course and he was still following; at the second goal, even still no change.

And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds. His spirit was high; the Roman genius was still present. On the pillars, only six hundred feet away, were fame, fortune, promotion, and a triumph ineffably sweetened by hate, all in store for him! That moment Ben-Hur leaned forward over his Arabs and gave them the reins. Out flew the manyfolded lash in his hand; over the backs of

the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again, and, though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report. Instantly, not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car. Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard but dared not look to see what the awakening portended. The thousands on the benches understood it all. They saw the four close outside Messala's outer wheel, Ben-Hur's inner wheel behind the other's cart. Then, with a cunning touch of the reins, Ben-Hur caught Messala's fragile wheel with the iron-shod point of his axle and crushed it. There was a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the circus, and out over the course a spray of shining white and yellow flinders flew. Down on its right side toppled the bed of the Roman's chariot. There was a rebound, as of the axle hitting the hard earth! another and another;

then the car went to pieces, and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong, and lay still, crushed, and bleeding, and crippled for life. Above the noises of the race arose one voice, that of Ben-Hur:

"On, Altair! On, Rigel! What, Antares! dost thou linger now? Good horse-oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing, and the women singing of the stars, of Altair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory—and the song will never end. Well done! On, Antares! The tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting! 'tis done! 'tis done! Ha! ha! We have overthrown the proud! The hand that smote us is in the dust! Ours the glory! Ha! ha!—steady! The work is done—soho! Rest!"

And Ben-Hur turned the goal of victory and revenge, and the race was won!—*Gen. Lew Wallace.*



FIRE IN THE WOODS; OR THE OLD SETTLER'S STORY.

(From "Songs of the Great Dominion.")

WHEN first I settled in the woods,
 There were no neighbors nigh,
 And scarce a living thing, save wolves,
 And Molly, dear, and I.
 We had our troubles, ne'er a doubt,
 In those wild woods alone;
 But then sir, I was bound to have
 A homestead of my own.

This was my field of battle, and
 The forest was my foe,
 And here I fought with ne'er a thought,
 Save "lay the giants low."
 I toiled in hope—got in a crop,
 And Molly watched the cattle;
 To keep those "breachy" steers away,
 She had a weary battle.

The devil's dears were those two steers,—
 Ah, they were born fence-breakers!
 And sneaked all day, and watched their
 prey,

Like any salt-sea wreckers.
 And gradually, as day by day,
 My crop grew golden yellow,
 My heart and hope grew with that crop,—
 I was a happy fellow.

That crop would set me on my feet,
 And I'd have done with care;
 I built away, the livelong day,
 Such "castles in the air!"
 I'd beaten poverty at last,
 And, like a little boy
 When he has got his first new coat,
 I fairly leapt for joy.



Photo by Byron, N. Y.

"I AM INNOCENT; BEFORE HEAVEN I DECLARE IT!"



Photo by Byron, N. Y.

A DARK PLOT.

I blush to think upon it yet
 That I was such a fool;
 But young folks must learn wisdom, sir,
 In old misfortune's school.
 One fatal night, I thought the wind
 Gave some unwonted sighs,
 Down through the swamp I heard a tramp
 Which took me by surprise.

Is this an earthquake drawing near?
 The forest moans and shivers;
 And then I thought that I could hear
 The rushing of great rivers;
 And while I looked and listened there,
 A herd of deer swept by,
 As from a close pursuing foe
 They madly seemed to fly.

But still those sounds, in long, deep bounds,
 Like warning heralds came,
 And then I saw, with fear and awe,
 The heavens were all aflame.
 I knew the woods must be on fire,
 I trembled for my crop;
 As I stood there, in mute despair,
 It seem'd the death of hope.

On, on it came, a sea of flame,
 In long deep rolls of thunder,
 And drawing near, it seem'd to tear
 The heavens and earth asunder!
 How those waves snored, and raged, and
 roared,
 And reared in wild commotion!
 On, on they came, like steeds of flame
 Upon a burning ocean.

How they did snort, in fiendish sport,
 As at the great elms dashing;
 And how they tore 'mong hemlocks hoar,
 And through the pines went crashing;
 While serpents wound the trunks around,
 Their eyes like demons gleaming,
 And wrapped like thongs around the
 prongs,
 And to the crests went screaming!

Ah! how they swept, and madly leapt
 From shrinking spire to spire,
 'Mid hissing hail, and in their trail
 A waving lake of fire!
 Anon some whirlwind, all aflame,
 Growled in the ocean under;
 Then up would reel a fiery wheel
 And belch forth smoke and thunder!

And it was all that we could do
 To save ourselves by flight,
 As from its track we madly flew,—
 Oh! 'twas an awful night!
 When all was past, I stood aghast,
 My crop and shanty gone,
 And blackened trunks 'mid smouldering
 chunks
 Like specters looking on!

A host of skeletons they seemed,
 Amid the twilight dim,
 All standing there in their despair,
 With faces gaunt and grim;
 And I stood like a specter too,
 A ruined man was I,
 And nothing left,—what could I do
 But sit me down and cry?

A heavy heart indeed was mine,
 For I was ruined wholly,
 And I gave way that awful day
 To moping melancholy;
 I lost my all, in field and stall,
 And nevermore would thrive,
 All save those steers,—the devil's dears
 Had saved themselves alive.

Nor would I have a farm to-day
 Had it not been for Molly,
 She cheered me up, and charmed away
 My moping melancholy;
 She schemed and planned to keep the land,
 And cultivate it too;
 And how I moiled, and strained, and toiled,
 And fought the battle through!

Yes, Molly played her part full well;
 She's plucky, every inch, sir!
 It seemed to me the "deil himsel' "
 Could not make Molly flinch, sir;

We wrought and fought, until our star
 Got into the ascendant;
 At troubles past we smile at last,
 And now we're independent!
 —*Alexander M'Lachlan.*



MACBETH TO THE DAGGER.

IS this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come,
 let me clutch thee—
 I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of my mind? a false creation
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which I draw.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was
 going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other
 senses,
 Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still;
 And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of
 blood,
 Which was not so before. There's no such
 thing!—
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.

Now o'er the one-half world,
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams
 abuse
 The curtained sleep: now witchcraft cele-
 brates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered
 murder,
 Alarmed by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch—thus with his
 stealthy pace,
 Toward his design moves like a ghost.

Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk,
 for fear
 The very stones prate of my whereabouts;
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. While I threat,
 he lives—
 I go and it is done; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.
 —*Shakespeare.*



SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

ALL the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely
 players:
 They have their exits and their entrances,
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being, seven ages. At first, the
 infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

Then the whining school-boy, with his
 satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like a
 snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
 Sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a
 soldier,

Full of strange oaths and bearded like a
bard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in a
quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.

And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances:
And so he plays his part. The sixth age
shifts

Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too
wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly
voice,
Turning again towards childish treble,
pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last seen of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans
everything. —*Shakespeare.*



HOW RUBY PLAYED.

Jud Brownin, when visiting New York, goes to hear Rubinstein, and gives the following description of his playing.

WELL, sir, he had the blamedest, biggest, catty-cornedest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard-table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been, he'd a tore the entire inside clean out and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven.

Played well? You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first sit down, he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wisht he hadn't come. He tweedle-leadled a little on the treble, and twoodle-oodled some on the bass—just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in the way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, says I, "What sort of fool playin' is that?" And he says, "Heish!" But presently his hands commenced chasin' one another up and down the keys like a parcel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage.

"Now," I says to my neighbor, "he's showin' off. He thinks he's a doin' of it,

but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he'd play me a tune of some kind or other, I'd—

But my neighbor says, "Heish," very impatiently.

I was just about to get up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird wakin' up away off in the woods, and call sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and see that Ruby was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I sit down again. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east, the breezes blowed gentle and fresh; some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a little more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sung like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king.

Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

And I says to my neighbor, "That's music, that is."

But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

Presently the wind turned; it began to thicken up, and a kind of gray mist came over things; I got low-spirited directly. Then a silver rain begun to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl earrings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams, runnin' between golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see the music, specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold.

The most curious thing was the little white angel boy, like you see in pictures, that run ahead of the music brook and led it on, and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was, certain. I could see that boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the graveyards where some few ghosts lifted their hands and went over the wall, and between the black, sharp-top trees, splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lit-up windows, and men that loved 'em, but could never get a-nigh 'em, who played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could have cried, because I wanted to love somebody,

I don't know who, better than the men with the guitars did.

Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing, and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep me from cryin'. My eyes is weak, anyway. I didn't want anybody to be a-gazin' at me a-snivelin', and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me, mad as blazes. Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped out and he rared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and afraid of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball all a-goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he gave 'em no rest day or night; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin'; and, not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumped, sprang onto my seat, and jest hollered:

"Go it, Rube!"

Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me and shouted, "Put him out! Put him out!"

"Put your great-grandmother's grizzly-gray-greenish cat into the middle of next month!" I says. "Tech me, if you dare! I paid my money, and you just come a-nigh me!"

With that some several policemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I could 'a' fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

He had changed his tune again. He hop-light ladies and tip-toed fine from end to end of the key-board. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church-bells over the hills. The candles of heaven was lit, one by one I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. * * * Then the music changed to water; full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop—drip, drop—drip, drop, clear and sweet, like tears of joy falling into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweetheart sweetened with white sugar mixt with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Rubin he kinder bowed like he wanted to say, "Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrup' me."

He stopt a moment or two to ketch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeves, he opened his coat-tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks, until she fairly yelled. He knockt her down, and he stampt on her shameful. She bellowed, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and *then* he wouldn't let her up. He ran a quarter-stretch down the low grounds of the base, till he got clean in the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hol-

lows and caves of perdition, and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got way out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And *then* he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard two'd, he crost over first gentleman, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun' ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double-twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty eleven thousand doublebow knots.

By jinks! it was a mixtery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fecht up his right wing, he fecht up his left wing, he fecht up his centre, he fecht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon—siege guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder—big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortar, mines, and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rokt—heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, tenpenny nails, Sampson in a 'simmon tree, Tump Tompson in a tumbler-cart, roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle—ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddle — raddle-addle-addle-addle — riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle — reedle-eedle-eedle-eedle — p-r-r-r-r-r-lang! Bang!!!! lang! per-lang! p-r-r-r-r-r! Bang!!!

With that bang! he lifted himself bodily into the air, and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single,

solitary key on the pianner at the same time. The thing busted, and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi-quivers, and I know'd no mo'.

When I come to, I were under ground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, a-treatin' a Yankee that I

never laid eyes on before, and never expect to again. Day was br'akin' by the time I got to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and I pledge you my word I did not know my name. The man asked me the number of my room, and I told him, "Hot music on the half-shell for two!"



OTHELLO'S APOLOGY.

MOST potent, grave and reverend seigniors:

My very noble, and approved good master;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,

It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more.

Rude am I in speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace:

For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,

Till now some nine months wasted, they have used

Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;

And therefore, little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking of myself.

Yet, by your patience,
I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love; what drugs,
what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic—

For such proceedings I am charged withal—

I won his daughter with.

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year: the battles, sieges, fortunes,

That I had past.

I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances;

Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hairbreadth 'scapes, in the imminent deadly breach;

Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,

And with it all my travel's history.

All these to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence,

Which e'er as she could with haste despatch,

She'd come again, and with a greedy ear,
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,

Took once a pliant hour, and found good means

To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;
Whereof my parcels, she had something heard,

But not distinctively.

I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful
stroke,
That by my youth suffered. My story being
done,
She gave me for my pains, a world of sighs.
She swore in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas
passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful;
She wished she had not heard it; yet she
wished
That heaven had made her such a man.

She thanked me,
And bade me, if I had a friend who loved
her,
I should but teach him how to tell my
story,
And that would woo her. On this hint I
spake;
She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
And I loved her, that she did pity them.
This is the only witchcraft which I've used.
—*Shakespeare.*



CASSIUS AGAINST CAESAR.

HONOR is the subject of my story,
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as myself.
I was born as free as Cæsar; so were you;
We have both fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

For, once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber, chafing with its shores,
Cæsar says to me—"Darest thou, Cassius,
now

Leap in with me, into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—upon the
word,

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow; so, indeed he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it;
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it, with hearts of contro-
versy.

But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried—"Help me, Cassius, or I
sink."

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy, upon his
shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so, from the
waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar; and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his
body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod to him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did
shake;

His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye whose bend doth awe
the world,

Did lose its luster; I did hear him groan,
Aye, and that tongue of his, that bade the
Romans

Mark him, and write his speeches in their
books,

"Alas!" it cried, "give me some drink,
Titinius."

Ye gods! it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.
Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world,

Like a Colossus, and we petty men,
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.

Men, at some time, are masters of their
fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar! What should be in that
Cæsar?

Why should that name be sounded more
than yours?

Write them together: yours is as fair a
name;

Sound them: it doth become the mouth as
well;

Weigh them: it is as heavy; conjure with
'em:

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as
Cæsar.

Now, in the name of all the gods at once,

Upon what meats doth this our Cæsar
feed,

That he hath grown so great? Age, thou
art ashamed;

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble
bloods.

When went there by an age, since the great
flood,

But it was famed with more than with one
man?

When could they say, till now, that talked
of Rome,

That her wide walls encompassed but one
man?

Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have
brooked

The infernal devil, to keep his state in
Rome,

As easily as a king.

—*Shakespeare.*



PETERS' REPORT OF WEBSTER'S SPEECH.

OLD Seth Peters once heard Daniel Webster deliver an oration at an agricultural fair way back in the forties. This oration made such an impression upon Seth that he has talked about it ever since. And every time he talks about it, he see new beauties in that speech. The oration that the God-like Daniel delivered grows more and more wonderful to him; and so every time he describes it, he tells a new story more extravagant and grotesque than the last. I once heard him describe this speech, in a country store. This is the way he did it:

"Want to hear 'bout Dan'l Webster's gret lectur' I heerd at the county fair, do ye? Don't blame ye. There ain't no man alive to-day who can throw language an' sling words like Dan'l could. There ain't

no man now, I say, nor never wuz, nor never will be till eternity dies of ol' age.

"Wall, the only time I ever heerd Dan'l wuz at our county fair w'en I wuz a youngster. Lemme see, thet wuz goin' on fifty year ago nex' tater diggin'; but I got elerkunce 'nough thet day to las' me all the rest er my life. I hain't never heerd a speech since then. Dan'l sp'ilt me for any other kiner speech, lectur', sermon, pr'ar-meetin' an' everythin' else. Every speech I have ever heerd sense, falls ez flat on my ear ez a hunk er putty on a pine slab. They all soun' jes' ez if you hit a feather bed with a snow shovel. There ain't no ring, no roar, no rumble, no rush, no ring-tailed thunder to 'em, the way ther wuz to Dan'l's stuff. Dan'l, I tell you, wuz a six-foot-an'-half seraph with pants on; an' w'en he opened

his mouth the music er the spheres stopped playin', fer nobody wanted to listen to sich fool, fol-de-rol music, w'en Dan'l opened up his flood-gates an' jest drowned the worl' with elerkunce.

"I remember jes' ez if it wuz yes'day, w'en Dan'l riz up there on the ol' plank platform, bordered with punkins, at the ol' county fair. He riz an' riz, an' every time he riz, he let out another j'int, jes as you do in the new-fangled fishin' poles. Sez I to myself, 'He'll never git thro' risin';' but bimeby, after he had shot up inter the heavens a long ways, he suddenly stopped and stood there like Bunker Hill Monimunt in a garding er cabbages.

"Dan'l warn't in no hurry 'bout beginnin'. He jest stood still, it seems to me, 'bout half a nour, an' looked aroun' with them awful eyes of his'n. They seemed like two mighty souls lookin' out of the winder at a worl' thet wuz afraid of 'em. I jes' hung down my head an' wouldn't look at 'em. I knew they could look right inter me, an' through me, an' see what a miserable little cuss I wuz. So Dan'l jes' stood an' looked at his audience until he froze 'em into their tracks. The Durham bull stopped blartin', an' jest' stood and gawped at Dan'l. The prize hog stopped eatin' his corn, an' there warn't a rooster crowed—they all knowed if they did they'd drop dead. Dan'l stood still so long I got awful nervous fer him. I wuz 'fraid he'd forgotten his speech. But bimeby, he opened his mouth an' words begun to rumble out like low thunder frum underneath the groun'. They come kinder slow at first, but every one on 'em wuz sent like a cannon ball, an' struck every man, woman an' child there right over the heart. Then they come faster, an' then we all knowed thet the universe wuz a big music box, an' Dan'l wuz turnin' the crank. The hull dictionary wuz a big gin filled with

apple sass, honey, an' stewed quinces, an' Dan'l jest stood there jabbin' both hands into it way up to the elbow, and scatterin' the sweetness over the worl'. I jest threw out my arms an' legs like a frog in a mill-pond, an' swum through the ocean of sweet sass an' honey thet wuz sloshin' all about me. I div down to the bottom, an' brought up hundred thousand dollar pearls in my mouth, an' splashed about like a crazy lunatic in a sea of glory.

W'en Dan'l smiled it seemed ez if the sun hed been whitewashed with a mixture of melted gold, silver, jasper, saffire, emerald, chrysolite an' stuff, sich ez St. John seen on the foundations of the new Jerusalem; it seemed ez if the sun had been whitewashed with these things, an' then smiled on the earth, jest like a lovesick feller onto his best gal. W'en Dan'l frowned the sun grew ez black ez a black ink spot on a black cat hidin' in a coal bin on a dark night. Hope lef' the worl' an' went on an everlastin' vacation; the bottom tumbled outer natur', an' I jest opened my mouth an' bawled like a baby. An' I jest kep' on bawlin' until Dan'l smiled agin, we'n I wuz so happy an' light thet I could hev walked on the air without bustin' through the crust, clear from here way up to the north star.

"Wall, bimeby Dan'l got excited. He threw out his right han' an' pulled the mornin' star from the bosom of the sky; he threw out his left han' an' snatched the trailin' robes from the sunset an' flapped them over the cattle shed. He threw up his head an' the sun dodged; he stamped his foot an' the earth trembled; and the prize hog give a gasp an' dropped dead. Dan'l's eyes now looked like two suns in two universes; and if he only shet them once, we knew that darkness would cover the face of the deep, an' the world would roam about in the dark parsture of the universe

like a stray cow, an' git lost. Oh, them eyes! them eyes! they'll shine into my soul after the sun goes out, an' after the stars have dropped like loose buttons from the jacket of the sky.

"But still Dan'l kep' on. Thet son of thunder stood there surrounded by punkins, and I verily believe the angels bent over the railin's of heaven an' listened to him; an' I only wonder that they didn't lose their balance an' come a-fallin' down an' sprawl out like celestial lummuxes before his feet. They might hev for all I know. We shouldn't hev noticed 'em. We wouldn't hev paid any attention to an earthquake or an Odd Fell'rs purcession. If Gabrul had

blown his trumpet right then an' there, an' tooted until he wuz red in the face, we wouldn't hev heerd it any more than we could hev heerd a watch tick in a biler factory. Gabrul himself would hev dropped his horn an' stood an' listened to Dan'l. We couldn't see nothin' but Dan'l, we couldn't hear nothin' but Dan'l, an',—well, there warn't nothin' but Dan'l. He filled up the whole bushel basket of the universe an' then spilled over onto the floor.

"W'en Dan'l stopped, I wanted to die; an' I almost wish I hed, for I hain't heerd a decent speech sense his day, an' I never expect to agin until I hear Dan'l spoutin' from the platforms of paradise."



A RACE FOR LIFE.

A GUN is heard at the dead of night—
 "Lifeboat ready!"
 And every man, to the signal true,
 Fights for place in the eager crew;
 "Now, lads! steady."
 First a glance at the shuddering foam,
 Now a look at the loving home,
 Then together, with bated breath,
 They launch their boat in the gulf of death.
 Over the breakers wild,
 Little they reck of weather,
 But tear their way
 Through blinding spray.
 Hear the skipper cheer and say:
 "Up with her, lads, and lift her!
 All together."

They see the ship in a sudden flash,
 Sinking ever,
 And grip their oars with a deeper breath;
 Now it's come to a fight with death,
 Now or never!
 Fifty strokes, and they're at her side,
 If they live in the boiling tide,
 If they last through the awful strife.

Ah, my lads, it's a race for life!
 Over the breakers wild,
 Little they reck of weather,
 But tear their way
 Through blinding spray.
 Hear the skipper cheer and say:
 "Up with her, lads, and lift her!
 All together!"

And loving hearts are on the shore,
 Hoping, fearing;
 Till over the sea there comes a cheer,
 Then the click of the oars you hear,
 Homeward steering—
 Ne'er a thought of the danger past,
 Now the lads are on land at last;
 What's a storm to a gallant crew
 Who race for life, and who win it, too?
 Over the breakers wild,
 Little they reck of weather,
 But tear their way
 Through blinding spray.
 Hear the skipper cheer and say:
 "Up with her, lads, and lift her!
 All together!"

WHISTLING IN HEAVEN.

YOU'RE surprised that I ever should
say so?

Just wait till the reason I've given,
Why I say I shan't care for the music,
Unless there is whistling in heaven.
Then you'll think it no very great wonder,
Nor so strange, nor so bold a conceit,
That unless there's a boy there a-whistling,
Its music will not be complete.

It was late in the autumn of '40,
We had come from our far Eastern home
Just in season to build us a cabin,
Ere the cold of the winter should come;
And we lived all the while in our wagon
While husband was clearing the place
Where the house was to stand; and the
clearing
And building it took many days.

So that our heads were scarce sheltered
In under its roof, when our store
Of provisions was almost exhausted,
And husband must journey for more;
And the nearest place where he could get
them
Was yet such a distance away,
That it forced him from home to be absent
At least a whole night and a day.

You see, we'd but two or three neighbors,
And the nearest was more than a mile;
And we hadn't found time yet to know
them,
For we had been busy the while.
And the man who had helped at the raising
Just staid till the job was well done;
And as soon as the money was paid him,
Had shouldered his axe, and had gone.

Well, husband just kissed me and started,
I could scarcely suppress a deep groan
At the thought of remaining with baby
So long in the house all alone;

For, my dear, I was childish and timid,
And braver ones might well have feared,
For the wild wolf was often heard howling,
And savages sometimes appeared.

But I smothered my grief and my terror
Till husband was off on his ride,
And then in my arms I took Josey,
And all the day long sat and cried,
As I thought of the long, dreary hours
When the darkness of night should fall,
And I was so utterly helpless,
With no one in reach of my call.

And when the night came with its terrors,
To hide ev'ry ray of light,
I hung up a quilt by the window,
And almost dead with affright,
I kneeled by the side of the cradle,
Scarce daring to draw a full breath,
Lest the baby should wake, and its crying
Should bring us a horrible death.

There I knelt until late in the evening,
And scarcely an inch had I stirred,
When suddenly, far in the distance,
A sound as of whistling I heard!
I started up dreadfully frightened,
For fear 'twas an Indian's call;
And then very soon I remembered
The red man ne'er whistles at all.

And when I was sure 'twas a white man,
I thought were he coming for ill,
He'd surely approach with more caution—
Would come without warning, and still.
Then the sounds coming nearer and nearer,
Took the form of a tune light and gay,
And I knew I needn't fear evil,
From one who could whistle that way.

Very soon I heard footsteps approaching,
Then came a peculiar dull thump,
As if some one was heavily striking
An axe in the top of a stump;

And then in another brief moment,
 There came a light tap on the door,
 When quickly I undid the fast'ning,
 And in stepped a boy, and before

There was either a question or answer,
 Or either had time to speak,
 I just threw my glad arms around him,
 And gave him a kiss on the cheek.
 Then I started back, scared at my boldness,
 But he only smiled at my fright,
 As he said, "I'm your neighbor's boy, Elick,
 Come to tarry with you through the
 night.

"We saw your husband go eastward,
 And made up our minds where he'd gone,
 And I said to the rest of our people,
 'That woman is there all alone.
 And I venture she's awfully lonesome,
 And though she may have no great fear
 I think she would feel a bit safer
 If only a boy were but near.'

"So, taking my axe on my shoulder,
 For fear that a savage might stray
 Across my path and need scalping,
 I started right down this way;
 And coming in sight of the cabin,
 And thinking to save you alarm,

I whistled a tune, just to show you
 I didn't intend any harm.

"And so here I am at your service;
 But if you don't want me to stay,
 Why, all you need do is to say so,
 And should'ring my axe, I'll away."
 I dropped in a chair and near fainted,
 Just at the thought of his leaving me
 then,
 And his eye gave a knowing bright twinkle
 As he said, "I guess I'll remain."

And then I just sat there and told him
 How terribly frightened I'd been,
 How his face was to me the most welcome,
 Of any I ever had seen;
 And then I lay down with the baby,
 And slept all the blessed night through,
 For I felt I was safe from all danger
 Near so brave a young fellow and true.

So now, my dear friend, do you wonder,
 Since such a good reason I've given,
 Why I say I shan't care for the music,
 Unless there is whistling in heaven?
 Yes, often I've said so in earnest,
 And now what I've said I repeat,
 That unless there's a boy there a-whistling,
 Its music will not be complete.



THE ENGINE DRIVER'S STORY.

WE were driving the down express—
 Will at the steam, I at the coal—
 Over the valleys and villages!
 Over the marshes and coppices!
 Over the river, deep and broad!
 Through the mountain, under the road!
 Flying along, tearing along!
 Thunderbolt engine, swift and strong,
 Fifty tons she was, whole and sole!

I had been promoted to the express;
 I warrant you I was proud and gay,
 It was the evening that ended May,
 And the sky was a glory of tenderness.
 We were thundering down to a midland
 town;
 It makes no matter about the name—
 For we never stopped there, or anywhere
 For a dozen of miles on either side:

So it's all the same—

Just there you slide,
With your steam shut off, and your brakes
in hand,
Down the steepest and longest grade in the
land

At a pace that I promise you is grand.
We were just there with the express,
When I caught sight of a muslin dress
On the bank ahead; and as we passed—
You have no notion of how fast—
A girl shrank back from our baleful blast.

We were going a mile and a quarter a
minute
With vans and carriages down the incline,
But I saw her face, and the sunshine in it,
I looked in her eyes, and she looked in mine
As the train went by, like a shot from a
mortar,
A roaring hell-breath of dust and smoke;
And I mused for a minute, and then awoke,
And she was behind us—a mile and a
quarter.

And the years went on, and the express
Leaped in her black resistlessness,
Evening by evening, England through.
Will—God rest him!—was found, a mash
Of bleeding rags, in a fearful smash
He made with a Christmas train at
Crewe.

It chanced I was ill the night of the mess,
Or I shouldn't now be here alive;
But thereafter the five-o'clock out express
Evening by evening I used to drive.

And I often saw her,—that lady I mean,
That I spoke of before. She often stood
A-top o' that bank: it was pretty high—
Say twenty feet, and backed by a wood.

She would pick the daises out of the
green
To fling down at us as we went by.
We had got to be friends, that girl and I,

Though I was a rugged, stalwart chap,
And she a lady! I'd lift my cap,
Evening by evening, when I'd spy
That she was there, in the summer air,
Watching the sun sink out of the sky.

Oh, I didn't see her every night:
Bless you! no; just now and then,
And not at all for a twelvemonth quite.
Then, one evening, I saw her again,
Alone, as ever, but deadlly pale,
And down on the line, on the very rail,
While a light, as of hell, from our wild
wheels broke,
Tearing down the slope with their devilish
clamors,
And deafening din, as of giant's hammers
That smote in a whirlwind of dust and
smoke
All the instant or so that we sped to meet
her.

Never, oh, never, had she seemed sweeter!
I let yell the whistle, reversing the stroke
Down that awful incline, and signaled the
guard
To put on his brakes at once, and hard—
Though we couldn't have stopped. We
tattered the rail
Into splinters and sparks, but without avail.

We *couldn't* stop; and she wouldn't stir,
Saving to turn us her eyes, and stretch
Her arms to us;—and the desperate wretch
I pitied, comprehending her.

So the brakes let off, and the steam full
again,
Sprang down on the lady the terrible
train—
She never flinched. We beat her down,
And ran on through the lighted length of
the town
Before we could stop to see what was done.
Oh, I've run over more than one!
Dozens of 'em, to be sure, but none

That I pitied as I pitied her—
If I could have stopped, with all the spur
Of the train's weight on, and cannily—

But it wouldn't do with a lad like me
And she a lady—or had been—sir?
Who was she? Best say no more of her!
The world is hard; but I'm her friend,

Stanch, sir,—down to the world's end.
It is a curl of her sunny hair
Set in this locket that I wear.
I picked it off the big wheel there.
Time's up, Jack. Stand clear, sir. Yes;
We're going out with the express.
—*W. Wilkins.*



HENRY V. AT HARFLEUR.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear
friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English
dead.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our
ears,

Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored
rage;

Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow over-
whelm it,

As fearfully as doth a galled rock
Overhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.

Now set the teeth, and stretch the nos-
tril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every
spirit
To his full height. Now on, you noblest
English,

Whose blood is fetched from fathers of
war-proof;
Fathers, that like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn to even
fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of ar-
gument:
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!

And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs are made in England, show
us here

The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which
I doubt not:

For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble luster in your eye;
I see you stand like greyhounds in the
slips,

Straining upon the start: the game's a-foot;
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,
Cry, Heaven for Harry, England, and St.
George.

—*Shakespeare.*



Treasure Trove--World Favorites

This department includes those immortal writings that won favor throughout the world and are as popular to-day as when they were first written many years ago.
They belong to "Auld Lang Syne," and are old acquaintances that shall never be forgot.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM.

O H, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,

A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,

He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,

Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,

Shall moulder to dust and together shall die.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection that proved,

The husband that mother and infant that blessed,

Each, all, are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow,
in whose eye,

Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;

And the memory of those that loved her and praised,

Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,

The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,

The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,

Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,

The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,

The beggar that wandered in search of his bread,

Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of Heaven,

The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,

The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,

Have quickly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed,

That wither away to let others succeed;

So the multitude come, even those we behold,

To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have — been;

We see the same sights that our fathers
have seen,—
We drink the same stream, and we feel the
same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers
have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers
would think;
From the death we are shrinking from, they
too would shrink;
To the life we are clinging to, they too
would cling;
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on
the wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty
is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers
may come;
They joyed, but the voice of their gladness
is dumb.

They died,—ay, they died; and we things
that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their
brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient
abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrim-
age road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and
pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and
rain;
And the smile and the tear and the song
and the dirge
Still follow each other, like surge upon
surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of
a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness
of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the
shroud,—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be
proud?



THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile
of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and
chill;
For his country he sighed, when at twilight
repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad de-
votion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the
ocean,
Where once in the fire of his youthful
emotion
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go
bragh.

"Sad is my fate," said the broken-hearted
stranger,—
"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can
flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and
danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again in the green, sunny bowers
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend
the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven
flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go
bragh!



SHARING A SORROW.



THE PLEDGE OF LOVE AND HONOR.

"Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,

In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet
me no more!

Oh, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can
chase me?

Never again shall my brothers embrace
me?

They died to defend me, or live to de-
plore!

"Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild
wood?

Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that looked on my
childhood?

And where is the bosom friend, dearer
than all?

Oh, my sad heart! long abandoned by
pleasure,

Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without
measure,

But rapture and beauty they cannot re-
call.

"Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can
draw:

Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!

Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her
motion,

Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the
ocean!

And thy harp-striking bard sings aloud
with devotion,—

Erin mavourneen! Erin go bragh!"

—*Thomas Campbell.*



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise.
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing —
 Onward through life he goes;
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close;
 Something attempted—something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught!
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought.



JOHN ANDERSON.

J OHN Anderson my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie bröw was brent;
 But now your brow is bald, John,
 Your locks are like the snow;
 But blessings on your frosty pow;
 John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson my jo.

—Robert Burns.



“ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.”

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time!
 in your flight,
 Make me a child again, just for to-night!
 Mother, come back from the echoless
 shore,
 Take me again to your heart, as of yore;
 Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
 Smooth the few silver threads out of my
 hair;
 Over my slumbers your loving watch
 keep—
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to
 sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O swift tide of
 years!
 I am weary of toil, I am weary of tears;
 Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,
 Take them, and give me my childhood
 again!
 I have grown weary of dust and decay,
 Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,

Weary of sowing for others to reap;
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to
 sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
 Mother, O mother! my heart calls for you!
 Many a summer the grass has grown
 green,
 Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
 Yet with strong yearning and passionate
 pain,
 Long I to-night for your presence again;
 Come from the silence so long and so
 deep—
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to
 sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
 No love like mother-love ever has shone.
 No other worship abides and endures
 Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours;
 None like a mother can charm away pain

From the sorrowing soul and the world-
weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids
creep;

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to
sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted
with gold,

Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shielding my eyes from the flickering
light;

For oh! with its sunny-edged shadows
once more,

Haply will throng the sweet visions of
yore;

Lovingly, softly its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to
sleep!

Mother, dear mother! the years have been
long

Since last I was hushed by your lullaby
song;

Sing them again,—to my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a
dream;

Clasp to your arms in a loving embrace,
With your soft, light lashes just sweeping
my face,

Never hereafter to wake or to weep;

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to
sleep!

—Mrs. Elizabeth Akers.



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes
of my childhood,

When fond recollection presents them to
view!

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled
wildwood,

And every loved spot which my infancy
knew;

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill
which stood by it,

The bridge, and the rock where the
cataract fell;

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh
it,

And e'en the rude bucket which hung
in the well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
bucket,

The moss-covered bucket which hung in
the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treas-
ure;

For often, at noon, when returned from
the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite
pleasure,

The purest and sweetest that nature can
yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that
were glowing!

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom
it fell;

Then soon, with the emblem of truth over-
flowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose from
the well;

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
bucket,

The moss-covered bucket, arose from the
well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to
receive it,

As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my
lips!

Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me
to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupi-
ter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved
situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,

As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in
the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in
the well.

—*Samuel Woodworth.*



FORTY YEARS AGO.

I 'VE wandered to the village, Tom, I've
sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house play-ground, that
sheltered you and me;
But none were left to greet me, Tom; and
few were left to know,
Who played with us upon the green, some
forty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom; bare-
footed boys at play
Were sporting, just as we did then, with
spirits just as gay.
But the "master" sleeps upon the hill,
which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place, some forty
years ago.

The old school-house is altered now; the
benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the ones our pen-
knives once defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the
bell swings to and fro;
It's music's just the same, dear Tom, 'twas
forty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game, be-
neath that same old tree;
I have forgot the name just now,—you've
played the same with me,
On that same spot; 'twas played with
knives, by throwing so and so;

The loser had a task to do,—there, forty
years ago.

The river's running just as still; the wil-
lows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom; the
stream appears less wide;
But the grape-vine swing is ruined now,
where once we played the beau,
And swung our sweethearts,—pretty girls,
—just forty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill,
close by the spreading beech,
Is very low,—'twas then so high that we
could scarcely reach;
And, kneeling down to get a drink, dear
Tom, I started so,
To see how sadly I am changed, since
forty years ago.

Near by that spring, upon old elm, you
know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's put beneath it, Tom, and
you did mine the same.
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark,
'twas dying sure but slow,
Just as *she* died, whose name *you* cut, some
forty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears
came to my eyes;

I thought of her I loved so well, those
early broken ties.

I visited the old church-yard, and took
some flowers to strew

Upon the graves of those we loved, some
forty years ago.

Some are in the church-yard laid, some

sleep beneath the sea;
But few are left of our old class, excepting
you and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom, and
we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just
forty years ago.



THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-
chair?

I've treasured it long as a sainted prize;
I've bedewed it with tears, and embraced
it with sighs.

'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my
heart;

Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell?—a mother sat
there;

And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my
guide;

She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day
When her eye grew dim and her locks were
gray;

And I almost worshiped her when she
smiled,

And turned from her Bible, to bless her
child.

Years rolled on; but the last one sped—
My idol was shattered; my earth-star fled;
I learned how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow.
'Twas there she nursed me; 'twas there she
died;

And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my
cheek;

But I love it, I love it; and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.



"ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP."

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord, hast power to save. .
I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall!
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,

And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.
And such the trust that still is mine,
Tho' stormy winds sweep o'er the brine,
Or tho' the tempests fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death,
In ocean cave still safe with Thee,
The germ of immortality!

ROGER AND I.

WE are two travelers, Roger and I.
 Roger's my dog;—come here, you scamp!

Jump for the gentleman,—mind your eye!
 Over the table,—look out for the lamp,—
 The rogue is growing a little old:

Five years we've tramped through wind
 and weather,
 And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
 And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
 A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
 A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
 The paw he holds up there's been frozen.)

Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,
 (This out-door business is bad for strings.)

Then a few nice buckwheats, hot from the griddle,

And Roger and I set up for kings!

* * * * *

Why not reform? That's easily said;
 But I've gone through such wretched treatment,

Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
 And scarce remembering what meat meant,

That my poor stomach's past reform;
 And there are times when, mad with thinking,

I'd sell out heaven for something warm
 To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?

At your age, sir, home, fortune and friends,

A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink,—
 The same old story; you know how it ends.

If you could have seen these classic features,—

You needn't laugh sir; they were not then

Such a burning libel on God's creatures:

I was one of your handsome men!

If you have seen her, so fair and young,
 Whose head was happy on this breast!

If you could have heard the songs I sung
 When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed

That ever I, sir, should be straying

From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
 Ragged and penniless, and playing

To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since,—a parson's wife:

'Twas better for her that we should part,—

Better the soberest, prosiest life

Than a blasted home and a broken heart.

I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent

On the dusty road, a carriage stopped;

But little she dreamed, as on she went,

Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me to talking, sir; I'm sorry;

It makes me wild to think of the change!

What do you care for a beggar's story?

Is it amusing? you find it strange?

I had a mother so proud of me!

'Twas well she died before—Do you know

If the happy spirits in heaven can see

The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden

This pain; then Roger and I will start.

I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,

Aching thing, in place of a heart?

He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if
he could,

No doubt, remembering things that
were,—

A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming,—
You rascal; limber your lazy feet!

We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the
street.

Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings
are free,

And the sleepers need neither victuals or
drink;—

The sooner the better for Roger and me!



BILL AND JOE.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone
by;

The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew,—
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
Proud as a cockrel's rainbow tail;
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare:
To-day, O friend, remember still
That I am Joe, and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize
And grand you look in people's eyes.
With H. O. N. and LL. D.,
In big brave letters, fair to see,—
Your fist, old fellow, off they go! —
How are you, Bill; How are you, Joe?

You've won the judge's ermined robe,
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again;
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare, and say,
"See those old buffers, bent and gray,—

They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it
means,"—

And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,—
Those calm, stern eyes, that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go,—
How vain it seems, this empty show!
Till all at once his pulses thrill—
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,

Just whispering of the world below
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter: while our home is here,
No sounding name is half so dear;

When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic Jacet Joe. Hic Jacet Bill.

—*Oliver W. Holmes.*



OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river, over the river—
The river silent and deep—
When the boats are moored on the shadow
shore

And the waves are rocked to sleep;
When the mists so pale, like a bridal veil,
Lie down on the limpid tide,
I hear sweet sounds in the still night-time
From the flowing river's side;
And the boat recedes from the earthly
strand.

Out o'er the liquid lea—
Over the river, the deep dark river,
My darlings have gone from me.

Over the river, over the river,
Once in summer time
The boatman's call we faintly heard,
Like a vesper's distant chime;
And a being fair, with soft, dark hair
Paused by the river's side,
For the snowy boat with the golden oars
That lay on the sleeping tide
And the boatman's eyes gazed into hers,
With their misty dreamlike hue—
Over the river, the silent river
She passed the shadows through.

Over the river, over the river
A few short moons ago
Went a pale young bride with fair, slight
form,

And a brow as pure as snow;
And music low, with a silvery flow,
Swept down from the starry skies,
As the shadows slept in her curling hair,
And darkened her twilight eyes,
Still the boat swept on to the spirit shore
With a motion light and free—
Over the river, the cold, dark river,
My sister has gone from me.

Over the river, over the river,
When the echoes are asleep,
I hear the dip of the golden oars,
In the waters cold and deep;
And the boatman's call, when the shadows fall,
Floats out on the evening air,
And the light winds kiss his marble brow,
And play with his wavy hair;
And I hear the notes of an angel's harp,
As they sweep o'er the liquid lea—
Over the river, the peaceful river,
They're calling—calling for me.



BEAUTIFUL ANNABEL LEE.

IT was many and many years ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may
know
By the name of Annabel Lee;

And this maiden she lived with no other
thought
Than to love, and be loved by me!

I was a child, and she was a child,

In this kingdom by the sea;
 But we loved with a love that was more
 than love,
 I and my Annabel Lee—
 With a love that the winged seraph of
 heaven
 Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
 In this kingdom by the sea
 A wind blew out of a cloud chilling
 My beautiful Annabel Lee;
 So that her high-born kinsman came
 And bore her away from me,
 To shut her up in a sepulchre
 In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
 Went envying her and me,
 Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
 In this kingdom by the sea)
 That the wind came out of the cloud by
 night,

Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than
 the love

Of those who were older than we,
 Of many far wiser than we;

And neither the angels in heaven above,
 Nor the demons down under the sea,

Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bring-
 ing me dreams

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
 And the stars never rise, but I feel the
 bright eyes

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
 And so all night-time, I lie by the side
 Of my darling—my darling—my life and
 my bride

In the sepulchre there by the sea,
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.



THE HURRICANE.

LORD of the winds! I feel thee nigh,
 I know thy breath in the burning
 sky!

And I wait, with a thrill in every vein,
 For the coming of the hurricane!

And lo! on the wing of the heavy gales,
 Through the boundless arch of heaven he
 sails,

Silent and slow, and terribly strong,
 The mighty shadow is borne along,
 Like the dark eternity to come;
 While the world below, dismayed and
 dumb,

Through the calm of the thick hot atmos-
 phere,
 Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.

They darken fast; and the golden blaze

Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze,
 And he sends through the shade a funeral
 ray—

A glare that is neither night nor day,
 A beam that touches, with hues of death,
 The clouds above and the earth beneath.
 To its covert glides the silent bird,
 While the hurricane's distant voice is heard
 Uplifted among the mountains round,
 And the forests hear and answer the sound.

He is come! he is come! do ye not behold
 His ample robes on the wind unrolled?
 Giant of air! we bid thee hail!
 How his gray skirts toss in the whirling
 gale;
 How his huge and writhing arms are bent
 To clasp the zone of the firmament,

And fold at length, in their dark embrace,
From mountain to mountain the visible
space.

Darker—still darker! the whirlwinds bear
The dust of the plains to the middle air;
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-
cloud!

You may trace its path by the flashes that
start

From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,
As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,
And flood the skies with a lurid glow.

What roar is that?—'tis the rain that breaks
In torrents away from the airy lakes,
Heavily poured on the shuddering ground,
And shedding a nameless horror round.

Ah! well-known woods, and mountains,
and skies,

With the very clouds!—ye are lost to my
eyes.

I seek ye vainly, and see in your place
The shadowy tempest that sweeps through
space,

A whirling ocean that fills the wall
Of the crystal heaven, and buries all.
And I, cut off from the world, remain
Alone with the terrible hurricane.



TRIUMPH



Great Orations



The masterpieces of American eloquence and statesmanship are included in this department. The selections are particularly adapted to the anniversaries of our Great American Statesmen and to all patriotic holidays as well.



McKINLEY'S EULOGY OF LINCOLN.

IT is not difficult to place a correct estimate upon the character of Lincoln. He was the greatest man of his time, especially approved of God for the work He gave him to do.

"History abundantly proves his superiority as a leader, and establishes his constant reliance upon a higher power for guidance and support.

"The tendency of this age is to exaggeration, but of Lincoln certainly none have spoken more highly than those who knew him best.

"The greatest names in American history are Washington and Lincoln. One is forever associated with the independence of the states and formation of the Federal Union, the other with the universal freedom and preservation of that Union.

"Washington enforced the Declaration of Independence as against England, Lincoln proclaimed its fulfillment, not only to a downtrodden race in America, but to all people, for all those who may seek the protection of our flag.

"These illustrious men achieved grander results for mankind within a single century—from 1775 to 1865—than any other men ever accomplished in all the years since first the flight of time began.

"Washington engaged in no ordinary revolution. With him it was not who should rule, but what should rule. He drew his sword, not for a change of rulers upon an established throne, but to establish a new

government, which should acknowledge no throne but the tribune of the people.

"Lincoln accepted war to save the Union, the safeguard of our liberties, and re-established it on 'indestructible foundations' as forever 'one and indivisible.'

"To quote his own grand words:

"'Now, we are all contending that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish upon the earth.'

"Each lived to accomplish his appointed task. Each received the unbounded gratitude of the people of his time, and each is held in great and ever-increasing reverence by posterity.

"The fame of each will never die. It will grow with the ages, because it is based upon imperishable service to humanity—not to the people of a single generation or country, but to the whole human family, wherever scattered, forever.

"The present generation knows Washington only from history, and by that alone can judge him.

"Lincoln we know by history also; but thousands are still living who participated in the great events in which he was leader and master.

"Many of his contemporaries survive him; some are here yet in almost every locality. So Lincoln is not far removed from us.

"History has proclaimed them the two

greatest and best Americans. That verdict has not changed, and will not change, nor can we conceive how the historians of this or any age will ever determine what is so clearly a matter of pure personal opinion as to which of these noble men is entitled to greatest honor and homage from the people of America.

"Says the gifted Henry Watterson, in a most beautiful, truthful and eloquent tribute to the great emancipator:

"Born as lowly as the Son of God, reared in penury and squalor, with no gleam of light nor fair surroundings, it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, without name or fame, or seeming preparation, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment, and intrusted with the destiny of a nation.

"Where did Shakspeare get his genius?

Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman and staid the life of the German priest?

"God alone, and as surely as these were raised by God, inspired of God was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence no story, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder than that which tells of his life and death.

"If Lincoln was not inspired of God, then there is no such thing on earth as special providence or the interposition of divine power in the affairs of men."

"My fellow citizens, a noble manhood, nobly consecrated to man, never dies.

"The martyr to liberty, the emancipator of a race, the savior of the only free government among men, may be buried from human sight, but his deeds will live in human gratitude forever."



LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG.

FOUR score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have conse-

crated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from the same honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead should not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

—Abraham Lincoln.

FROM BLAINE'S ORATION ON GARFIELD.

(Delivered in the city of Washington, Monday, February 27th, 1882.)

ON the morning of Saturday, July second, the President was a contented and happy man—not in an ordinary degree, but joyfully, almost boyishly happy. On his way to the railroad station, to which he drove slowly, in conscious enjoyment of the beautiful morning, with an unwonted sense of leisure and keen anticipation of pleasure, his talk was all in the grateful and gratulatory vein. He felt that after four months of trial his administration was strong in its grasp of affairs, strong in popular favor and destined to grow stronger; that grave difficulties confronting him at his inauguration had been safely passed; that trouble lay behind him and not before him; that he was soon to meet his wife whom he loved, now recovering from an illness which had but lately disquieted and at times almost unnerved him; that he was going to his Alma Mater to renew the most cheerful associations of his young manhood and to exchange greetings with those whose deepening interest had followed every step of his upward progress from the day he entered upon his college course until he had attained the loftiest elevation in the gift of his countrymen.

Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from his hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death—and he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes whose lips may tell—what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud expectant nation; a great host of sustaining friends; a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demands. Before him, desolation and great darkness! And his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the center of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the winepress alone. With

unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its mani-

fold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.



LINCOLN ON SLAVERY.

(Delivered at the Republican State Convention at Springfield, Ill., in 1858.)

I BELIEVE this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect that it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the states, old as well as new, North as well as South. Have we no tendency to the latter condition? Let anyone who doubts carefully contemplate that now almost complete legal combination piece of machinery, so to speak, compounded of the Nebraska doctrine and the Dred Scott decision. Let him consider not only what work the machinery is adapted to do, and how well adapted, but also let him study

the history of its construction, and trace, if he can, or rather fail, if he can, to trace the evidences of design and concert of action among its chief architects from the beginning."

During the course of his second inaugural address, delivered on March 4th, 1865, but a short time before his assassination, President Lincoln said:

"Neither party (North or South) expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease when, or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of

other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came—shall we discern there any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war

may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword; as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that 'the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."



CONKLING'S EULOGY OF GRANT.

(Nominating General Grant for President at the Republican National Convention of 1880.)

WHEN asked what State he hails from,

Our sole reply shall be,
He comes from Appomattox,
And its famous apple tree."

Continuing Senator Conkling said:

"New York is for Ulysses S. Grant. Never defeated in peace or in war, his name is the most illustrious borne by living man.

"His services attest his greatness, and the country—nay, the world—knows them by heart. His fame was earned not alone in things written and said, but by the arduous greatness of things done. And perils and emergencies will search in vain in the future, as they have searched in vain in the past, for any other on whom the nation leans with such confidence and trust. Never

having had a policy to enforce against the will of the people, he never betrayed a cause or a friend, and the people will never desert or betray him. * * *

"His integrity, his common sense, his courage, his unequaled experience, are the qualities offered to his country. The only argument, the only one that the wit of man or the stress of politics has devised is one which would dumfounder Solomon, because he thought there was nothing new under the sun. Having tried Grant twice and found him faithful, we are told that we must not, even after an interval of years, trust him again. My countrymen! my countrymen! what stultification does not such a fallacy involve! * * *

"He was the arch-preserver of his country, and not only in war, but twice as Civil

Magistrate, he gave his highest, noblest efforts to the Republic. Is this an electioneering juggle, or is it hypocrisy's masquerade? There is no field of human activity, responsibility, or reason in which rational beings object to an agent because he has been weighed in the balance and not found wanting. There is, I say, no department of human reason in which sane men reject an agent because he has had experience, making him exceptionally competent and fit. From the man who shoes your horse, to the lawyer who tries your case, the officer who manages your railway or your mill, the doctor into whose hands you give your life, or the minister who seeks to save your

soul, what man do you reject because by his works you have known him and found him faithful and fit?

"What makes the presidential office an exception to all things else in the common sense to be applied to selecting its incumbent? Who dares—who dares to put fetters on that free choice and judgment which is the birthright of the American people? Can it be said that Grant has used official power and place to perpetuate his term? He has no place, and official power has not been used for him. * * *

"This convention is master of a supreme opportunity."



BIRTH OF THE NEW SOUTH.

(Delivered before the New England Society of New York in 1886.)

THERE was a South of slavery and secession—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom—that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour." These words, delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill, at Tammany Hall, in 1866, true then, and truer now, I shall make my text.
* * *

We of the South have found out that in the general summary the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hill top and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics. We have challenged your spinners in Massachusetts and your ironmakers in Pennsylvania. We have learned that \$400,000,000 annually received from our cotton crop will make us rich, when the supplies that make it are home-raised. * * * We have established thrift in the city and coun-

try. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comfort to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crab grass which sprung from Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia Yankee, as he manufactures relics of the battlefield in a one-story shanty and squeezes pure olive oil out of his cotton seed, against any down-easter that ever swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausages in the valley of Vermont.

Above all, we know that we have achieved, in these "piping times of peace," a fuller independence for the South than that which our fathers sought to win in the forum by their eloquence, or compel on the field by their swords. * * *

But what of the negro? Have we solved the problem he presents, or progressed in honor and equity toward the solution? Let the record speak to the point. No section

shows a more prosperous laboring population than the negroes of the South; none in fuller sympathy with the employing and land-owning class.. He shares our school fund, has the fullest protection of our laws, and the friendship of our people. Self-interest, as well as honor, demand that they should have this. Our future, our very existence, depends upon our working out this problem in full and exact justice. We understand that when Lincoln signed the

Emancipation Proclamation, your victory was assured; for he then committed you to the cause of human liberty, against which the arms of man cannot prevail; while those of our statesmen who trusted to make slavery the corner stone of the Confederacy doomed us to defeat as far as they could, committing us to a cause that reason could not defend or the sword maintain in the sight of advancing civilization.

—*Henry W. Grady.*



THE CHARACTER AND WORK OF GLADSTONE.

(Delivered in the Canadian House of Commons, May 26, 1898.)

MR. SPEAKER:—Everybody in this House will, I think, agree that it is eminently fitting and proper that in the universal expression of regret which ascends towards heaven from all parts of the civilized world we also should join our voice and testify to the very high sense of respect, admiration, and veneration which the entire people of Canada, irrespective of creed, or race, or party, entertain for the memory of the great man who has just closed his earthly career.

England has lost the most illustrious of her sons; but the loss is not England's alone, nor is it confined to the great empire which acknowledges England's suzerainty, nor even to the proud race which can claim kinship with the people of England. The loss is the loss of mankind. Mr. Gladstone gave his whole life to his country; but the work which he did for his country was conceived and carried out on principles of such high elevation, for purposes so noble and aims so lofty, that not his country alone, but the whole of mankind, benefited by his work. It is no exaggeration to say that he has raised the standard of civilization, and the world to-day is un-

doubtedly better for both the example and the precept of his life. His death is mourned, not only by England, the land of his birth, not only by Scotland, the land of his ancestors, not only by Ireland, for whom he did so much, and attempted to do more; but also by the people of the two Sicilies, for whose outraged rights he once aroused the conscience of Europe; by the people of the Ionian Islands, whose independence he secured; by the people of Bulgaria and Danubian provinces, in whose cause he enlisted the sympathy of his own native country. Indeed, since the days of Napoleon, no man has lived whose name has traveled so far and so wide over the surface of the earth; no man has lived whose name alone so deeply moved the hearts of so many millions of men. Whereas Napoleon impressed his tremendous personality upon peoples far and near by the strange fascination which the genius of war has always exercised over the imagination of men in all lands and in all ages, the name of Gladstone had come to be, in the minds of all civilized nations, the living incarnation of right against might—the champion, the dauntless, tireless champion,

of the oppressed against the oppressor. It is, I believe, equally true to say that he was the most marvelous mental organization which the world has seen since Napoleon—certainly the most compact, the most active, and the most universal.

This last half century in which we live has produced many able and strong men, who, in different walks of life, have attracted the attention of the world at large; but of the men who have illustrated this age, it seems to me that in the eyes of posterity four will outlive and outshine the others—Cavour, Lincoln, Bismarck, and Gladstone. If we look simply at the magnitude of the results obtained, compared with the exiguity of the resources at command—if we remember that out of the small kingdom of Sardinia grew the United Italy—we must come to the conclusion that Count Cavour was undoubtedly a statesman of marvelous skill and prescience. Abraham Lincoln, unknown to fame when he was elected to the presidency, exhibited a power for the government of men which scarcely has been surpassed in any age. He saved the American Union, he franchised the black race, and for the task he had to perform he was endowed in some respects almost miraculously. No man ever displayed a greater insight into the motives, the complex motives, which shape the public opinion of a free country, and he possessed almost to the degree of an instinct the supreme quality in a statesman

of taking the right decision, taking it at the right moment, and expressing it in language of incomparable felicity.

As a statesman, it was the good fortune of Mr. Gladstone that his career was not associated with war. The reforms which he effected, the triumphs which he achieved, were not won by the supreme arbitrament of the sword. The reforms which he effected and the triumphs which he achieved were the result of his power of persuasion over his fellowmen. The reforms which he achieved in many ways amounted to a revolution. They changed in many particulars, the face of the realm. After Sir Robert Peel had adopted the great principle which eventually carried England from protection to free trade, it was Mr. Gladstone who created the financial system which has been admitted ever since by all students of finance as the secret of Great Britain's commercial success. He enforced the extension of the suffrage to the masses of the nation, and practically there he made the government of monarchical England as democratic as that of any republic. He disestablished the Irish Church; he introduced reform into the land tenure, and brought hope into the breasts of those tillers of the soil in Ireland who had for so many generations labored in despair. And all this he did, not by force or violence, but simply by the power of his eloquence and the strength of his personality.

—*Sir Wilfrid Laurier.*



GRANT'S HERITAGE.

(From an oration delivered at Galena, Ill., on the seventy-eighth anniversary of the birthday of General Grant.)

IN the long run every great nation instinctively recognizes the man who peculiarly and pre-eminently represents its own type. Here in our country we have

had many public men of the first rank—soldiers, orators, constructive statesmen and popular leaders. We have also had great philosophers who were also leaders of

popular thought. Each one of these men has had his own group of devoted followers, and some of them have at times swayed the nation with a power such as the foremost of all hardly wielded. Yet as the generations slip away, as the dust of conflict settles and as through the clearing air we look back with keener vision into the nation's past, mightiest among the mighty dead loom the three great figures of Washington, Lincoln and Grant. There are great men also in the second rank; for in any gallery of merely national heroes, Franklin and Hamilton, Jefferson and Jackson, would surely have their place. But these three greatest men have taken their place among the great men of all nations, the great men of all times. They stood supreme in the two great crises of our country, on the two great occasions when we stood in the van of all humanity and struck the most effective blows that have even been struck for the cause of human freedom under the law.

Washington fought in the earlier struggle, and it was his good fortune to win the highest renown alike as soldier and statesman. In the second and even greater struggle, the deeds of Lincoln, the statesman, were made good by those of Grant, the soldier, and later Grant himself took up the work that dropped from Lincoln's tired hands when the assassin's bullet went home and the sad, patient, kindly eyes were closed forever.

Grant and his fellow soldiers who fought through the war, and his fellow statesmen who completed the work partly done by the soldiers, not only left us the heritage of a reunited country, and of a land from which slavery had been banished, but left us what was quite as important, the great memory of their great deeds, to serve forever as an example and an inspiration, to spur us on

so that we may not fall far below the level reached by our fathers. The rough, strong poet of democracy has sung of Grant as the man of mighty days, and equal to the days. The days are less mighty now; and that is all the more reason why we should show ourselves equal to them.

We meet here to pay homage to the memory of our illustrious dead; and let us keep ever clear before our minds the fact that mere lip loyalty is no loyalty at all, and that the only homage that counts is the homage of deeds, not words. It is but an idle waste of time to celebrate the memory of the dead, unless we, the living, in our lives, strive to show ourselves not unworthy of them. If the careers of Washington and Grant are not vital and full of meaning to us, if they are merely part of the storied past, and stir us to no eager emulation in the ceaseless, endless war for right against wrong, then the root of right thinking is not in us; and where we do not think right we can not act right. I shall ask attention, not to Grant's life, but to the lessons taught by that life as we of to-day should learn them.

Foremost of all, the lesson of tenacity, of stubborn fixity of purpose. In the Union armies there were generals as brilliant as Grant, but none with his iron determination. This quality he showed as President no less than as general. He was no more to be influenced by a hostile majority in Congress than he was to be influenced by check or repulse into releasing his grip on beleaguered Richmond.

Grant's supreme virtue as a soldier was his "doggedness"—the quality which found expression in his famous phrases, unconditional surrender and "fighting it out on this line if it takes all summer." He was a master of strategy and tactics, but he was also a master of hard hitting, of that "continuous hammering" which finally broke

through even Lee's guard. While an armed foe was in the field it never occurred to Grant that any question could be so important as his overthrow.

Grant was no lover of fighting for fighting's sake. He was a plain, quiet man, not seeking for glory; but a man who, when aroused, was always in deadly earnest and who never shrank from duty. He was always slow to strike, but he never struck softly. His promise squared with his performance. His deeds made good his words. He did not denounce an evil in strained and hyperbolic language; but when he did denounce it he strove to make his denunciation effective by his action; he did not plunge lightly into war, but once in he saw the war through, and when it was over it was over entirely. Unsparing in battle, he was very merciful in victory. There was no let-up in his grim attack, his grim pursuit, until the last body of armed foes surrendered. But, that feat once accomplished, his first thought was for the valiant defeated—to let them take back their horses to their little homes, because they would use them to work on their farms. Grant, the champion whose sword was sharpest in the great fight for liberty, was no less sternly insistent upon the need or order of obedience to law. No stouter foe of anarchy in every form ever lived within our borders.

Grant, in short, stood for the great elementary virtues—for justice, for freedom, for order, for unyielding resolution, for manliness in its broadest and highest sense.

His greatness was not so much greatness of intellect as greatness of character; including in the word character all the strong, virile virtues. It is character that counts in a nation as in a man. It is a good thing to have a clean, fine intellectual development in a nation, to produce orators, artists, successful business men; but it is an infinitely greater thing to have those solid qualities which we group together under the name of character—sobriety, steadfastness—the sense of obligation towards one's neighbor and one's God, hard commonsense, and combined with it the gift of generous enthusiasm towards whatever is right. These are the qualities which go to make up true national greatness, and these were the qualities which Grant possessed to an eminent degree.

To do our duty, that is the sum and substance of the whole matter. Not trying to win glory, not trying to do anything brilliant or unusual, setting ourselves vigorously at each task as the task arises, and trying to face each difficulty as Grant faced innumerable and eminently greater difficulties. The sure way to succeed is to set about our work in the spirit that marked the great soldier whose life we this day celebrate; the spirit of devotion to duty, of determination to deal fairly, justly and fearlessly with all men, and of iron resolution never to abandon any task once begun until it has been brought to a successful and triumphant conclusion.

—Theodore Roosevelt.





Temperance Selections



The selections in this department have been made with a view of impressing upon the minds of all hearers the lessons of temperance by picturing the happiness and prosperity of abstainers and the misery and poverty of drunkards.



THE BRIDAL PLEDGE.

“PLEDGE with wine—pledge with wine!” cried the young and thoughtless Harry Wood.

“Pledge with wine,” ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come, she pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder.

“Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once,” said the Judge, in a low tone, going towards his daughter, “the company expect it; do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette;—in your own house act as you please; but in mine, for this once please me.”

Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair. Marion’s principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman’s opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gratefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of, “Oh, how terrible!” “What

is it?” cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm’s length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

“Wait,” she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, “wait, and I will tell you. I see,” she added, slowly pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, “a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen; I will paint it for you if I can: It is a lonely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water’s edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce; trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there, a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brow; and in their midst lies a manly form, but his cheek, how deathly! his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him, nay, I should say kneels, for he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

“Genius in ruins. Oh! the high, holy looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws the damp curls! See him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! hear him call piteously his father’s

name; see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping—for him in his distant native land.

“See!” she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the Judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat; “see! his arms are lifted to heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently, and leave the living and dying together.”

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob, from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

“It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lie gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death! and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!”

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed, also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

“Dead!” she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken; “and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father’s son—my own twin brother! a victim to this deadly poison. Father,” she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, “father, shall I drink it now?”

The form of the old Judge was convulsed with agony. He raised his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered—“No, no, my child, in God’s name, no.”

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movements, and instantaneously every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying: “Let no friend, hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand; who watched over my brother’s dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?”

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile, was her answer.

The Judge left the room, and when, an hour later, he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the enter-

tainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to dash the enemy at once and forever from his princely rooms.

Those who were present at that wedding can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour forswore the social glass.



DRINK AND DIE.

(By a young lady, who was told that she was a monomaniac in her hatred of alcoholic liquors.)

GO, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn;
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewn all the way
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt;
Implore, beseech, and pray,
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside—
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow,
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in
blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard—
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory's feeling-fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to a mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear;
Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith, in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife!
And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,
That withering blight—a drunkard's child!

Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know
All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look within the wine-cup's glow;
See if its brightness can atone;
Think if its flavor you would try,
If all proclaimed—'*Tis drink and die!*

Tell me I hate the bowl—
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe, abhor—my very soul
By strong disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the DARK BEVERAGE OF HELL!

"GOOD NIGHT, PAPA."

THE words of a blue-eyed child as she kissed her chubby hand and looked down the stairs: "Good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."

It came to be a settled thing, and every evening, as the mother slipped the white night-gown over the plump shoulders, the little one stopped on the stairs and sang out, "Good-night, papa," and as the father heard the silvery accents of the child, he came, and taking the cherub in his arms, kissed her tenderly, while the mother's eyes filled, and a swift prayer went up, for, strange to say, this man who loved his child with all the warmth of his great, noble nature, had one fault to mar his manliness. From his youth he loved the wine-cup. Genial in spirit, and with a fascination of manner that won him friends, he could not resist when surrounded by his boon companions. Thus his home was darkened, the heart of his wife bruised and bleeding, the future of his child shadowed.

Three years had the winsome prattle of the baby crept into the avenues of the father's heart, keeping him closer to his home, but still the fatal cup was in his hand. Alas for frail humanity, insensible to the calls of love! With unutterable tenderness God saw there was no other way; this father was dear to him, the purchase of His Son; He could not see him perish, and calling a swift messenger, He said, "Speed thee to earth and bring the babe."

"Good-night, papa," sounded from the stairs. What was there in the voice? was it the echo of the mandate, "Bring me the babe"?—a silvery plaintive sound, a lingering music that touched the father's heart, as when a cloud crosses the sun. "Good-night, my darling;" but his lips quivered and his broad brow grew pale. "Is Jessie

sick, mother? Her cheeks are flushed, and her eyes have a strange light."

"Not sick," and the mother stooped to kiss the flushed brow; "she may have played too much. Pet is not sick?"

"Jessie tired, mamma; good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."

"That is all, she is only tired," said the mother as she took the small hand. Another kiss and the father turned away; but his heart was not satisfied.

Sweet lullabies were sung; but Jessie was restless and could not sleep. "Tell me a story mamma;" and the mother told of the blessed babe that Mary cradled, following along the story till the child had grown to walk and play. The blue, wide-open eyes filled with a strange light, as though she saw and comprehended more than the mother knew.

That night the father did not visit the saloon; tossing on his bed, starting from a feverish sleep and bending over the crib, the long, weary hours passed. Morning revealed the truth—Jessie was smitten with a fever.

"Keep her quiet," the doctor said; "a few days of good nursing, and she will be all right."

Words easy said; but the father saw a look on the sweet face such as he had seen before. He knew the message was at the door.

Night came. "Jessie is sick; can't say good-night, papa;" and the little clasping fingers clung to the father's hand.

"O God, spare her! I cannot, cannot bear it!" was wrung from his suffering heart.

Days passed; the mother was tireless in her watching. With her babe cradled in her arms her heart was slow to take in the

truth, doing her best to solace the father's heart: "A light case! the doctor says, 'Pet will soon be well.'"

Calmly as one who knows his doom, the father laid his hand upon the hot brow, looked into the eyes even then covered with the film of death, and with all the strength of his manhood cried, "Spare her, O God! spare my child, and I will follow Thee."

With a last painful effort the parched lips opened: "Jessie's too sick; can't say good-night, papa—in the morning." There was a convulsive shudder, and the clasp-

ing fingers relaxed their hold; the messenger had taken the child.

Months have passed. Jessie's crib stands by the side of her father's couch; her blue embroidered dress and white hat hang in his closet; her boots with the print of the feet just as she last wore them, as sacred in his eyes as they are in the mother's. Not dead, but merely risen to a higher life; while, sounding down from the upper stairs, "Good-night, papa, Jessie see you in the morning," has been the means of winning to a better way one who had shown himself deaf to every former call.



COUNTING THE COST.

(A glass of wine may be held in the hand up to the words "slow poison of death," and then dashed to the floor.)

SUPPOSE the young man who holds the first glass of intoxicating liquor in his hands were to hold it there for five minutes, counting the cost of a burning brain; counting the cost of a palsied hand; counting the cost of a staggering step; counting the cost of broken hearts and of tear-stained pillows; counting the cost of a blighted home; counting the cost of the

self-respect which oozes out at the finger tips as they clasp the sparkling curse; counting the cost of the degradation and disgrace of a ruined body and a lost soul. What young man could soberly count the cost of that one step, and not be strengthened against the temptation to sip the slow poison of death?



TEMPERANCE SPEECH.

I WISH to say a few words on temperance. I suppose you'll say the subject is too deep for boys, and that this speech is altogether too old for me. Now, I will be honest with you, and say, in the first place, that these are not my words, or, rather, the thoughts are not really mine; but it is what I think of other people's thoughts. And as for the subject being too deep for me, that is all mere nonsense. Small as I am, I have seen people drunk

a great many times. And they are not men alone; I have seen women and children drunk, more than once; and every time I see it, I feel sorry.

When I see men going into a lager beer saloon, day after day, or women carrying home liquor in a pitcher or bottle, then I think of the time when I saw them drunk on the sidewalk, or quarreling with a lamp-post, or staggering home to beat their wife or children, and I know that

one is the beginning of the other. That is not what somebody else says; for I know that of myself.

I have been to temperance meetings some, and have heard about the best means of promoting the cause of temperance—and they tell about taking away the liberty of the people! I confess, I don't understand this; but I want to; for I want to be intelligent enough to vote one of these days, which some men are not, they say. But I'm going to tell you what I think about it, from what I do know. I think it is a strange liberty that men want—liberty to get drunk, and reel around the streets, and frighten children, and be made fun of by the boys, and to go home

at two o'clock in the morning, and get into bed with their boots on and not know the difference.

Then, they say it is no sin to drink, but it is a sin to get drunk. Now, my father and mother teach me that it is just as wrong to steal a pin as to steal money, and they would punish me just the same for it. If it is a sin to drink ten glasses of whisky and get drunk, it is a sin to drink one glass; for some people can get more tipsy, disagreeable and dangerous on one glass than if they drank many and grew helplessly drunk. Take a boy's advice and don't touch it yourself and don't sell or give it to others.



I HAVE DRANK MY LAST GLASS.

NO, comrades, I thank you—not any for me;

My last chain is riven—henceforward I'm free!

I will go to my home and my children to-night

With no fumes of liquor, their spirits to blight;

And, with tears in my eyes, I will beg my poor wife

To forgive me the wreck I have made of her life.

I have never refused you before? Let that pass,

For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and disgrace,

With my bleared, haggard eyes, and my red, bloated face;

Mark my faltering step and my weak palsied hand,

And the mark on my brow that is worse than Cain's brand;

See my crownless old hat, and my elbows and knees,

Alike, warmed by the sun, or chilled by the breeze.

Why, even the children will hoot as I pass;—

But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me now

That a mother's soft hand was pressed on my brow—

When she kissed me, and blessed me, her darling, her pride,—

Ere she laid down to rest by my dead father's side:

But with love in her eyes, she looked up to the sky,

Bidding *me* meet her *there*, and whispered "Good-bye."

And I'll do it, God heiping! Your *smile* I
let pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

Ah! I reeled home last night—it was not
very late,
For I'd spent my last sixpence, and land-
lords won't wait
On a fellow, who's left every cent in their
till,
And has pawned his last bed, their coffer's
to fill.
Oh, the torments I felt, and the pangs I
endured!
And I begged for one glass—just *one*
would have cured.—
But they kicked me out doors! I let that,
too, pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

At home, my pet Susie, with her rich golden
hair,
I saw through the window, just kneeling in
prayer;
From her pale, bony hands, her torn sleeves
were strung down,
While her feet, cold and bare, shrank be-
neath her scant gown;
And she prayed—prayed for *bread*, just a
poor crust of bread,—
For *one* crust, on her knees my pet darling
plead!

And I *heard*, with no penny to buy one,
alas!
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

For Susie, my darling, my wee six-year-old,
Though fainting with hunger and shivering
with cold,
There, on the bare floor, asked God to
bless *me*!
And she said, "Don't cry, mamma! He will!
for, you see,
I *believe* what I ask for." Then sobered, I
crept
Away from the house; and that night, when
I slept,
Next my heart lay the PLEDGE! You smile!
let it pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

My darling child saved me! Her faith and
her love
Are akin to my dear sainted mother's above!
I will make my words true, or I'll die in the
race,
And sober I'll go to my last resting place;
And she shall kneel *there*, and, weeping,
thank God
No *drunkard* lies under the daisy-strewn
sod!
Not a drop more of poison my lips shall e'er
pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.



DRINKING A HOME.

MY homeless friend with the ruby
nose, while you are stirring up the
sugar in that ten-cent glass of gin, let me
give you a fact to wash it down with. You
say you have longed for years for the free,
independent life of the farmer, but have

never been able to get enough money to-
gether to buy a farm. But this is just
where you are mistaken. For several years
you have been drinking a good improved
farm at the rate of one hundred square feet
a gulp. If you doubt this statement, figure

it out for yourself. An aere of land contains forty-three thousand five hundred and sixty square feet. Estimating, for convenience, the land at forty-three dollars and fifty-six cents per aere, you will see that this brings the land to just one mill per square foot, one cent for ten square feet. Now pour down that fiery dose, and just imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends, and have them help you gulp down that five-hundred-foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day, and see how long a time it requires to swallow a pasture

large enough to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin! there is dirt in it—one hundred square feet of good, rich dirt, worth forty-three dollars and fifty-six cents per aere.

But there are plenty of farms which do not cost more than a tenth part of forty-three dollars and fifty-six cents per aere. What an enormous aereage has gone down many a homeless drinker's throat! No wonder such men are buried in the "pot-ter's field"; they have swallowed farms and gardens and homes, and even drank up their own graveyard.



THE TWO GLASSES.

THERE sat two glasses filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim,
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one as clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to the paler brother:
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other;

I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth

Fell under my touch as though struck by blight,

Where I was king, for I ruled in might;
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,

From the heights of fame I have hurled men down;

I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste
That has made his future a barren waste.

Greater, far greater than king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.

I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail;

I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me,

For they said, 'Behold how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall,

For your might and power are over all.'
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water glass: "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host;
But I can tell of a heart once sad,
By my crystal drops, made light and glad;
Of thirsts I've quenched, of brows I've laved,

Of hands I have cooled, and souls I have saved;

I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain,

Flowed in the river and played in the fountain,

Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky,

And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.

I have eased the hot forehead of fever and
 pain;
 I have made the parched meadows grow
 fertile with grain;
 I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
 That ground out the flour and turned at
 my will.
 I can tell of manhood debased by you,
 That I have lifted and crowned anew.

I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
 I gladden the heart of man and maid;
 I set the chained wine-captive free;
 And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other,
 The glass of wine and the paler brother,
 As they sat together filled to the brim,
 On the rich man's table, rim to rim.



THEY'VE STOPPED SELLING LIQUOR IN TOWN.

HERE'S good news for you, mother."
 the old farmer said,
 As he paused where his good wife was
 moulding the bread,
 "I've been talking awhile with our friend
 neighbor Brown,
 And he says they've stopped selling liquor
 in town."

"I just took off my hat and shouted huzza,
 When he said men had got to live up to
 the law,
 And I knew it would make your heart
 happy to know
 They have dried up the fountain of madness
 and woe.

"Now the town will be peaceful and safe
 once again,
 And the street won't be crowded with wild,
 drunken men;
 And the boys won't be tempted to smoke,
 drink and fight,
 To gamble all day and carouse all the night.

"There's Kate, bless her heart, she will
 dance like a top,
 For she can go back now and sew in the
 shop,
 It won't be unsafe for her now I am sure,
 For though she is thoughtless the child's
 heart is pure.

"You needn't buy things at the corners no
 more,
 For I'll send Sam to town to the big dry
 goods store;
 He won't come home drunk, with the buggy
 broke down,
 For I tell you they have stopped selling
 liquor in town.

"There's Jim, he won't study, and don't
 take to work,
 We can let him go now and hire out for a
 clerk,
 It will do the boy good, he'll find out it ain't
 play,
 And there ain't any grog-shops to lead him
 astray.

"And there's little Peter, you know how he
 learns,
 And how he saves up every penny he earns
 To buy a new book, and the boy's got a
 plan,
 That he'll be a lawyer when he is a man.

"So if you are willing to venture, I think
 We will send him to town now—he won't
 learn to drink.
 They've got a good school, and he'll learn
 very fast,
 I am glad they have stopped selling liquor
 at last."

He paused, and the wife of his youth made
reply,
While joy sent the tear-drops like pearls
from her eye,

"Heaven bless the pure hearts that have put
the curse down,
Thank God they have stopped selling liquor
in town."

—*Dell M. Mason.*



A GLASS OF COLD WATER.

(A stirring Temperance oration. When the two last words are spoken raise and hold before the audience a glass of water.)

WHERE is the liquor which God the
Eternal brews for all his children?
Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires
choked with poisonous gases, and sur-
rounded with the stench of sickening
odors, and rank corruptions, doth your
Father in heaven prepare the precious
essence of life, the pure cold water. But
in the green glade and grassy dell, where
the red deer wanders, and the child loves
to play; there God brews it. And down,
low down in the lowest valleys, where the
fountains murmur and the rills sing; and
high upon the tall mountain tops, where
the naked granite glitters like gold in the
sun; where the storm-cloud broods, and
the thunder-storms crash; and away far out
on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane
howls music, and the big waves roar; the
chorus sweeping the march of God: there
he brews it—that beverage of life and
health-giving water. And everywhere it
is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dew-
drop; singing in the summer rain; shin-

ing in the ice-gem, till the leaves all seem
to turn to living jewels; spreading a golden
veil over the setting sun; or a white gauze
around the midnight moon.

Sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the
glacier; dancing in the hail shower; fold-
ing its bright snow curtains softly about
the wintry world; and waving the many-
colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky,
whose warp is the rain-drop of earth,
whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven; all
checkered over with celestial flowers, by
the mystic hand of refraction.

Still always it is beautiful, that life-giv-
ing water; no poison bubbles on its brink;
its foam brings not madness and murder;
no blood stains its liquid glass; pale
widows and starving orphans weep no
burning tears in its depth; no drunken,
shrieking ghost from the grave curses it
in the words of eternal despair; speak out,
my friends, would you exchange the
demon's drink, alcohol, for this?



SAVED BY A SONG.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,"
What, can it be I hear aright
That sweet old song in such a place—
Beneath the bar-room's glittering light?
Listen; it is a woman's voice
That drifts upon the breeze to me,

From yonder gilded, gay saloon,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Where have I heard that song before?
Memory adown the long years speeds;
I hear once more those precious words,

And then the preacher softly reads
A few lines from the book of life;
Then some one softly strokes my head
And whispers, oh, so tenderly:
"Poor little boy, your mother's dead."

Oh! how it all comes back to me!
Those whispered words, that tender
song;
My boyish heart was well-nigh broke;
I cried for mother all night long.
I see the cozy sitting-room,
The straight-back chairs 'ranged in a
row—
The moonlight stealing thro' the blinds,
The jessamine swaying to and fro.

And there my mother's rocking chair,
From which a sweet face often smiled,
As with her Bible on her lap
She turned to bless her darling child.
But that was years and years ago;
What am I now? A wretch to shun,
Going down the road to ruin fast,
I'm on the drunkard's "homeward run."

Somehow that song has reached my heart
And seemed to pierce it thro' and thro',
And called forth feelings that I'm sure
Naught else on earth could ever do.
My throat is parched from want of rum,
My head seems growing wild with pain;
But, mother, hear your boy to-night: -
I'll never touch a drop again.



TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.

TRAMP, tramp, the boys are marching;
how many of them? Sixty thousand!
Sixty full regiments, every man of which
will, before twelve months shall have completed their course, lie down in the grave of a drunkard! Every year during the past decade has witnessed the same sacrifice; and sixty regiments stand behind this army ready to take its place. It is to be recruited from our children and our children's children. Tramp, tramp, tramp—the sounds come to us in the echoes of the army just expired; tramp, tramp, tramp—the earth shakes with the tread of the host now passing; tramp, tramp, tramp—comes to us from the camp of the recruits. A great tide of life flows resistlessly to its death. What in God's name are they fighting for? The privilege of pleasing an appetite, of conforming to a social usage, of filling sixty thousand homes with shame and sorrow, of loading the public with the burden of pauperism, of crowding our

prison houses with felons, of detracting from the productive industries of the country, of ruining fortunes and breaking hopes, of breeding disease and wretchedness, of destroying both body and soul in hell before their time.

The prosperity of the liquor interest, covering every department of it, depends entirely on the maintenance of this army. It cannot live without it. It never did live without it. So long as the liquor interest maintains its present prosperous condition, it will cost America the sacrifice of sixty thousand men every year. The effect is inseparable from the cause. The cost to the country of the liquor traffic is a sum so stupendous that any figures which we should dare to give would convict us of trifling. The amount of life absolutely destroyed, the amount of industry sacrificed, the amount of bread transformed into poison, the shame, the unavailing sorrow, the crime, the poverty, the pauperism, the

brutality, the wild waste of vital and financial resources, make an aggregate so vast—so incalculably vast,—that the only won-

der is that the American people do not rise as one man and declare that this great curse shall exist no longer.—F. G. Holland.



SAMPLE ROOMS.

SAMPLES of wine, and samples of beer,
Samples of all kinds of liquors sold
here;

Samples of whiskey, samples of gin,
Samples of all kinds of bitters. Step in.
Samples of ale, and porter, and brandy;
Samples as large as you please, and quite
handy;

Our samples are pure, and also you'll find
Our customers always genteel and refined;
For gentlemen know when they've taken
enough,

And never partake of the common stuff.

Besides these samples within, you know,
There are samples without of what they
can do;

Samples of headache, samples of gout;
Samples of coats with the elbows out,
Samples of boots without heels or toes;
Samples of men with a broken nose,
Samples of men in the gutter lying,
Samples of men with delirium dying,
Samples of men carousing and swearing,
Samples of men all evil daring;

Samples of lonely, tired men,
Who long in vain for their freedom again;
Samples of old men worn in the strife,
Samples of young men tired of life;
Samples of ruined hopes and lives,
Samples of desolate homes and wives;
Samples of aching hearts grown cold
With anguish and misery untold;
Samples of noble youth in disgrace,
Who meet you with averted face;
Samples of hungry little ones,
Starving to death in their dreary homes.

In fact, there is scarcely a woe on earth
But these "samples" have nurtured or
given birth!

Oh! all ye helpers to sorrow and crime,
Who deal out death for a single dime,
Know ye that the Lord, though he may
delay,

Has in reserve for the last great day
The terrible "woe," of whose solemn weight
No mortal can know till the pearly gate
Is closed, and all with one accord
Acknowledge the justice of their reward.





Photo by Byron, N. Y.

"DON'T GO. FOR MY SAKE, DON'T GO."



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"FAIRER THAN THE LILY,"



ENRaptured.

Religious Readings

No program is complete without a religious selection, and those contained herein are among the grandest and most beautiful in the English language.



THE CREEDS OF THE BELLS.

In Concert.

HOW sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!

Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, as pure as prayer;
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime;
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.

First Girl.

"In deeds of love excel! excel!"
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell;
"This is the church not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands;
In forms and sacred rites revere,
Come worship here! come worship here!
In rituals and faith excel!"
Chimed out the Episcopal bell.

Second Girl.

"Oh, heed the ancient landmarks well!"
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell;
"No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just eternal plan;
With God there can be nothing new;
Ignore the false, embrace the true,
While all is well! is well! is well!"
Pealed out the good old Dutch church bell.

Third Girl.

"Ye purifying waters swell!"
In mellow tones rang out a bell;
"Though faith alone in Christ can save,

Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
To show the world unfaltering faith
In what the sacred scripture saith:
Oh swell! ye rising waters, swell!"
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

Fourth Girl.

"Not faith alone, but works as well,
Must test the soul!" said a soft bell;
"Come here and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God, and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hope began;
Do well! do well! do well! do well!"
Rang out the Unitarian bell.

Fifth Girl.

"Farewell! farewell! base world, farewell!"
In touching tones exclaimed a bell;
"Life is a boon, to mortals given;
To fit the soul for bliss in heaven;
Do not invoke the avenging rod,
Come here and learn the way to God;
Say to the world farewell! farewell!"
Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

Sixth Girl.

"To all the truth we tell! we tell!"
Shouted in ecstasies a bell;
"Come all ye weary wanderers, see!
Our Lord has made salvation free!
Repent, believe, have faith, and then
Be saved and praise the Lord, Amen!
Salvation's free, we tell! we tell!"
Shouted the Methodistic bell.

Seventh Girl.

"In after life there is no hell!"
 In rapture rang a cheerful bell;
 "Look up to heaven this holy day,
 Where angels wait to lead the way;
 There are no fires, no fiends to blight
 The future life; be just and right.
 No hell! no hell! no hell! no hell!"
 Rang out the Universalist bell.

Eighth Girl.

"The Pilgrim Fathers heeded well
 My cheerful voice," pealed forth a bell;
 "No fetters here to clog the soul;
 No arbitrary creeds control
 The free heart and progressive mind,
 That leave the dusty past behind.
 Speed well, speed well, speed well, speed
 well!"
 Pealed out the Independent bell.

Ninth Girl.

"No Pope, no Pope, to doom to hell!"
 The Protestant rang out a bell;
 "Great Luther left his fiery zeal
 Within the hearts that truly feel

That loyalty to God will be
 The fealty that makes man free.
 No images where incense fell!"
 Rang out old Martin Luther's bell.

Tenth Girl.

"All hail, ye saints in heaven that dwell
 Close by the cross!" exclaimed a bell;
 "Lean o'er the battlements of bliss,
 And deign to bless a world like this;
 Let mortals kneel before this shrine—
 Adore the water and the wine!
 All hail ye saints, the chorus swell!"
 Chimed in the Roman Catholic bell.

In Chorus.

"Ye workers who have toiled so well,
 To save the race!" said a sweet bell;
 "With pledge, and badge, and banner,
 come,
 Each brave heart beating like a drum;
 Be royal men of noble deeds.
 For love is holier than creeds;
 Drink from the well, the well, the well!"
 In rapture rang the Temperance bell.

—George W. Bungay.



DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

SHE was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter-berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put me near something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird, a poor slight thing, which the pressure of a finger

would have crushed, was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was white and motionless forever. Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness was born—imagined—in her tranquil beauty and profound repose. And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change.

Yes, the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face, which had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care. At the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire

upon the cold wet night, at the same still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild, lovely look.

The old man took one languid arm in his, and held the small hand to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast, the garden she had tended, the eyes she had gladdened, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour, the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yesterday, could know her no more.

She had been dead two days. They were

all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night, but as the hours crept on, she sunk to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped and used them kindly; for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervor. Walking, she never wandered in her mind but once; and that was at beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned again to the old man, with a lovely smile on her face,—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget,—and clung with both arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead at first.



SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

UNANSWERED yet! The prayer your lips have pleaded

In agony of heart, these many years?
Does faith begin to fail, is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?

Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;

You shall have your desire, sometime,
somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Though when you first presented

This one petition to the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,

So urgent was your heart to make it known.

Though years have passed since then, do not despair;

The Lord will answer you sometime,
somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say, ungranted!

Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,

And God will finish what He has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be un-
answered,

Her feet are firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands un-
daunted,

Nor quails before the loudest thunder
shock.

She knows Omnipotence has heard her
prayer

And cries, "It shall be done, sometime,
somewhere."



NEARER HOME.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight,
That brightly the other side
Break on a shore of light.

O, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think,

Father, perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the Rock of a living faith.



THERE IS NO DEATH.

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellowed fruit
Or rainbow-tinted flowers,

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The birdlike voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Around the tree of life.

Where'er He sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
 They leave us but to come again;
 With joy we welcome them the same,—
 Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
 The dear immortal spirits tread;
 For all the boundless universe
 Is life—there are no dead.



A HOME WHERE GOD IS.

'TWAS early day, and sunlight streamed
 Soft through a quiet room,
 That hushed, but not forsaken, seemed
 Still, but with naught of gloom.
 For there, serene in happy age,
 Whose hope is from above,
 A father communed with the page
 Of heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,
 On his gray holy hair,
 And touched the page with tenderest light,
 As if its shrine were there!
 But oh! that patriarch's aspect shone
 With something lovelier far—
 A radiance all the spirit's own,
 Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met
 His calm benignant eye;
 Some ancient promise breathing yet
 Of immortality!
 Some martyr's prayer, wherein the glow
 Of quenchless faith survives:
 While every feature said—"I know
 That my Redeemer lives!"

And silent stood his children by
 Hushing their very breath,
 Before the solemn sanctity
 Of thoughts o'ersweeping death.
 Silent—yet did not each young breast
 With love and reverence melt?
 Oh! blest be those fair girls, and blest
 That home where God is felt!



RECESSIONAL.

GOD of our fathers, known of old—
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
 Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
 The captains and the kings depart—
 Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—

On dune and headland sinks the fire—
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use
 Or lesser breeds without the law—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard—

All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,

Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!
Amen.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*



THERE IS NO UNBELIEF.

THERE is no Unbelief!
Whoever plants a seed beneath the
sod

And waits to see it push away the clod,
Trusts he in God.

There is no Unbelief!

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by,
Trusts the most High.

There is no Unbelief!

Whoever sees 'neath Winter's fields of snow
The silent harvests of the future grow,
God's power must know.

There is no Unbelief!

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,

Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

There is no Unbelief!

Whoever says to-morrow, the unknown,
The future, trusts that power alone
He dare disown.

There is no Unbelief!

The heart that looks on when dear eyelids
close

And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no Unbelief!

For thus by day and night unconsciously
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny,
God knoweth why.



IMMORTALITY.

O listen, man!

A voice within us speaks that startling
word,

"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial
voices

Hymn it into our souls; according harps,
By angel fingers touched, when the mild
stars

Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality.

Thick-clustering orbs, and this our fair do-
main,

The tall, dark mountains and the deep-toned
seas,

Join in this solemn, universal song.

O listen ye, our spirits; drink it in

From all the air. 'Tis in the gentle moon-
light;

'Tis floating midst Day's setting glories;
Night,

Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our
ears:

Night, and the dawn, bright day, and
thoughtful eve,

All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand; and conscious
chords

Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.

The dying hear it; and, as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing
souls

To mingle in this heavenly harmony.



The Broomstick Army



(A splendid drill for a half-dozen pupils or the entire school.)



STANDING in rank near the front side of the stage, the teacher gives the command to "present arms," "carry arms," "trail arms," etc. Each command consists of two words: the first is to indicate what the pupil is to do, and on the second word the movement is made, all acting in concert.

The following exercises are suitable for this drill, and always prove very entertaining to the audience.

Carry—ARMS!—The broom is held in the right hand, handle upward, with the hand clasping the handle where it joins the brush. The left hand hangs at the side.

Present—ARMS!—Place the broom with the right hand in front of the center of the body, clasping the handle with the left hand above the right. Hold the broom perfectly perpendicular.

Order—ARMS!—Let go the handle with the left hand, and carry the broom to the side with the right hand; then drop the broom to the floor.

In place—REST!—Grasp the handle with both hands, the left above the right, and place both hands in front of the lower part of the breast.

Trail—ARMS!—Grasp the handle with the right hand and incline it forward, the broom behind, resting on the floor.

Attention—CHARGE!—Half face to the right, carrying the heel six inches to the rear and three inches to the right of the left, turning the toes of both feet slightly inward; at the same time drop the stick into the left hand, elbow against the body,

point of stick at the height of the chin, right hand grasping the stick just above the brush and supporting it firmly against the right hip.

Port—ARMS!—Raise and throw the broom diagonally across the body; grasp it smartly with both hands, the right, palm down at the base of the stick; the left, palm up, thumb clasping stick; handle sloping to the left and crossing opposite the middle of left shoulder; right forearm horizontal; forearms and handle near the body.

Secure—ARMS!—Advance the broom slightly with the right hand, turn the handle to the front with the left hand. At the same time change the position of the right hand, placing it further up the handle, drop the handle to the front, placing the broom where joined with the handle, under the right arm.

Reverse—ARMS!—Lift the broom vertically with the right hand, clasp the stick with the left hand; then, with the right hand, grasp the handle near the brush. Reverse the broom, the handle dropping to the front, the broom passing between the breast and right forearm. Press the handle under the arm with the left hand until the right elbow can hold it in place against the body; pass left hand behind the back and clasp the stick.

Inspection—ARMS!—This is executed from the "carry arms" position. Lift the broom quickly with the right hand, bringing it in front of the center of the body; then grasp the handle with the left hand, placed near the chin, and hold it.

MOVEMENTS OF ATTACK AND DEFENSE.

These can be executed only with open ranks, the pupils being placed seven or eight feet apart. To so place them, the teacher will give the order—

Right (or Left) open Ranks—MARCH!—The pupils face to the right or left, according to the order given, except the one at the extreme end of the line. The others march, the last of the file halting at every four or five steps from the one in the rear, until all are the same distance apart. They then face front. To close the rank, turn to the right or left and march toward the pupil standing at the end until halted by the one ahead. Then face front.

Attention—GUARD!—At the command *guard*, half face to the right, carry back and place the right foot about twice its length to the rear and nearly the same distance to the right, the feet at little less than a right angle, the right toe pointing squarely to the right, both knees bent slightly, weight of the body held equally on both legs; at the same time throw the end of the stick to the front, at the height of the chin, grasping it lightly with both hands, the right just above the brush, the left a few inches higher; the right hand in line with the left hip and both arms held free from the body and without constraint.

Being at the Guard—ADVANCE!—Move the left foot quickly forward, twice its length; follow with the right foot the same distance.

RETIRE!—Move the right foot quickly to the rear, twice its length; follow with the left foot the same distance.

Front—PASS!—Advance the right foot quickly, fifteen inches in front of the left, keeping right toe squarely to the right; ad-

vance the left foot to its relative position in front.

Rear—PASS!—Carry the left foot quickly fifteen inches to the rear of the right; place the right foot in its relative position in rear, keeping the right toe squarely to the right.

Right—VOLT!—Face to the right, turning on the ball of the left foot, at the same time carry the right foot quickly to its position in the rear.

Left—VOLT!—Face to the left, turning on the ball of the left foot, at the same time carry the right foot quickly to its position in rear.

Right rear and left rear volts are similarly executed, facing about on the ball of the left foot.

Quarte—PARRY!—Hold the broom in front of the left shoulder with the right hand, handle upward, the fingers of the left hand on the handle, the left elbow touching the right wrist.

Seconde—PARRY!—Move the point of the broom-handle quickly to the left, describing a semi-circle from left to right, the left elbow in front of the body, the flat of the broom under the right forearm, the right elbow two or three inches higher than the right shoulder.

Prime—PARRY!—Carry the broom to the left, covering the left shoulder, the handle downward, the left forearm behind the handle, the right arm in front of and above the eyes.

To GUARD WHEN KNEELING.—Bring the toe of the left foot square in front, plant the right foot to the rear, kneel on the right knee, bending the left, hold the broom at an angle of 45 degrees, pointing directly to the front, the right hand pressed firmly against the side, the left hand holding the point of handle upward.

This drill may be terminated by a march.

Effective Tableaux

While enacting these tableaux the children should stand as motionless as possible. The curtain should be drawn back and kept in that position for a full minute, and then be slowly closed.



A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

TIME: CHRISTMAS EVE.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.—Santa Claus, a large boy, with long, white hair and beard, round fur or paper cap, an enormous pack strapped upon his shoulders, from which protrude various toys. A light carriage-cloth may be wrapped about him. George and Fred—Two little boys, one quite small, dressed in short blouse and pantaloons in Scene I. In Scenes II, III and IV in long colored dressing-gowns. Nellie—Small girl with short dress and apron in Scene I. In Scenes II, III and IV in long white night-robe. Father and Mother—Large boy and girl in ordinary house dress, except the father, as Santa Claus in Scene III.

SCENE I.

THE children come bounding in, they bow to the audience, glance at the clock, go to a small bureau, and opening a drawer, extract three pairs of colored hose. They pin the tops together, and mounting chairs proceed to hang them carefully upon hooks prepared to receive them. Georgie points to the clock, expressing that it is nearly bed-time. Nellie claps her hands, and Fred jumps about and smiles his joy. Taking hold of hands they bow and go out.

SCENE II.

The mother enters with the children, who are robed for sleep. She leads the two youngest, one by each hand. They pause, pointing to the stockings. The mother smiles, and toys with Fred's curls. She leads them to the couch, over which blankets are spread, and kneels in front of the couch, the children follow her example, with clasped hands and bowed heads. They remain in this attitude a short time, then rising, the mother proceeds to assist the two boys into bed, kisses them good-night, looks out of the window, then tucks the covering closer about them. She then leads Nellie to the crib, lifts her in, kisses her,

arranges the chairs, closes the drawer that the children left open, takes one more look at the boys and goes out.

SCENE III.

Santa Claus comes creeping cautiously in, makes a profound bow to the audience, then peering at the occupants of couch and crib to be sure they are asleep, he proceeds to fill the stockings. While he is thus engaged, the youngest boy (*who should have piercing eyes*) slowly raises his curly head from the pillow, and recognizing his father in the person of Santa Claus, places a finger significantly upon his nose, as much as to say, "You can't fool me." Of course, his movements are unnoticed by Santa Claus, who fills the stockings to repletion, places sundry other large toys, such as a sled, wax doll, hobby, etc., under each respective stocking, and laying a finger upon his lips, bows and goes out.

SCENE IV.

The father and mother enter, and going up to the children, pantomime that they are asleep, and must not be disturbed. They sit. Children begin to show signs of waking. Fred leaps to the floor with a bound,

rubbing his eyes, the others follow in rapid succession, and mounting chairs, wrench the stockings from the hooks, and scatter their contents over the floor.—(*They should contain nothing that would injure by falling.*)—Fred shakes his finger mischievous-

ly at his father, then rushes up and kisses him heartily. The children gather up the toys, which they drop again, and finally, with arms full, they all face the audience, bow and go out.



HOW TO ACT SHADOW PICTURES.

HOME entertainments can be given all the year round, although it is the custom to reserve them almost exclusively for the holidays, or, at least, the season when cold weather prevails. Young people are always searching for something new, but they have never discovered anything more pleasurable than the old-time shadow pantomime, which affords practical, endless amusement.

Of all the various methods which have been devised for furnishing an amusing entertainment there is probably none which so strongly recommends itself for its simplicity, its scope for originality and for genuine fun as the shadow pantomime. To the uninitiated the effects produced are startling, and to all, if properly managed, ludicrous in the extreme.

In the arrangement of tableaux the effect is mainly dependent on the judicious and artistic blending of colors, the expression of countenances and the graceful positions of the posers. In the pantomime, color is of no consequence, and facial expression is confined entirely to the profile.

The first thing requisite is a white curtain or sheet to receive the shadows. Where there is already a stage and drop curtain the white sheet is arranged as an extra drop, care being taken to have it hang so as to be as tight and as free from inequalities as possible, and the larger the better. In adapting the exhibition to a parlor en-

tertainment the white sheet may be stretched to fit exactly between sliding or folding doors. Before stretching the sheet it should be thoroughly and uniformly wetted, and then wrung out. This insures sharpness of outline to the shadows.

At the front or on that side of the sheet appropriated to the spectators, the room must, during the performance, be entirely dark. On the stage or behind the sheet, where the performers are, should be only one bright, steady light. This must be arranged so as to be as near to the floor as possible, and exactly opposite the center of the sheet. For parlor purposes, where there is gas in the room, the best contrivance is a drop light, the burner of which (a large-sized one) is not more than two or three inches from the ground and placed so as to present the thin edge (not the flat) of the flame to the curtain. This renders the outlines all the more distinct and clearly defined.

If gas is not to be had, the next best lamp is a tin cup filled with tallow, in the center of which is a cotton wick secured by a wire coil soldered into the middle of the inside of the cup, to prevent the wick from falling down when the tallow has melted. This tin lamp should be placed in the center of a flat dish full of sand, as a precaution against accident.

If the curtain is large, the light should be placed at a distance of about five or six

feet, but a small curtain requires the light to be two or three feet farther away. The distance can be best ascertained by experiment. If there should be no means of closing the sheet after or in the intervals of a performance, there should be a light placed on each side, behind the curtain, in such a position that no shadow will be thrown by it, and the center light extinguished, or effectually shaded by the placing of some solid object close in front of it.

During the performance care must be taken that those persons whose shadows are not for the moment needed, should stand behind the light, as entrance or exit is effected by jumping lightly or stepping sideways over the light. This produces an effect on the curtain just as if the shadow had dropped from or gone up into the ceiling. As profile is essential, the side and not the front or back should as far as practicable be presented to the light, and in using tables or chairs let them be placed close to, but not touching, the curtain. The nearer the curtain, the clearer the shadow.

In order to bring any object on a table clearly into shadow, it must be placed at the edge of the table nearest the light, otherwise the shadow of the top of the table will obscure the shadow of the lower part of the object. The table, therefore, for general purposes, should not be too wide, and may be just as well a strip of board from two or three feet long, and eight inches wide, nailed to four strips of wood for legs.

An amusing deception may be practiced with small objects, such as cups and saucers, by first placing them at the edge farthest from the light, where they will be out of shadow, and by fastening a string to them, which can be done with a piece of wax, and carrying the end over the edge and down the leg nearest the light, through

a small eyelet at the bottom of the leg and so along the ground to the back of the light. By this means the objects can be drawn across to the edge nearest the light and will appear to rise out of the table. By reversing the arrangement they appear to sink into the table. For this purpose the table should be a little wider than that ordinarily used.

Many curious effects are possible. For instance, to make a false nose, cut a piece of pasteboard to the required shape, and split open the back edge sufficiently to allow the real nose to be inserted. It can be fixed securely either by strings attached to each side and tied behind the head, or by gumming on with mucilage. The latter plan is the better, as it admits of the nose being apparently pulled off. When this is done the performer who loses his nose should have one hand full of sawdust, and, at the moment that the false nose is removed, bring that hand up in time to prevent the shadow of his natural nose appearing on the curtain, then leaning his head forward and letting the sawdust drop gently in little gushes as it were. The blood will seem to drop and call forth manifestations of deep emotion or high delight from the sympathizing spectators. Sawdust is the best thing to represent liquid in the act of pouring, but if the orifice be small, as in the case of a coffeepot or tea kettle, it will be liable to choke up the spout, and sand, thoroughly dried, will be found preferable.

Any one with a moderate degree of ingenuity and fertility of invention, will be able to multiply the effects from the hints given, and may produce an almost endless variety of illusions. As an illustration of this, some of the most effective conjuring tricks may be produced with great success. For instance, a number of objects

may be cut out of cardboard, such as birds, animals, kettles, teapots, hats, flowers and plants in pots, at least twenty or more of which can be piled flat on the floor without coming above the level of the lower part of the shadow curtain. If these are lifted one by one just behind the profile of a stiff hat, all the amusing effects can be produced of an inexhaustible "tile." A full-sized hoop-skirt can be presented to the gaze of the astonished spectators. All of these objects can be thrown over the light, picked up by an assistant behind, and pushed, one by one, back to the hat, by means of a thin strip of wood kept flat on the floor, and reproduced as often as may be required.

It would be well to remark, incidentally, that for grown-up performers the curtain should not be less than ten feet high. When the curtain is much less, smaller performers are requisite.

Too much stress cannot be laid on thorough rehearsal. Everything should be tried over and over again, until perfectly accomplished. Care should be taken that the acts or separate pieces performed during an exhibition be as distinct in details as possible,

so as not to allow the effects produced in any one of them to be repeated in any other.

Let nothing be undertaken in which there is the possibility of failure in any of the arrangements. Rather attempt little and do it well, than too much and bungle in it. Then always remember, also, that the individual in corpore is nothing, the shadow everything. Do not be too sure that this little action or that bit of by-play will be all right when the time comes; try it beforehand, and in all possibility the trial will show how imperfect the attempt would have been.

It should be remembered: That in rehearsal only can the performer be permitted to look at his own shadow; as during the performance the profile must be constantly presented to the curtain, a position which will prevent the performer from witnessing the effect of his actions. Let everything be done as close to the curtain as possible, but never so near as to touch it.

If these general directions are carefully followed the performers will not fail to elicit their meed of applause at the close of the shadow pantomime.



THE MAY-POLE.

(This selection is one of the most effective opening acts for an evening's entertainment that can be imagined or devised, and fully repays the comparatively trifling amount of trouble and preparation necessary for its representation.)

IT requires a pole ten feet high with a revolving head-piece, to which the ribbons are attached; the lower end of the pole should be inserted and tightly wedged into the middle of a piece of wood to serve for a stand, into which a suitable hole has been mortised to receive the pole; the stand concealed by green branches and flowers, or in any other way that may suit. The pole is placed in the center of the stage, the stand being strongly secured

to the floor. For outdoor purposes the pole may be sunk in the ground.

Next provide eight strips of paper-muslin or ribbon about six feet longer than the height of the pole, and about three inches wide. Four of the strips should be white, two of them red and two blue. One end of each strip should be fastened firmly on the top of the pole, and so arranged that they will hang down around the pole in regular order, a white strip and a colored

strip alternately. The width of the strips, which we will call "banners," should be regulated to suit the thickness of the pole; their width ought not to exceed its diameter. A wreath or garland will make a pretty finish for the top of the pole. For a small pole eight performers are sufficient; with a larger pole twelve or more may join, but always an equal number of boys and girls to form couples, and the total number divisible by four, with sufficient ribbons for one for each.

It may save possible confusion to loop up the ends of the banners clear of the floor and secure them to the pole with a pin, each in its proper order. The pole and banners are now ready for use.

The dance is here arranged for four couples, costumed in old holiday style.

The girls may be dressed in short dresses resembling a gypsy, milk-maid, etc. The boys may wear knee breeches and blouse with a scarf around the waist, tied at one side. Round hats with garlands for the girls, and sailor hats for the boys.

The dresses should be of very bright colors—with white or black rows of braid; or a blue or red cambric skirt, with bands of plain white cotton cloth sewed in rows around the bottom, will look almost as well on the stage at night as silk; while dancing no one can distinguish the difference.

When the curtain rises, the music should strike up a lively tune in well-marked polka time, and the four couples enter, dancing, in their order. The movements of all should be regulated by the first couple, on whom, therefore, a great deal of responsibility rests. The preliminary dancing may be arranged to suit the manager; but it must be so contrived that it leaves the four couples standing around and facing the pole (each boy

having his partner on his right), holding hands so as to form a ring as large as possible. A circle marked on the floor, having the pole for its center, and its circumference about six feet from the pole, will form a very good line for the dancers to stand upon.

At a signal the boys advance to the pole, keeping strict time to the music, and each takes a pair of banners, the left one white, and the right one colored; they dance backwards to their places, each boy handing the colored banner to his partner, and retaining the white one himself.

Another signal is given, when all, holding their banners in their right hands, dance backwards, each in a line directly away from the pole, as far as the banners will conveniently allow.

All now face to the right, and dance in perfect order round and round the pole. This movement—if executed in exact precision, the dancers preserving the same distance from each other, and the banners kept just tight enough to prevent them from hanging loosely—will wind the banners around the pole, giving it the appearance of a barber's pole.

As soon as the dancers, by the continuous winding of the banners, have got conveniently near to the pole and to one another, a signal is given, at which they stop; all face half round, and then dance in reverse direction until the banners are entirely unwound, and the dancers have resumed their starting-points, where they stop. At another signal all take the banners in their left hands, the boys only face half round, taking their partners by the right hand, and then right and left all round, in the same manner as at the beginning of the last figure of "The Lancers," continuing until the banners are evenly braided upon the pole, and the space for

dancing becomes too confined for comfort. The leader should then give the signal to stop, as soon as the dance brings him face to face with his own partner.

Another signal is then given, at which all face half round, bringing each boy opposite a new partner, whose right hand he takes, and the movement, thus reversed, is repeated in the same manner as before, until the banners are entirely unwound again.

To succeed in this dance, it is absolutely necessary for all the dancers to keep exact time to the music, and to keep regular intervals, or distances, between each other; the banners will then lie evenly and symmetrically on the pole, and present a very pretty appearance; a fearful forfeit being

exacted from the unlucky individual who, by carelessness or inattention, gets his banner out of its proper place, as this, of course, stops the dance entirely. The only way to avoid such an accident is to rehearse the whole dance frequently and thoroughly, until each is perfect in all the details.

Previous to the figure just described, other figures may be introduced. The revolving head-piece will allow of all joining hands, holding the ribbons, and dancing around the pole to the right; stopping at a signal, and each couple balance to partner; then all hands around to the left. Various pleasing combinations would suggest themselves to the arrangers of the dance.



THE MINUET.

(This should be recited with a musical accompaniment of a "minuet." Between each stanza dance a few measures, and on the final line the reciter should bow himself gracefully off the stage, keeping time to the music.)

GRANDMA told me all about it,
Told me so I couldn't doubt it,
How she danced—my grandma danced—
Long ago.

How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
How she turned her little toes—
Smiling little human rose!—
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny;
Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, how funny!
Really quite a pretty girl,
Long ago.

Bless her! why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet
Long ago.

Now she sits there, rocking, rocking,
Always knitting grandpa's stocking—
(Every girl was taught to knit
Long ago.)

Yet her figure is so neat,
And her way so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now
Bending to her partner's bow,
Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk
Long ago.

No—they moved with stately grace.
Everything in proper place,
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly courtesying back again,
Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys, I mean, of course—

Long ago.

Bravely modest, grandly shy—
What if all of us should try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet
Long ago.

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore
Long ago.
In time to come, if I, perchance,
Should tell my grandchild of our dance,
I should really like to say,
"We did it, dear, in some such way,
Long ago."

—Mrs. Mary M. Dodge.



HIAWATHA.

(The Story of Hiawatha told in verse and tableaux.)

Directions.—Let one person recite the entire parts, standing on the stage in front of the curtain—stepping to the right each time a tableau is presented. In setting the tableau follow the poem carefully for expression and delineation.

Part I.

“**A**S unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman;
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless one without the other!”

Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,
Much perplexed by various feelings,
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,
Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

“Wed a maiden of your people,”
Warning said the old Nokomis;
“Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger, whom we know not!”

“Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling;
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands!”

Smiling answered Hiawatha:

“In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the arrow-maker’s daughter,

Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people!”

Still dissuading said Nokomis:
“Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs!
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open!”

Laughing answered Hiawatha:
“For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed forever!”

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs.

(Tableau No. 1. Scene—A wigwam.
Nokomis seated in doorway and Hiawatha
standing near—both in Indian costume.
Skins and guns and the usual paraphernalia
strewn about.)

Part II.

HIAWATHA'S JOURNEY.

At the doorway of his wigwam
 Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
 In the land of the Dacotahs,
 Making arrow-heads of jasper,
 Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
 At his side in all her beauty,
 Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
 Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
 Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
 Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
 And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking as he sat there,
 Thinking of the great war-parties,
 How they came to buy his arrows,
 Could not fight without his arrows.

She was thinking of a hunter,
 From another tribe and country,
 Young and tall and very handsome,
 Who one morning in the springtime,
 Came to buy her father's arrows,
 Sat and rested in the wigwam,
 Lingered long about the doorway,
 Looking back as he departed.
 She had heard her father praise him,
 Praise his courage and his wisdom;
 Would he come again for arrows
 To the Falls of Minnehaha?

(Tableau 2. Scene—A wigwam, in the doorway of which sits the arrow-maker making arrow-heads. Near him sits Laughing Water plaiting mats. Both in Indian costume.)

Part III.

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

At the feet of Laughing Water
 Hiawatha laid his burden,
 Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
 And the maiden looked up at him,
 Looked up from her mat of rushes,

Said with gentle look and accent,
 "You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Very spacious was the wigwam,
 Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,
 With the gods of the Dacotahs
 Drawn and painted on its curtains,
 And so tall the doorway, hardly
 Hiawatha stooped to enter,
 Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
 As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,
 From the ground fair Minnehaha,
 Laid aside her mat unfinished,
 Brought forth food and set before them.
 Water brought them from the brooklet,
 Gave them food in earthen vessels,
 Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
 Listened while the guest was speaking,
 Listened while her father answered,
 But not once her lips she opened,
 Not a single word she uttered.
 Yes, as in a dream she listened
 To the words of Hiawatha:

"After many years of warfare,
 Many years of strife and bloodshed,
 There is peace between the Ojibways
 And the tribe of the Dacotahs."

Thus continued Hiawatha,
 And then added, speaking slowly:
 "That this peace may last forever,
 And our hands be clasped more closely,
 And our hearts be more united,
 Give me as my wife this maiden,
 Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
 Loveliest of Dacotah women."

And the ancient Arrow-maker
 Paused a moment ere he answered,
 Smoked a little while in silence,
 Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
 Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
 And made answer very gravely:



Listening.

Peace.

Authority.

OUR LITTLE ARTIST.—PLATE I.



Attention.

Defense.

Gazing.

OUR LITTLE ARTIST.—PLATE II.

"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

(Tableau 3. For scene follow poem as
given in Part III.)

Part IV.

HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,
Crying to them from afar off,
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labor,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying:
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaming feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

(Tableau 4. The arrow-maker alone,
watching the departure of Laughing
Water.)

Part V.

HIAWATHA'S RETURN.

Pleasant was the journey homeward
Through interminable forests,
Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill, and hollow,
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
Though they journeyed very slowly,
Though his pace he checked and slackened
To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers
In his arms he bore the maiden;
Light he thought her as a feather,
As the plume upon his head-gear;
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,
Bent aside the swaying branches,
Made at night a lodge of branches,
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
And a fire before the doorway
With the dry cones of the pine-tree.

All the traveling winds went with them
O'er the meadow, through the forest;
All the stars of night looked at them,
Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber.

Pleasant was the journey homeward!
All the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's ease;
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
"Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love you!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
"Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a noble husband!"
From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches
Saying to them, "O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

From the sky the moon looked at them,
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,
Whispered to them, "O my children,
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble;
Half is mine, although I follow;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

Thus it was they journeyed homeward.
Thus it was that Hiawatha

To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
Brought the sunshine of his people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.
Handsome of all the women
In the land of the Dacotahs,
In the land of handsome women.

(Final Tableau. The welcome home—
Old Nokomis receiving the lovers.)



PRETTY GROUPS FOR CHILDREN.

DRESSED FOR THE PARTY.

Little girl in party dress, with fan partly open in her hand, is looking backward over her shoulder. Little boy, also in party dress, is holding a bouquet toward the girl.

YOU CAN'T FIND ME.

A chair with a large shawl carelessly arranged over it. A child's smiling face peeping out from behind the drapery, while its body is hidden. One hand holds the drapery aside from the face.

PUTTING THE CHILDREN TO BED.

A toy bedstead in which are placed two or three dolls. A little girl bending over the bed, with her hand in position for tucking in the bed-clothes.

RAISE THE GATES.

Two small girls with hands joined and raised as in the game. A still smaller child is about passing under the "gates." His hands are clasped behind him, and one foot is raised on tip-toe. His back is toward the audience, and his head stretched a little forward.

DOLLY'S DOCTOR.

A little girl seated with a doll on her lap. A doll's baby-coach or cradle stands beside her. A boy with high silk hat and long coat touching the floor, with watch in one hand, is holding the wrist of the doll as if feeling its pulse.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

A small boy holding a large slate, on which is partly drawn with chalk a ludicrous outline of a little girl. Standing near the boy is a little girl with the solemn look of importance on her face befitting the occasion of having her portrait made. The boy holds his crayon on the unfinished picture, and he is looking intently at the girl as if studying his subject.

TIRED OUT.

A child asleep in a large chair. One arm thrown over the arm of the chair; the other in his lap, having just loosened his hold of a picture-book, which lies open on his knee. His mouth is a little open, and his head drooped carelessly forward.

SUNSHINE OR SHOWER.

Three little girls with laughing faces are huddled closely together under a large dilapidated umbrella. The umbrella, held open behind them, forms the back-ground of the picture.

THE MATCH-BOY.

A small boy in ragged jacket, and old hat pushed back from his forehead, holding a large package under his arm, and some boxes of matches in his extended hand. A little girl handsomely dressed, with open pocket-book in hand and a pitying look on her face is holding a coin ready to give to the boy.

Miscellaneous Selections

The selections in this department are intended to supplement the regular departments and are of such great variety that a selection can be made on any subject.



THE ROUGH RIDER.

WHERE the longhorns feed on the sun-cured grass, 'neath the blaze of a cloudless sky,
Where the cactus crawls and the sage brush spreads on a plain of alkali,
Where the lone wolf prowls and makes his feast on the range calf gone astray,
Where the coward coyote yelps by night and slinks near the herds by day,
Where the mountains frame the pictured plain with a border line of snow,
Where the chill of death in the blizzard's breath falls with a sting and blow:
There rides a man of the wild wide west, blest of the sun and air,
A simple man with a face of tan, and a heart to do and dare.

From rope, and quirt, and ripping gaff, and the strangling hackamore,
The untamed broncho learned his will and a master burden bore.
Over the hills and the gophered ground; still serving his direst need,
When he rides in the peril of hoof and horn at the head of the night stampede.
He is slow of speech but quick of hand, and keen and true of eye,
He is wise in the learning of nature's school, the open earth and sky;
He is strong with the strength of an honest heart, he is free as the mountain's breath,
He takes no fear of a living thing, and dying, jests with death.

—Richard Linthicum.



LOVE'S RAILWAY.

THE starting point on love's railway is "Timid-glances." From thence the train moves slowly, at irregular rates of speed, till it reaches the station of "Squeeze-the-hand." From "Squeeze-the-hand" to "Call-in-the-evening" is but a short distance, and is made in good time. Next, on a down-grade, and after a quick passage, we reach "Moonlight-Walk;" a long pause is made here, and a fresh supply of fuel taken aboard. Steam is then raised and the train hurried on to the little station of

"Drop-letters." Then comes an up-grade and bad track to "Green-eye." At "Green-eye" some repairs are necessary before we make the trip, still up-grade, to "Faith-restored." Here we have a level track, and make the station of "Pop-the-question" inside of schedule time. At "Pop-the-question" we must put on all the steam, for it is a terribly stiff grade from thence up to "Pa's-consent." Between these two points more than half the accidents occur which happen on this much-traveled road. Hav-

ing reached "Pa's-consent," we must screw down the brakes and reverse the engine, for the decline is almost precipitous, and the speed is terrific from thence to "Tie-the-knot." There are occasional accidents between these two points, but not many. Sometimes a train is complete.

From "Tie-the-knot," the train hurries on as fast as possible, in order not to be behind time in reaching the important station of "Buy-the-cradle." Here the route becomes monotonous, and little interest is felt in the movement of the train—unless it should switch off the main track and run out to a side-station called "Family-jar." From this station return trips are occasionally made as far as "Pop-the-question," but no farther. There are no back trains to "Timid-glances," or "Squeeze-the-hand." Accidents quite frequently happen to trains which run direct from "Timid-

glances" to "Pa's-consent," without stopping at intermediate points; for in running back from "Pa's-consent" to "Pop-the-question" the train is frequently thrown from the track, and there occurs a great smash.

I have traveled the road from "Timid-glances" to "Moonlight-walk," stopping for some time at the stations of "Squeeze-the-hand" and "Call-in-the-evening." I once ran a considerable distance toward "Pop-the-question," but a screw got loose and I couldn't proceed.

I have now the machinery in good working order, and am getting steam up for a grand rush upon "Pop-the-question" and "Pa's-consent." If I reach those points in safety, no more will be heard of my train until it arrives "At Home." If I am unable to reach that point, it will be safe to conclude that the effort has "busted" the train.



MONEY MUSK.

AH, the buxom girls that helped the boys—
The nobler Helens of humbler Troys—

As they stripped the husks with rustling fold

From eight-rowed corn as yellow as gold,

By the candlelight in pumpkin bowls,
And the gleams that showed fantastic holes

In the quaint old lantern's tattooed tin,
From the hermit glim set up within;

By the rarer light in the girlish eyes
As dark as wells, or as blue as skies.

I hear the laugh when the ear is red
I see the blush with the forfeit paid,

The cedar cakes with the ancient twist,
The cider cup that the girls have kissed,

And I see the fiddler through the dusk
As he twangs the ghost of "Money Musk!"

The boys and girls in a double row
Wait face to face till the magic bow

Shall whip the tune from the violin,
And the merry pulse of the feet begin.

In shirt of check, and tallowed hair,
The fiddler sits in the bulrush chair
Like Moses' basket stranded there

On the brink of Father Nile.
He feels the fiddle's slender neck,
Picks out the notes with thrum and check,
And times the tune with nod and beck,
And thinks it a weary while.

All ready! Now he gives the call,
Cries, "*Honor to the ladies!*" All
The jolly tides of laughter fall
And ebb in a happy smile.

D-o-w-n comes the bow on every string,
"*First couple join right hands and swing!*"
As light as any bluebird's wing,
"*Swing once-and-a-half times round.*"
Whirls Mary Martin all in blue—
Calico gown and stockings new,
And tinted eyes that tell you true,
Dance all to the dancing sound.

She flits about big Moses Brown,
Who holds her hands to keep her down
And thinks her hair a golden crown,
And his heart turns over once!
His cheek with Mary's breath is wet,
It gives a second somerset!
He means to win the maiden yet,
Alas, for the awkward dunce!

"Your stoga boot has crushed my toe;"
"I'd rather dance with one-legged Joe!"
"You clumsy fellow!" "*Pass below!*"

And the first pair dance apart,
Then "*Forward six!*" advance, retreat,
Like midges gay in sunbeam street,
'Tis Money Musk by merry feet
And the Money Musk by heart!

"*Three-quarters round your partner swing!*"

"*Across the set!*" The rafters ring,
The girls and boys have taken wing
And have brought their roses out!
'Tis "*Forward six!*" with rustic grace,
Ah, rarer far than—"Swing to place!"
Than golden clouds of old point-lace
They bring the dance about.

Then clasping hands all—"Right and left!"
All swiftly weave the measure deft
Across the woof in living weft
And the Money Musk is done!
Oh, dancers of the rustling husk,
Good-night, sweethearts, 'tis growing
dusk,
Good-night for aye to Money Musk,
For the heavy march begun!

—Benjamin F. Taylor.



THE LITTLE OLD LOG HOUSE WHERE WE WERE BORN

WHEN the labors and the cares of
day are over,
And the shades of night are falling o'er
the town,
And the sleepy sparrows seek their hiding
places,
And the silvery moonbeams softly shimmer
down,
Oft we sit and dream about the days of
childhood,
When the life now waning fast was in its
morn,
Of the faces hid forever in the church-
yard,

And the little old log house where we
were born.

We can hear the bluebirds singing in the
morning,
When the golden sunrays touch the for-
est trees;
We can hear the catbird calling in the
bushes,
And can hear the humming of the busy
bees.
There the saucy squirrels chattered to the
chipmunks,

And the Bob White whistled in the wā-
ing corn,
And the pheasant drummed a tattoo in the
wildwood,
Near the little old log house where we
were born.

When the King of Winter swung his icy
sceptre,
And the trees were draped in bridal
robes of white,
In the snow we tracked the rabbits
through the clearing,
Every boyish heart a-quiver with de-
light,
We'd return with hands all scratched by
bristling briars,
And our homespun clothes by thorns
and bushes torn,
To be patched and mended by the patient
mother
In the little old log house where we
were born.

There the country boys and girls would
often gather
For the jolly party of the wintry night,

And the fiddler, with his hair all greased
and shining,
Jerked the bow across the strings with
muscle might.
And the old folks, too, would shake their
feet in rapture
O'er the solid puncheon floors so
smoothly worn,
While the god of love lurked near in wait
for victims
In the little old log house where we
were born.

Mid the grandeur of a mansion in the city,
With the choicest modern comforts at
command,
Oft there comes into the soul an earnest
longing
As the silent wings of memory expand—
Comes a wish to once more hear the wood-
land voices,
And to hear the song-birds greet the
early morn,
And to lie and dream beneath the oaks
and maples,
Near the little old log house where we
were born.



TO A MOUSE IN A TRAP.

POOR, trembling wretch, what sad mis-
hap
Has brought you tight within my tra
Had man's vile greed so clean bereft
Your bairnies that you'd stoop to theft?
Ah, who'd not lay his scruples by
That heard his babies' hungered cry?

Still, though to mercy I incline,
Must I the ends of law resign?
The crust you sought full well you knew
Belonged to me and not to you.
But—peace! I'll grant your frenzied plea,
Move back the bars and set you free.

If man one God-like spark can claim,
Then surely mercy is its name.
So, though you meant to steal my bread,
I'll spend no anger on your head,
But, warned by gentle mercy's flame,
I'll let you go as poor's you came.

As poor's you came, yet richer far
By freedom's gift than now you are.
Your life's to me of little worth—
To you the grandest fact of earth;
So now, whilst I throw wide my door,
Begone, wee neighbor—sin no more!

—Frank Putnam.

TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN.

WHEN they reached the depot, Mr. Mann and his wife gazed in unspeakable disappointment at the receding train, which was just pulling away from the bridge switch at the rate of a mile a minute. Their first impulse was to run after it, but as the train was out of sight and whistling for Sagetown before they could act upon the impulse, they remained in the carriage and disconsolately turned their horses' heads homeward.

Mr. Mann broke the silence, very grimly: "It all comes of having to wait for a woman to get ready."

"I was ready before you were," replied his wife.

"Great heavens," cried Mr. Mann, with great impatience, nearly jerking the horses' jaws out of place, "just listen to that! And I sat in the buggy ten minutes yelling at you to come along until the whole neighborhood heard me."

"Yes," acquiesced Mrs. Mann, with the provoking placidity which no one can assume but a woman, "and every time I started down stairs you sent me back for something you had forgotten."

Mr. Mann groaned. "This is too much to bear," he said, "when everybody knows that if I were going to Europe I would just rush into the house, put on a clean shirt, grab up my gripsack, and fly, while you would want at least six months for preliminary preparations, and then dawdle around the whole day of starting until every train had left town."

Well, the upshot of the matter was that the Manns put off their visit to Aurora until the next week, and it was agreed that each one should get himself or herself ready and go down to the train and go, and the one who failed to get ready should be

left. The day of the match came around in due time. The train was going at 10:30, and Mr. Mann, after attending to his business, went home at 9:45.

"Now, then," he shouted, "only three-quarters of an hour's time. Fly around; a fair field and no favors, you know."

And away they flew. Mr. Mann bulged into this room and flew through that one, and dived into one closet after another with inconceivable rapidity, chuckling under his breath all the time to think how cheap Mrs. Mann would feel when he started off alone. He stopped on his way up stairs to pull off his heavy boots to save time. For the same reason he pulled off his coat as he ran through the dining room and hung it on the corner of the silver closet. Then he jerked off his vest as he rushed through the hall and tossed it on the hat-rack hook, and by the time he had reached his own room he was ready to plunge into his clean clothes. He pulled out a bureau drawer and began to paw at the things like a Scotch terrier after a rat.

"Eleanor," he shrieked, "where are my shirts?"

"In your bureau drawer," calmly replied Mrs. Mann, who was standing before a glass calmly and deliberately coaxing a refractory crimp into place.

"Well, but they ain't!" shouted Mr. Mann, a little annoyed. "I've emptied everything out of the drawer, and there isn't a thing in it I ever saw before."

Mrs. Mann stepped back a few paces, held her head on one side, and after satisfying herself that the crimp would do, replied: "These things scattered around on the floor are all mine. Probably you haven't been looking into your own drawer."

"I don't see," testily observed Mr. Mann, "why you couldn't have put my things out for me when you had nothing else to do all the morning."

"Because," said Mrs. Mann, setting herself into an additional article of raiment with awful deliberation, "nobody put mine out for me. A fair field and no favors, my dear."

Mr. Mann plunged into his shirt like a bull at a red flag.

"Foul!" he shouted in malicious triumph. "No buttons on the neck!"

"Because," said Mrs. Mann sweetly, after a deliberate stare at the fidgeting, impatient man, during which she buttoned her dress and put eleven pins where they would do the most good, "because you have got the shirt on wrong side out."

When Mr. Mann slid out of the shirt he began to sweat. He dropped the shirt three times before he got it on, and while it was over his head he heard the clock strike ten. When his head came through he saw Mrs. Mann coaxing the ends and bows of her necktie.

"Where are my shirt studs?" he cried.

Mrs. Mann went out into another room and presently came back with gloves and hat, and saw Mr. Mann emptying all the boxes he could find in and around the bureau. Then she said, "In the shirt you just pulled off."

Mrs. Mann put on her gloves while Mr. Mann hunted up and down the room for his cuff-buttons.

"Eleanor," he snarled, at last, "I believe you must know where those cuff-buttons are."

"I haven't seen them," said the lady, setting her hat; "didn't you lay them down on the window-sill in the sitting-room last night?"

Mr. Mann remembered, and he went

down stairs on the run. He stepped on one of his boots and was immediately landed in the hall at the foot of the stairs with neatness and despatch, attended in the transmission with more bumps than he could count with Webb's Adder, and landed with a bang like the Hell Gate explosion.

"Are you nearly ready, Algernon?" sweetly asked the wife of his bosom, leaning over the banisters.

The unhappy man groaned. "Can't you throw me down the other boot?" he asked.

Mrs. Mann, pityingly, kicked it down to him.

"My valise?" he inquired, as he tugged at the boot.

"Up in your dressing-room," she answered.

"Packed?"

"I do not know; unless you packed it yourself, probably not," she replied, with her hand on the door knob; "I had barely time to pack my own."

She was passing out of the gate when the door opened, and he shouted, "Where in the name of goodness did you put my vest? It has all my money in it!"

"You threw it on the hat-rack," she called. "Good-bye, dear."

Before she got to the corner of the street she was hailed again.

"Eleanor! Eleanor! Eleanor Mann! Did you wear off my coat?"

She paused and turned, after signaling the street car to stop, and cried, "You threw it in the silver closet."

The street car engulfed her graceful form and she was seen no more. But the neighbors say that they heard Mr. Mann charging up and down the house, rushing out of the front door every now and then, shrieking after the unconscious Mrs. Mann, to know where his hat was, and

where she put the valise key, and if she had his clean socks and undershirts, and that there wasn't a linen collar in the house. And when he went away at last, he left the kitchen door, the side door, and the front door, all the down-stairs windows and the front gate, wide open.

The loungers around the depot were somewhat amused, just as the train was pulling out of sight down in the yards, to see a flushed, enterprising man, with his

hat on sideways, his vest unbuttoned and necktie flying, and his gripsack flapping open and shut like a demented shutter on a March night, and a door key in his hand, dash wildly across the platform and halt in the middle of the track, glaring in dejected, impotent, wrathful mortification at the departing train, and shaking his fist at a pretty woman who was throwing kisses at him from the rear platform of the last car.



MOTHER'S PUNKIN PIES.

THESE days of cool September,
An' hazy night an' morn,
Set me thinkin' o' the punkins
Among the rustlin' corn;
An' I'm back again with mother,
A lookin' in her eyes,
An' thinkin' they are sweet'nin',
Her famous punkin pies.

Fer when from out the oven,
A crispy golden brown,
The crust in flaky scollops,
Like lace upon a gown,
She used tu take an' set 'em
In rows tu feast my eyes,
I jest thanked God fer mother,
An' mother's punkin pies.

Why all I've larned of natur,
An' human natur's wiles,
An' the rugged path tu glory,
I owe tu mother's smiles,
As she helped us plant the punkin
An' corn, 'neath April skies,
An' told me how the seasons
Ripened her punkin pies.

I tell you there ain't nuthin'
Upon this livin' earth,
A man kin larn tu treasure
Of everlastin' worth,
Like things his mother taught him,
When his big an' honest eyes
Was watchin' her contrivin'
Them golden punkin pies.



BREVITIES.

THE man who insists upon conversation whether you will or no was on the train with me between Detroit and Chicago. This time, as is often the case, he was one of those dear fellows, the commercial travelers. I was reading when he took a seat opposite and began to talk.

"Traveling?"

"Yes."

"What line?"

"Paper."

"Wall?"

I gave up. As an example of the laconic in conversation it reminded me of a story told me once by Max O'Rell. It was of a Scotsman stopping before a shop door in a Scotch village. He took a bit of cloth in his hand. "'Oo'?" he asked.

"Aye, 'oo'," said the shopkeeper.

"A' 'oo'?"

"Aye, a' 'oo'."

"A' ae 'oo'?"

"Aye, a' ae 'oo'."

Which, being interpreted, would be recorded in ordinary English. "Wool?"

"Yes, wool."

"All wool?"

"Yes, all wool."

"All the same quality of wool?"

"Yes, all the same wool."

—*Moses P. Handy.*



CASEY AT THE BAT.

IT looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine that day;

The score stood two to four, with but an inning left to play.

So, when Cooney died at second, and Burrows did the same,

A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest,

With that hope which springs eternal within the human breast,

For they thought: "If only Casey could get a whack at that,"

They'd put up even money now, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake,

And the former was a puddin', and the latter was a fake.

So on that stricken multitude a deathlike silence sat,

For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a "single," to the wonderment of all,

And the much-despised Blakey "tore the cover off the ball."

And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had occurred,

There was Blakey safe at second, and Flynn a-huggin' third.

Then, from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,

It rumbled in the mountain tops, it rattled in the dell!

It struck upon the hillside and rebounded on the flat;

For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place,

There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face;

And, when responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,

No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,

Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;

Then, when the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,

Defiance glanced in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,

And Casey stood a-watchin' it in mighty grandeur there.

Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped;

"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there
 went up a muffled roar,
 Like the beating of storm waves on the
 stern and distant shore;

"Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted some-
 one on the stand;
 And it's likely they'd have killed him had
 not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great
 Casey's visage shone;
 He stilled the rising tumult, he made the
 game go on;

He signaled to the pitcher, and once more
 the spheroid flew;
 But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire
 said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands,
 and the echo answered "Fraud!"
 But one scornful look from Casey and the
 audience was awed;

They saw his face grow stern and cold,
 they saw his muscles strain,
 And they knew that Casey wouldn't let the
 ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his
 teeth are clenched in hate.

He pounds with cruel vengeance his bat
 upon the plate;

And now the pitcher holds the ball, and
 now he lets it go,

And now the air is shattered by the force
 of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the
 sun is shining bright,

The band is playing somewhere, and some-
 where hearts are light;

And somewhere men are laughing, and
 somewhere children shout,

But there is no joy in Mudville; mighty
 Casey has struck out!

—*Ernest L. Thayer.*



OLD MART AND ME.

H IT'S been so monstrous long ago it
 seems jes like a dream,

Sence we was only chunks er boys—a
 rough-an'-tumble team—

That useter dam the spring-house branch
 an' set up flutter wheels,

An' work so dead in arnest that we often
 missed our meals,

An' sometimes fit en quarreled till we war
 a sight to see,

An' frequent we got licked for that,
 Old Mart an' me.

Time come we had to go to school—some
 funder en a mile—

But what we larnt, ontill this day, jis sorter
 makes me smile;

'Twas little mo' than nuthin', en we got
 it, inch by inch,

While the teacher lammed it to us, till we
 hed the mortal cinch

On everything the old man knowed, plum
 to the rule of three,

But frequent we got licked for that,
 Old Mart an' me.

We was raised on farms adjinin', with
 plenty all aroun',

But still we'd skip off, after dark, an' pole
 away to town,

Three mile, up hill, ef 'twar a foot, an'
 jine the boys up there,

To eat sardines, and smoke seegyars, an'
 have a sort of "tare,"

Or rob a neighbor's million patch—for deviltry, you see—

But frequent we got licked for at,
Old Mart an' me.

At spellin' bees and singin' school, thar's whar we useter shine;

We couldn't spell a little bit, ner sing so mighty fine,

But when it come to courtin' gals an' seein' of 'em home,

Why we was thar, an' you hear me, 'twas honey in the comb,

Then Widder Kane got married, an' we raised a shivaree—

But didn't we get licked for that,
Old Mart an' me.

When finally the war broke loose, an' Mart an' me went in,

One time we struck a scrimmage that was livelier en sin;

We had it, back an' forrards, twict, acrost a cotton patch—

You never see'd, in all yo' life, a hotter shootin' match—

I got a plug clean through my leg, an' him one in the knee,

So, we got sorter licked at that,
Old Mart an' me.

We've had some ups and downs in life, and growin' kinder old,

With hearts as warm as ever, an' they will never git cold,

So fur as him and me's consarned; not even over thar,

When all are called to answer, at the final judgement bar,

For friendship's close to holiness, and blamed ef I can see,

How we'll git licked a bit for that,
Old Mart an' me.

—*William Lightfoot Visscher.*



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

WHERE the tide crept up in a stealthy way

By the reefs and hollows of Table Bay
The dwellings rude of the Dutchmen lay.

And the night approached with a sign of storm,

For the winds blew cold and the winds blew warm,

And cloud-rack high in the skies would form.

And off to the right, in the lone cape's lee,
A vessel surged in the wallowing sea,

And the whitecaps gleamed and the winds rose free.

'Twas the brig that carried the Holland mails

Through the summer's calm or the winter gales,

And her pennant streamed o'er her tawny sails.

A giant she was in a giant's grip,

For the dark seas clung to the struggling ship,

And the salt brine down from the shrouds did drip.

And her sails were wet with the glancing spray

As she loomed through the gathering darkness gray,

And her bow was headed for Table Bay.

But the sea beat back with a sodden force

The Dutchman's ship in its wandering
course,
And the thunder's mockery bellowed
hoarse.

And a woman waited beside a tree,
In the moan of the winds and the branches'
dree,
For a letter to come that night by sea.

Then shouted the mate to the skipper there,
"Turn back," so sounded his trumpet's
blare,
"Or our seams will split and our masts
stand bare."

But Vanderdecken drew his blade,
And the steely sheen that its flashing made
Struck light from the all-surrounding
shade.

And his anger stood in his bristling hair
While his furious sword-stroke smote the
air
As he stood alone in defiance there.

And he swore to weather the stubborn gale
With its rattling volleys of icy hail,
If it stripped from the masts each tattered
sail;

And to beat around for that very bay,
And where was the one who could say him
nay—
"By God! if he sailed till the judgment
day."

Then the mist grew dense and the light-
ning flashed,
And a red bolt down on the tree-top
crashed,
Where a woman stood by the shore sea-
lashed.

And the thunder tolled in the blackening
clouds,

And the waves swept by in hurrying
crowds,
And a wan light paled in the creaking
shrouds;

While a scream came by from the far-off
shore
That was hushed and drowned by the mad
waves' roar,
And the vessel passed and was seen no
more.

And now on that selfsame fateful night,
If the seas be calm and the skies are bright,
The ocean giveth a mystic sight.

For a shadow-ship and a shadow-frame
Goes by at twelve through the moonlight
flame,
Passing as suddenly as it came.

And a whisper thrills through the salt-
sweet breeze,
While a heart-throb stirs in the moving
seas
And the tide fast out to the ocean flees.

And a fine wind stirs in the tree-top high
That ghostly stands in the starlit sky,
And a sound wells up like a woman's sigh.

But when on that night the clouds turn
black
And the huge waves follow the storm
king's track,
And the skies are heavy with tempest-
wrack,

Why, then is seen, as a spectre gray,
'Mid the shimmering mist and lightning-
play,
A vessel headed for Table Bay.

And the ship, like a lover, keeps her troth
To her skipper's pledge—'twas a pledge
for both—

And the wild winds echo the Dutchman's
oath,

And a wraith waits there by the haunted
tree,

While the storm wails on and the wind
blows free,
For a letter which comes not in from the
sea.

—*Ernest McGaffey.*



THE MEN WHO LOSE.

HERE'S to the men who lose!
What though their work be e'er so
nobly planned

And watched with zealous care,
No glorious halo crowns their efforts
grand;
Contempt is failure's share.

Here's to the men who lose!
If triumph's easy smiles our struggles greet,
Courage is easy then;
The king is he who, after fierce defeat,
Can up and fight again.

Here's to the men who lose!
The ready plaudits of a fawning world
Ring sweet in victor's ears;

The vanquished's banners never are unfurled—
For them there sound no cheers.

Here's to the men who lose!
The touchstone of true worth is not success:

There is a higher test—
Though fate may darkly frown, onward to
press,
And bravely do one's best.

Here's to the men who lose!
It is the vanquished's praises that I sing,
And this the toast I choose:
"A hard-fought failure is a noble thing.
Here's a luck to those who lose!"

—*G. H. Broadhurst.*



THE STREAMS OF LIFE.

THESE Streams of Life that ever flow
Through earth's unnumbered living
things—

Whence come they, whither do they go,
And where are their exhaustless springs?

Our little lives are here to-day,
Where, when these throbbing hearts are
still,

To me there comes no certain ray
Of light, the dark abyss to fill.

And do these fountains outward flow,
Wherever sweeps the Almighty's wand,
Farther than human thought can go,
Through the Measureless Beyond?

Oh, tell me why, if there are not,
On far more glorious worlds than ours,
Beings of broader, deeper thought,
Of nobler form, and mightier powers?

Or, is it only on the earth,
This little speck of love and strife,
That thought and being have their birth,
And matter quickens into life?

Oh, Mysteries of Mysteries,
Who shall the vast unknown explore?
Who sail the illimitable seas
That stretch beyond this earthly shore?

And having scanned the realms of space,
The countless worlds that circle there,

Shall come again, and face to face,
To us the wondrous truth declare.

Go forth ye workers of the brain,
Pierce the dark veil that hides the unknown;

There's much of truth and good to gain,
There's much of fallow ground unsown.

A life of idle luxury
For earnest, restless, thinking mind
I cannot think would even be
A happy life in heaven to find.

Search then and toil, even though ye fail,
Bold delvers in the mine of thought,

To look beyond the parting veil;
Your labor shall not be for naught.

But give me still where'er I be,
All Nature's beauty bathed in light,
The glory of earth, sky and sea,
The solemn majesty of night.

For there's no breath of common air,
No ray of light from star or sun,
No shade of beauty anywhere
But whispers of the Almighty One.

His law supreme rules every place—
The invisible dust that floats around,
The mighty orbs that roll through space,
All life, all motion, light and sound.



ALWAYS CONSULT YOUR WIFE.

A BLUEBIRD sat on a farmhouse
shed

And wagged his tail as he scratched his
head,

While he puzzled his brain to find the best
And safest spot to build his nest.

A "cruel monster," this bluebird, he
No counsel would take from Mrs. B——b,
He did not allow her in aught to have
choice,

Nor in family matters to raise up her voice.

The consequence was that his wife's small
head

Was very firm set against all that he said;
But he was the master, and "willy or nilly,"
His orders she followed—no matter how
silly.

"Chick-a-dee! I have it! The very thing!
We will go where the swallows built last
spring!"

"You have it, indeed!" sneered Mrs.
B——b;

"You'd do no such thing if you listened to
me!

"Why not build in the shed?" "Hush!
hush, my dear!

You've nothing to do but sit quiet and
hear."

So sloth prevailed, and they quietly took
A swallow's nest in the chimney nook.

"Three eggs?" Mr. Bluebird hopped out
in the sun

To laugh at the trick he'd played. "What
fun!"

But as he was smoothing his little brown
vest,

Came a sound which soon made him fly
back to the nest.

The swallows had come, and their fierce,
flashing eyes

Showed the anger they felt, as well as sur-
prise.

After some consultation they urged the re-
quest

That Blue and his wife would vacate their
nest.

But gentleman Blue knew the old-time saw,
Possession is fully nine-tenths of the law;
And he laughed in their faces, and winked
his left eye,
As much as to say, "You are green, not I."

But Mrs. B——b, with an angry burst,
Said, "I told you so from the very first;
And I won't stay here another day."
So out she flew and hurried away.

"Good riddance!" cried Bluebird. "To go
you are free,
But they won't find it easy to get rid of
me!"

Alas! for the folly that revels in sin;
The swallows with mud came and coffined
him in.

Moral:

Oh, man who wouldst flourish and prosper
in life,
In matters of moment consult with thy
wife.



SAND.

I OBSERVED a locomotive in the rail-
road yards one day—
It was waiting in the round-house where
the locomotives stay;
It was panting for the journey, it was
coaled and fully manned,
And it had a box the fireman was filling
full of sand.

It appears that locomotives cannot always
get a grip
On their slender iron pavement, 'cause the
wheels are apt to slip;
And when they reach a slippery spot, their
tactics they command,
And to get a grip upon the rail, they sprin-
kle it with sand.

It's about this way with travel along life's
slippery track,
If your load is rather heavy and you're al-
ways sliding back;
So, if a common locomotive you completely
understand,
You'll supply yourself, in starting, with a
good supply of sand.

If your track is steep and hilly and you
have a heavy grade,
And if those who've gone before you have
the rails quite slippery made,
If you ever reach the summit of the upper
tableland,
You'll find you'll have to do it with a lib-
eral use of sand.

If you strike some frigid weather and dis-
cover to your cost
That you're liable to slip on a heavy coat of
frost
Then some prompt, decided action will be
called into demand,
You'll slip way to the bottom if you haven't
any sand.

You can get to any station that is on life's
schedule seen,
If there's fire beneath the boiler of ambi-
tion's strong machine;
And you'll reach a place called Flushtown
at a rate of speed that's grand,
If for all the slippery places you've a good
supply of sand.

LORRAINE, LORREE.

ARE you ready for your steeplechase,
Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree?

You're booked to ride your capping race
to-day at Coulterlee,

You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all
the world to see,

To keep him straight, and keep him first,
and win the run for me."

She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lor-
raine, Lorraine, Lorree,

"I can not ride Vindictive, as any man
might see,

And I will not ride Vindictive with this
baby on my knee;

He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and
why must he kill me?"

"Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine,
Lorraine, Lorree,

Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coul-
terlee

And land him safe across the brook and
win the blank for me,

It's you who may keep your baby, for you'll
get no keep from me."

"That husbands could be cruel," said Lor-
raine, Lorraine, Lorree,

"That husbands could be cruel I have
known for seasons three;

But oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby
cries for me

And be killed across the fence at last for
all the world to see?"

She mastered young Vindictive—oh! the
gallant lass was she!—

And she kept him straight and won the
race, as near as near could be;

But he killed her at the brook against a
pollard willow tree.

Oh! he killed her at the brook—the brute!
—for all the world to see,

And no one but the baby cried for poor
Lorraine, Lorree.

—Charles Kingsley.



LIKE OTHER MEN.

OH, varied are the changes, half unno-
ticed, all unsung,

That have passed across this world of ours
since you and I were young,

When all the sea, and sky, and earth, and
stars that gemmed the night,

Were ours by eminent domain of youth's
unchallenged right—

Old comrade of my boyhood, do you e'er
recall the joys

Of that glorious, care-free time of life when
you and I were boys?

We knew, perchance, that other ships o'er
favoring seas had sailed,

And of the harbor of success had fallen
short, and failed

To reach the golden shores they sought, but
no such luckless fate

Along the future's glittering waves for us
could lie in wait—

For all the good things of this world but
waited our command

And all there was for us to do was occupy
the land.

We dreamed of great and noble deeds we'd
do as life sped on,

When honor, fame and glory, and un-
bounded wealth were won;

For other men, perhaps, might be a life of
 toil and grind,
 The grip of poverty might seize upon the
 grovelling mind—
 But as for us, our shining path lay upward
 and across
 The everlasting hills of Hope, where no
 man suffers loss!
 Ah, well, we've drifted on until the even-
 ing shades lie long

Across the afternoon of life, and all the
 happy throng
 Of boys that used to play with us upon
 the schoolhouse green,
 Have laid their tired heads to rest, and
 passed to the unseen,
 And you and I, old comrade, have suc-
 ceeded much the same
 As the hundred thousand other men un-
 known to wealth or fame.

—Clara A. Trask.



CANADIAN CAMPING SONG.

A WHITE tent pitched by a glassy
 lake,
 Well under a shady tree,
 Or by rippling rills from the grand old
 hills,
 Is the summer home for me.
 I fear no blaze of the noontide rays,
 For woodland glades are mine,
 The fragrant air, and that perfume rare,—
 The odor of forest pine.
 A cooling plunge at the break of day,
 A paddle, a row or sail;
 With always a fish for a midday dish,
 And plenty of Adam's ale;

With rod or gun, or in hammock swung,
 We glide through the pleasant days;
 When darkness falls on our canvas walls,
 We kindle the camp-fire's blaze.

From out the gloom sails the silv'ry moon,
 O'er forests dark and still;
 Now far, now near, ever sad and clear,
 Comes the plaint of whip-poor-will;
 With song and laugh, and with kindly
 chaff,
 We startle the birds above;
 Then rest tired heads on our cedar beds,
 And dream of the ones we love.

—James D. Edgar.



ON THE SKAGUAY TRAIL.

GOD pity the babe on the icy trail,
 In the arms of those who loved it
 best,
 Yet failed to shield from the withering
 gale
 That claimed its prey at the mother's
 breast.
 On the summit they mourned a lifeless
 child,
 Sobbing their grief to the mocking storm,

Then left to the snows and the trackless
 wild
 The cache that cradled the frozen form.
 The argonaut pauses with moistened
 cheek
 And tear-dimmed eyes, who would never
 quail
 In the battle's front, for the strong grow
 weak,
 Where baby sleeps on the Skaguay trail.

A youth with his face toward the great
divide,

With steady purpose that would not fail
Of the hidden gold on the other side,
For which he climbed up the mountain
trail,—

But the river, his fondest dreams to mock,
Hollowed a bed 'neath the yielding wave,
Then shattered his form on the tide and
rock,—

And instead of treasure he found a grave.
In the home where is dearth of song and
laugh,

Where echoes a stricken mother's wail,
And the father yearns for his broken
staff,—

An ended life on the Skaguay trail.

He was three score years, with the heart
of youth,

A hero's courage, an athlete's strength,
Who had compassed the fearful pass, for-
sooth,

Would traverse the mighty Yukon's
length.

But a messenger came, unvoiced, unsought,
Whose presence darkened the golden
star,

He called, but the stalwart answered not,
For speech was hushed and the soul
afar;

And she, who had periled her life with
him,

Who climbed the summit without avail,
Turned wearily back through the shadows
dim,

Back from the grave on the Skaguay
trail.

—Mary Byron Reese.



DOMINION DAY.

"Fidelis."

WITH *feu-de-joie* and merry bells,
and cannon's thundering peal,
And pennons fluttering on the breeze, and
serried rows of steel,
We greet, again, the birthday morn of our
young giant's land,
From the Atlantic stretching wide to far
Pacific strand;
With flashing rivers, ocean lakes, and
prairies wide and free,
And waterfalls, and forests dim, and moun-
tains by the sea;
A country on whose birth-hour smiles the
genius of romance,
Above whose cradle brave hands waved
the lily-cross of France;
Whose infancy was grimly nursed in peril,
pain and woe;
Whose gallant hearts found early graves
beneath Canadian snow;

When savage raid and ambushade and fam-
ine's sore distress,
Combined their strength, in vain, to crush
the dauntless French *noblesse*;
When her dim, trackless forest lured again
and yet again,
From silken courts of sunny France, her
flower, the brave Champlain.
And now, her proud traditions boast four
blazoned rolls of fame,—
Crecy's and Flodden's deadly foes our an-
cestors we claim;
Past feud and battle buried far behind the
peaceful years,
While Gaul and Celt and Briton turn to
pruning-hooks their spears;
Four nations welded into one,—with long
historic past,
Have found, in these our western wilds,
one common life, at last;

Through the young giant's mighty limbs,
 that stretch from sea to sea,
 There runs a throb of conscious life—of
 waking energy.
 From Nova Scotia's misty coast to far Co-
 lumbia's shore,
 She wakes,—a band of scattered homes and
 colonies no more,
 But a young nation, with her life full beat-
 ing in her breast,
 A noble future in her eyes—the Britain of
 the West.
 Hers be the noble task to fill the yet un-
 trodden plains
 With fruitful, many-sided life that courses
 through her veins;
 The English honor, nerve, and pluck,—the
 Scotsman's love of right,—
 The grace of courtesy of France,—the Irish
 fancy bright,—
 The Saxon's faithful love of home, and
 home's affections blest;
 And, chief of all, our holy faith,—of all
 our treasures best.
 A people poor in pomp and state, but rich
 in noble deeds,
 Holding that righteousness exalts the peo-
 ple that it leads;
 As yet the waxen mould is soft, the open-
 ing page is fair;

It rests with those who rule us now, to
 leave their impress there,—
 The stamp of true nobility, high honor,
 stainless truth;
 The earnest quest of noble ends; the gen-
 erous heart of youth;
 The love of country, soaring far above dull
 party strife;
 The love of learning, art, and song—the
 crowning grace of life;
 The love of science, soaring far through
 Nature's hidden ways;
 The love and fear of Nature's God—a na-
 tion's highest praise.
 So, in the long hereafter, this Canada shall
 be
 The worthy heir of British power and Brit-
 ish liberty;
 Spreading the blessings of her sway to her
 remotest bounds,
 While, with the fame of her fair name, a
 continent resounds.
 True to her high traditions, to Britain's
 ancient glory
 Of patient saint and martyr, alive in death-
 less story;
 Strong, in their liberty and truth, to shed
 from shore to shore
 A light among the nations, till nations are
 no more.



A GENTLEMAN.

HE could not be so poor that he would
 hate the rich,
 Nor yet so rich that he despised the
 poor.
 He is so brave and just, that not a turn
 nor hitch,
 In all of fortune's winding way, could
 lure
 Him to an act or thought of vile in-
 gratitude.

He's true unto himself, and thus to every
 man
 And has that courage, high, and grand,
 and strong,
 That comes with kindness, and with honor
 leads the van
 To help the right, and sternly punish
 wrong;
 To strip injustice till it shivers, shamed
 and nude.

He seeks the culture that, refining, gives a
grace

And comfort to himself and those around.
He has no ostentation, nor would he abase
Himself to thus become a monarch
crowned.

Clean comes his thought and from his
hand a brother's grip.

He comes from anywhere—aye, e'en from
Nazareth—

From north and south, and from the east
and west ;

He comes as comes the cool and grateful
breeze's breath.

He need not be an angel from the blest,
He might be, thus, too good for man's
companionship.



A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

REMEMBER, my son, you have to
work. Whether you handle a pick
or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books,
digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing
an auction bell or writing funny things,
you must work. If you look around, you
will see the men who are the most able
to live the rest of their days without work
are the men who work the hardest. Don't
be afraid of killing yourself with overwork.
It is beyond your power to do that on the
sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes,
but it is because they quit work at six p. m.,
and don't get home until two a. m. It's the
interval that kills, my son. The work gives
you an appetite for your meals; it lends

solidity to your slumbers; it gives you a
perfect and grateful appreciation of a holi-
day.

There are young men who do not work,
but the world is not proud of them. It does
not know their names, even; it simply
speaks of them as "old So-and-so's boys."
Nobody likes them; the great, busy world
doesn't know that they are there. So find
out what you want to be and do, and take
off your coat and make a dust in the world.
The busier you are, the less harm you will
be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your
sleep, the brighter and happier your holi-
days, and the better satisfied will the world
be with you.

—R. J. Burdette.



THE MAN THAT MARRIED.

THE sun's heat will give out in ten
million years more,"

And he worried about it;

"It will sure give out then, if it doesn't
before,"

And he worried about it;

It would surely give out, so the scientists
said

In all scientific books that he read,

And the whole mighty universe then would
be dead,

And he worried about it.

"And some day the earth will fall into the
sun,"

And he worried about it;

"Just as sure, and as straight as if shot
from a gun,"

And he worried about it;

"When strong gravitation unbuckles her
straps

Just picture," he said, "what a fearful col-
lapse!

It will come in a few million ages, perhaps,"
And he worried about it.

"The earth will become much too small for
the race,"

And he worried about it;

"When we'll pay thirty dollars an inch for
pure space,"

And he worried about it;

"The earth will be crowded so much, with-
out doubt,

That there'll be no room for one's tongue
to stick out,

And no room for one's thoughts to wander
about,"

And he worried about it.

"The Gulf Stream will curve, and New
England grow torrid,"

And he worried about it;

"Than was ever the climate of southern-
most Florida,"

And he worried about it.

"The ice crop will be knocked into small
smithereens,

And crocodiles block up our mowing ma-
chines,

And we'll lose our fine crops of potatoes
and beans,"

And he worried about it.

"And in less than ten thousand years,
there's no doubt,"

And he worried about it;

"Our supply of lumber and coal will give
out,"

And he worried about it;

"Just when the Ice Age will return cold and
raw,

Frozen men will stand stiff with arms out-
stretched in awe,

As if vainly beseeching a general thaw,"

And he worried about it.

His wife took in washing (a dollar a day),

He didn't worry about it;

His daughter sewed shirts, the rude grocer
to pay,

He didn't worry about it,

While his wife beat her tireless rub-a-dub-
dub

On the washboard drum in her old wooden
tub

He sat by the stove and he just let her
rub,

He didn't worry about it.

—Sam Walter Foss.



THE EGGS THAT NEVER HATCH.

THERE'S a young man on the cor-
ner,

Filled with life and strength and
hope,

Looking far beyond the present,

With the whole world in his scope.

He is grasping at to-morrow,

That phantom none can catch;

To-day is lost. He's waiting

For the eggs that never hatch.

There's an old man over yonder,

With a worn and weary face,

With searching anxious features,

And weak, uncertain pace.

He is living in the future,

With no desire to catch

The golden Now. He's waiting

For the eggs that never hatch.

There's a world of men and women,

With their life's work yet undone,

Who are sitting, standing, moving

Beneath the same great sun;

Ever eager for the future,

But not content to snatch

The Present. They are waiting

For the eggs that never hatch.

CONTENTED JIM.

EVERYTHING pleased our neighbor
Jim,

When it rained

He never complained,

But said wet weather suited him.

"There never is too much rain for me.

And this is something like," said he.

When earth was dry as a powder mill,

He did not sigh

Because it was dry,

But said if he could have his will

It would be his chief supreme delight

To live where the sun shone day and
night.

When winter came with its snow and ice,

He did not scold

Because it was cold,

But said: "Now this is real nice;

If ever from home I'm forced to go,

I'll move up North with the Esquimau."

A cyclone whirled along its track,

And did him harm—

It broke his arm,

And stripped the coat from off his back;

"And I would give another limb

To see such a blow again," said Jim.

And when at length his years were told,

And his body bent,

And his strength all spent,

And Jim was very weak and old:

"I long have wanted to know," he said,

"How it feels to die"—and Jim was dead.

The Angel of Death had summoned

To heaven, or—well,

I cannot tell;

But I knew that the climate suited Jim;

And cold or hot, it mattered not—

It was to him the long-sought spot.



THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

WHAT is a gentleman? Is it a thing
Decked with a scarf-pin, a chain,
and a ring,

Dressed in a suit of immaculate style,

Sporting an eye-glass, a lisp, and a smile?

Talking of operas, concerts, and balls,

Evening assemblies and afternoon calls,

Sunning himself at "At Homes" and ba-
zars,

Whistling mazurkas, and smoking cigars?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it one

Boasting of conquests and deeds he has
done?

One who unblushingly glories to speak

Things which should call up a blush to his
cheek?

One, who, whilst railing at actions unjust,

Robs some young heart of its pureness and
trust;

Scorns to steal money, or jewels, or wealth,
Thinks it no crime to take honor by stealth?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Knowing instinctively what he should shun,
Speaking no word that can injure or pain,
Spreading no scandal and deep'ning no
stain?

One who knows how to put each at his
ease,

Striving instinctively always to please;

One who can tell, by a glance at your cheek,
When to be silent, and when he should
speak?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one

Honestly eating the bread he has won,

Living in uprightness, fearing his God,
 Leaving no stain on the path he has trod,
 Caring not whether his coat may be old,
 Prizing sincerity far above gold,
 Recking not whether his hand may be hard,
 Stretching it boldly to grasp its reward?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it birth

Makes a man noble, or adds to his worth?
 Is there a family tree to be had
 Spreading enough to conceal what is bad?
 Seek out the man who has God for his
 Guide

Nothing to blush for, and nothing to hide;
 Be he a noble, or be he in trade,
This is the gentleman Nature has made.



WHY SHE DIDN'T STAY IN THE POOR-HOUSE.

NO, I didn't stay in the poor-house, and
 this is how, you see,

It happened at the very last, there came a
 way for me.

The Lord, he makes our sunniest times
 out of our darkest days,

And yet we fail most always to render His
 name the praise.

But, as I am goin' to tell you, I have a
 home of my own,

And keep my house, an'—no, I'm not a-
 livin' here alone.

Of course you wonder how it is, an' I'm
 a-goin' to tell

How, though I couldn't change a jot, the
 Lord done all things well.

I've spoke of Charlie and Thomas, and Re-
 becca, "that lives out west;"

An' Isaac, not far from her, some twenty
 miles at best;

An' Susan;—but not a single word I said
 about another one,—

Yet we had six; but Georgie! Ah! he was
 our wayward son,

An' while his father was livin' he ran away
 to sea,

An' never sent a word or line to neither
 him nor me.

Each heart has some secret sorrow it hides
 in silence there,

An' what we can freely speak of is never
 so hard to bear.

But I couldn't talk of Georgie—he was too
 dear to blame, —

It seemed as if I couldn't bear even to hear
 his name.

But when I took my pauper's place in that
 old work-house grim,

My weary heart was every day a-cryin' out
 for him.

For I'd tried the love of the others, and
 found it weak and cold,

An' I kind o' felt if Georgie knew that I
 was poor and old,

He'd help to make it better, and try to do
 his part,

For love and trust are last of all to die in
 a woman's heart.

An' he used to be always tellin' when he
 was a man and strong,

How he'd work for father and mother;
 and he never done no wrong,

Exceptin' his boyish mischief, an' his run-
 nin' off to sea;

So somehow now, out of them all, he
 seemed the best to me.

And so the slow days wore along, just as
 the days all go,

When we cling to some wild fancy that all
 the time we know

Is nothing but a fancy, yet we nurse it till
 'twould seem

That the dream alone is real, and the real
 but a dream.

And so I clung to Georgie, or clung to my
 faith in him,
 And thought of him the long days
 through, until my eyes were dim.
 And my old heart ached full sorely to think
 that never again
 I should see my boy until we stood before
 the Judge of men.
 When one day a big brown-bearded man
 came rushin' up to me,
 Sayin', "Mother! my God! have they put
 you here?" An' then I see
 'Twas Georgie, my boy, come back to me,
 and I knowed nothin' more,
 'Cause I got faint, and but for him, I'd
 fallen on the floor.

They say he swore some awful words—I
 don't know—it may be;
 But swear or not, I know my boy's been
 very, very good to me.
 An' he's bought the old home back again,
 an' I've come here to stay,
 Never to move till the last move—the final
 goin' away.
 An' I take a heap of comfort, for Georgie's
 good an' kind,
 An' the thought of bein' a pauper ain't
 wearin' on my mind;
 But still I never can forget until my dyin'
 day,
 That they put me in the poor-house 'cause
 I was in the way.



SAVING MOTHER.

THE farmer sat in his easy chair
 Between the fire and the lamplight's
 glare;
 His face was ruddy, and full and fair.
 His three small boys in the chimney nook
 Scanned the lines of a picture book;
 His wife, the pride of his home and heart,
 Baked the biscuit and made the tart,
 Laid the table and steeped the tea,
 Deftly, swiftly, silently;
 Tired and weary, and weak and faint,
 She bore her trials without complaint,
 Like many another household saint—
 Content, all selfish bliss above,
 In the patient ministry of love.

At last, between the clouds of smoke
 That wreathed his lips, the husband spoke:
 "There's taxes to raise, and int'rest to pay,
 And if there should come a rainy day,
 'Twould be mighty handy, I'm boun' to
 say,
 T' have sumptin' put by. For folks must
 die,

An' there's funeral bills an' gravestuns to
 buy—

Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh.
 Besides, there's Edward and Dick and Joe
 To be provided for when we go.

"So'f I was you, I'll tell you what I'd du;
 I'd be savin' of wood as ever I could—
 Extry fire don't du any good—
 I'd be savin' of soap, an' savin' of ile,
 And run up some candles once in a while;
 I'd be rather sparin' of coffee an' tea,
 For sugar is high,
 And all to buy,

And cider is good enough for me.
 I'd be kind o' careful about my clo'es
 And look out sharp how the money goes—
 Gewgaws is useless, nater knows;
 Extry trimmin'
 'S the bane of women.

"I'd sell off the best of the cheese and
 honey,
 And eggs is as good, nigh about, 's the
 money;

And as to the carpet you wanted new—
 I guess we can make the old one du.
 And as for the washer, an' sewin' machine,
 Them smooth-tongued agents so pesky
 mean,
 You'd better get rid of 'em, slick an' clean.
 What do they know about women's work?
 Du they kalkilate women was born to
 shirk?"

Dick and Edward and Little Joe
 Sat in the corner in a row.

They saw the patient mother go,
 On ceaseless errands to and fro;
 They saw that her form was bent and
 thin,
 Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in,
 They saw the quiver of her lip and chin—
 And then, with a warmth he could not
 smother,
 Outspoke the youngest, frailest brother—
 "You talk of savin' wood and ile
 An' tea an' sugar, all the while,
 But you never talk of savin' mother!"



KIT CARSON'S RIDE.

R UN? Now you bet you; I rather guess
 so?
 But he's blind as a badger. Whoa, Paché,
 boy, whoa,
 No, you wouldn't think so to look at his
 eyes,
 But he is badger blind, and it happened
 this wise:
 We lay low in the grass on the broad plain
 levels
 Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown
 bride.
 "Forty full miles if a foot to ride,
 Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils
 Of red Comanches are hot on the track
 When once they strike it. Let the sun go
 down
 Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old
 Revels,
 As he peered at the sun lying low on his
 back,
 Holding fast to his lasso; then he jerked
 at his steed,
 And sprang to his feet, and glanced swift-
 ly around,
 And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear
 to the ground—
 Then again to his feet and to me, to my
 bride,

While his eyes were like fire, his face like
 a shroud,
 His form like a king, and his beard like a
 cloud,
 And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown
 from a reed—
 "Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to
 steed,
 And speed, if ever for life you would
 speed;
 And ride for your lives, for your lives you
 must ride,
 For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire;
 And feet of wild horses hard flying before,
 I hear like a sea breaking high on the
 shore;
 While the buffalo come like the surge of
 the sea,
 Driven far by the flame, driving fast on
 us three
 As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in
 his ire."
 We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and
 rein,
 Threw them on, sinched them on, sinched
 them over again,
 And again drew the girth, cast aside the
 macheer,

Cut away tapidaros, loosed the sash from
 its fold,
 Cast aside the catenas red and spangled
 with gold,
 And gold-mounted Colt's, true compan-
 ions for years;
 Cast the silken serapes to the wind in a
 breath,
 And so bared to the skin sprang all haste
 to the horse,
 As bare as when born, as when new from
 the hand
 Of God, without word, or one word of
 command,
 Turned head to the Brazos in a red race
 with death,
 Turned head to the Brazos with a breath
 in the hair
 Blowing hot from a king leaving death in
 his course;
 Turned head to the Brazos with a sound in
 the air
 Like the rush of an army, and a flash in
 the eye
 Of a red wall of fire reaching up to the
 sky,
 Stretching fierce in pursuit of a black roll-
 ing sea
 Rushing fast upon us as the wind sweep-
 ing free
 And afar from the desert, blew hollow and
 hoarse.

 Not a word, not a wail from a lip was let
 fall,
 Not a kiss from my bride, not a look or
 low call
 Of love-note or courage, but on o'er the
 plain
 So steady and still, leaning low to the
 mane,
 With the heel to the flank and the hand
 to the rein,

Rode we on, rode we three, rode we nose
 and gray nose,
 Reaching long, breathing loud, like a crev-
 iced wind blows,
 Yet we broke not a whisper, we breathed
 not a prayer;
 There was work to be done, there was
 death in the air,
 And the chance was as one to a thousand
 for all.

 Gray nose to gray nose and each steady
 mustang
 Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the
 arid earth rang,
 And the foam from the flank and the croup
 and the neck
 Flew around like the spray on a storm-
 driven deck.
 Twenty miles! thirty miles!—a dim distant
 speck—
 Then a long reaching line, and the Brazos
 in sight,
 And I rose in my seat with a shout of de-
 light.
 I stood in my stirrup and looked to my
 right,
 But Revels was gone; I glanced by my
 shoulder
 And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head
 drooping
 Hard on his breast, and his naked breast
 stooping
 Low down to the mane as so swifter and
 bolder
 Ran reaching out for us the red-footed
 fire.

 To right and to left the black buffalo came,
 A terrible surf on a red sea of flame
 Rushing on in the rear, reaching high,
 reaching higher;
 And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
 The monarch of millions, with shaggy
 mane full

Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with
 desire
 Of battle, with rage and with bellowing
 loud
 And unearthly, and up through its lower-
 ing cloud
 Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hid-
 den fire,
 While his keen crooked horns through the
 storm of his mane
 Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
 And I looked but this once, for the fire
 licked through,
 And he fell and was lost, as we rode two
 and two.

I looked to my left, then, and nose, neck,
 and shoulder
 Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my
 thighs;
 And up through the black blowing veil of
 her hair
 Did beam full in mine her two marvelous
 eyes
 With a longing and love, yet a look of
 despair,
 And a pity for me, as she felt the smoke
 fold her,
 And flames reaching far for her glorious
 hair.
 Her sinking steed faltered, his eager ears
 fell
 To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's
 swell
 Did subside and recede and the nerves fall
 as dead.

Then she saw sturdy Paché still lorded his
 head,
 With a look of delight, for this Paché, you
 see,
 Was her father's, and once at the South
 Santa Fé
 Had won a whole herd, sweeping every-
 thing down

In a race where the world came to run
 for the crown;
 And so when I won the true heart of my
 bride—
 My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child,
 And child of the kingly war-chief of his
 tribe—
 She brought me this steed to the border
 the night
 She met Revels and me in her perilous
 flight
 From the lodge of the chief to the north
 Brazos side;
 And said, so half-guessing of ill as she
 smiled,
 As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
 The fleet-footed Paché, so if kin should
 pursue
 I should surely escape without other ado
 Than to ride, without blood, to the north
 Brazos side,
 And await her, and wait till the next hol-
 low moon
 Hung her horn in the palms, when surely
 and soon
 And swift she would join me, and all would
 be well
 Without bloodshed or word. And now,
 as she fell
 From the front, and went down in the
 ocean of fire,
 The last that I saw was a look of delight
 That I should escape—a love—a desire—
 Yet never a word, not a look of appeal,
 Lest I should reach hand, should stay
 hand or stay heel
 One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire around me and
 under,
 And the howling of beasts and a sound as
 of thunder—
 Beasts burning and blind and forced on-
 ward and over,

As the passionate flame reached around
 them and wove her
 Hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they
 died—
 Till they died with a wild and a desolate
 moan,
 As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown
 stone.
 And into the Brazos—I rode all alone—
 All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,
 And blind and bare and burnt to the skin,
 Then, just as the terrible sea came in,
 And tumbled its thousands hot into the
 tide,
 Till the tide blocked up and the swift
 stream brimmed
 In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.
 Sell Paché,—blind Paché? Now, mister,
 look here,
 You have slept in my tent and partook of
 my cheer

Many days, many days, on this rugged
 frontier,
 For the ways they were rough and Co-
 manches were near;
 But you'd better pack up, sir! that tent is
 too small
 For us two after this! Has an old moun-
 taineer,
 Do you bookmen believe, got no tum-tum
 at all?
 Sell Paché? You buy him! A bag full of
 gold!
 You show him! Tell of him the tale I
 have told!
 Why, he bore me through fire, and is
 blind, and is old!
 Now pack up your papers and get up and
 spin,
 And never look back. Blast you and your
 tin!

—Joaquin Miller.



THEY ALL SANG ANNIE LAURIE.

An incident of the Crimean war.

GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
 The outer trenches guarding,
 When the heated guns of the camps allied
 Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
 Lay, grim and threatening, under;
 And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
 No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
 "We storm the forts to-morrow;
 Sing while we may, another day
 Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
 Below the smoking cannon:
 Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
 And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
 Forgot was Britain's glory:
 Each heart recalled a different name,
 But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
 Until its tender passion
 Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
 Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak
 But, as the song grew louder,
 Something upon the soldier's cheek
 Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
 The bloody sunset's embers,
 While the Crimean valleys learned
 How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
 Rained on the Russian quarters,
 With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
 And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
 For a singer, dumb and gory;

And English Mary mourns for him
 Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
 Your truth and valor wearing;
 The bravest are the tenderest,—
 The loving are the daring.



"GOT STRIPES DOWN HIS LEGS."

I USED to boss him in the store
 And oversee his work,
 For I had charge of one whole floor
 And he was just a clerk.
 To-day it's different, if you please;
 We've changed respective pegs,
 I'm private in the ranks—and he's
 Got stripes
 Down
 His
 Legs.

The girls, whose smiles were once for me,
 Now scarce vouchsafe a glance,
 Such great attraction can they see
 In decorated pants.
 The erstwhile clerk no longer my
 Indulgence humble begs.

I'm down below. He's up on high,
 With stripes
 Down
 His
 Legs.

It's "Private Jones, do this and that."
 In haste I must bestir—
 To Jenkins, on whom oft I've sat,
 I'm told to answer "Sir!"
 One born to rule, it's come to pass
 Of woe I drink the dregs—
 I'm in the army with, alas!
 No stripes
 Down
 My
 Legs.

—Edwin L. Sabin.



SOMEBODY.

SOMEBODY'S courting somebody
 Somewhere or other to-night;
 Somebody's whispering to somebody,
 Somebody's listening to somebody,
 Under this clear moonlight.

Near the bright river's flow,
 Running so still and slow,
 Talking so soft and low,
 She sits with somebody.

Pacing the ocean's shore,
 Edged by the foaming roar,

Words never used before
 Sound sweet to somebody.

Under the maple tree
 Deep though the shadow be,
 Plain enough they can see,
 Bright eyes has somebody.

No one sits up to wait,
 Though she is out so late,
 All know she's at the gate,
 Talking with somebody.

Tiptoe to parlor door,
Two shadows on the floor,
Moonlight, reveal no more,
Susy and somebody.

Two sitting side by side,
Float with the ebbing tide,

"Thus, dearest, may we glide
Through life," says somebody.

Somewhere, somebody
Makes love to somebody
To-night.

—Anonymous.



AN UNCOMPLAINING MAN.

HIS hoss went dead an' his mule went
lame;

He lost six cows in a poker game;
A hurricane came on a summer's day,
An' carried the house whar he lived away;
Then a earthquake come when that was
gone,

An' swallowed the land that the house stood
on!

An' the tax collector, he come roun'
An' charged him up for the hole in the
groun'!

An' the city marshal—he came in view,
An' said he wanted his street tax, too!

Did he moan an' sigh? Did he set an' cry
An' cuss the hurricane sweepin' by?
Did he grieve that his ole friends failed to
call

When the earthquake come an' swallowed
all?

Never a word of blame he said,
With all them troubles on top his head!
Not him!—He climbed to the top of the
hill—

Whar standin' room wuz left him still,
An', barin' his head, here's what he said:
"I reckon it's time to git up an' git;
But, Lord, I hain't had the measles yit!"

—Philander Johnson.



TWO WOMEN'S LIVES.

TWO babes were born in the selfsame
town

On the very same bright day;
They laughed and cried in their mother's
arms

In the very selfsame way,
And both were pure and innocent
As falling flakes of snow,
But one of them lived in the terraced
house
And one in the street below.

Two children played in the selfsame town,
And the children both were fair,
But one had curls brushed smooth and
round,
The other had tangled hair;

The children both grew up apace,
As other children grow,
But one of them lived in the terraced
house
And one in the street below.

Two maidens wrought in the selfsame
town,
And one was wedded and loved,
The other saw through the curtain's
part

The world where her sister moved;
And one was smiling, a happy bride,
The other knew care and woe,
For one of them lived in the terraced
house
And one in the street below.

Two women lay dead in the selfsame town,

And one had had tender care,
The other was left to die alone
On her pallet all thin and bare,
And one had many to mourn her loss,
For the other few tears would flow,
For one had lived in the terraced house
And one in the street below.

If Jesus, who died for the rich and the poor

In wondrous holy love,
Took both the sisters in his arms
And carried them above,
Then all the differences vanished quite,
For in heaven none would know
Which of them lived in the terraced house
And which in the street below.



BEDTIME.

WHEN my good-nights and prayers
are said,

And I am warm tucked up in bed,
I know my guardian angel stands
And holds my head between his hands.

I cannot see his gown of light,
Because I keep my eyes shut tight,

For if I open them I know
My pretty angel has to go.

But while my eyes are shut I hear
His white wings rustling very near;
I know it is his darling wings,
Not mother folding up my things.



THE BOY TO THE SCHOOLMASTER.

YOU have quizzed me often and puzzled
me long;

You have asked me to cipher and spell;
You have called me a dolt if I answered
wrong,

Or a dunce if I failed to tell
Just when to say lie and when to say lay,
Or what nine-sevenths may make,
Or the longitude of Kamtschatka bay,
Or the I-forget-what-it's-name lake,
So I think it's about my turn, I do,
To ask a question or so of you."

The schoolmaster grim he opened his eyes,
But he said not a word for sheer surprise.

"Can you tell what 'phen-dubs' means? I
can.

Can you say all off by heart
The onery, twoery, hieory ann?
Or tell 'commons' and 'alleys' apart?

Can you fling a top, I would like to know,
Till it hums like a bumble-bee?

Can you make a kite yourself that will go
Most as high as the eye can see,
Till it sails and soars, like a hawk on the
wing,
And the birds come and light on the
string?"

The schoolmaster grim he looked demure,
But his mouth was twitching, I'm almost
sure.

"Can you tell where the nest of the oriole
swings,

Or the color its eggs may be?
Do you know the time when the squirrel
brings

Its young from their nest in the tree?
Can you tell when the chestnuts are ready
to drop,



"What shall I write?"



"I've got it."

THE LETTER TO PAPA.—PLATE I.



"I send a thousand kisses."



"Now, I'll mail it."

THE LETTER TO PAPA.—PLATE II.

Or where the best hazelnuts grow?
Can you climb a tree to the very tip-top,
And gaze, without trembling, below?
Can you swim and dive, can you jump and
run,

Or do anything else we boys call fun?"

The master's voice trembled as he replied:
"You are right, my lad, I'm the dunce,"
and sighed.



HIS BEST PRAYER.

THE proper way for a man to pray,"
Said Deacon Lemuel Keys,
"And the only proper attitude,
Is down upon his knees."
"No; I should say the way to pray,"
Said Rev. Dr. Wise,
"Is standing straight, with outstretched
arms,
And rapt and upturned eyes."
"Oh, no, no, no!" said Elder Slow,
"Such posture is too proud.
A man should pray with eyes fast closed
And head contritely bowed."

"It seems to me his hands should be
Austerely clasped in front,
With both thumbs pointed toward the
ground,"
Said Rev. Dr. Hunt.

"Las' year I fell in Hodgkins' well
Head first," said Cyrus Brown,
"With both my heels a-stickin' up,
My head a-pintin' down,
An' I made a prayer right then an' there—
Best prayer I ever said,
The prayin'est prayer I ever prayed—
A-standin' on my head."



"ARIZONY RAY."

THE wildest cowboy on the range was
that same Arizony Ray,
Neck deep in every crookedness that come
a-driftin' 'round his way,
As quick as lightnin' with the gun an'
mighty handy with the rope,
An' ridin' bronks he never had no equal on
the Western slope.
An' independent sort o' chap, but true as
steel to all his pals,
'Bout halfway liked and halfway feared by
all the purty rancher gals,
An' when he'd flood his inner works with
cactus-brier booze we found
'Twas safest to keep out o' reach o' that ol'
gun he packed around.
His daily work o' punchin' cows the kid
was never knowed to shirk,

He follered Injuns with a vim that showed
he sort o' liked the work,
And when we'd overtake the reds and
bump again a nasty fight,
That same young Arizony Ray'd seem a-
bilin' with delight.
His cup o' joy was allus full when he was
shootin' up a town,
An' somethin' allus overtook the man that
tried to call him down;
Was dumped in jail a hundred times, but
managed to git out agin
With jest the same affection fur the trail
o' devilment an' sin.

One day a letter come to him, an' with it
came a photygraph,
An' as he read the letter through us chaps
that knowed him had to laugh

To see him cry, but changed our tune
 when with his head at humble poise,
 He handed us the pictur card and said,
 "That's my ol' mother, boys!"
 Then came a most surprisin' change—per-
 haps a dozen times a day

He'd read that letter through an' through
 in eager, lovin' sort o' way,
 An' when we'd go to bunk at night it
 seemed to us surprisin' odd
 To see him down upon his knees a-tryin'
 to make up with God.



LESSONS FROM SCRIPTURE FLOWERS.

The assignment of parts here given can be changed to suit different cases and such other classifications adopted as may seem best. Singing could also be introduced very effectively, especially in connection with "The Rose of Sharon," by the use of H. R. Palmer's hymn by that name.

The Lily of the Field.

FIRST BOY—

This flower that Jesus bids us *consider* was the Chaldeonian Lily, very common in Palestine, with scarlet flowers, like those that grow wild in our pastures.

FIRST GIRL—

In upland meadows bright flowers I see,
 Like lilies that blossomed in Galilee;
 When I see them shining in gold and red,
 I think of the words that Jesus said:

TWO IN CONCERT—

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.—Matt. vi; 28, 29.

The Rose of Sharon.

SECOND B.—

This flower was not a rose, but the narcissus, like our white flowers of that name. This is the flower of which Solomon speaks when he says: "I am the Rose of Sharon."

SECOND G.—

In garden-borders, in rows of white,
 The dear narcissus is spring's delight;
 This lovely blossom in odors sweet,
 The promise of old still seems to repeat:

TWO IN CON.—

The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.—Isa. xxxv: 2.

The True Rose.

THIRD B.—

This grows in Palestine. The hills of Jerusalem are covered with beautiful pink, white, and yellow roses.

THIRD G.—

When lovely roses, in colors fair,
 Are budding and blossoming everywhere,
 By the brook of the fields in the bright
 June day,
 Their voices to the children shall sweetly
 say:

TWO IN CON.—

Hearken unto me, ye children, and bud forth as a rose, growing by the brook the fields.—Ecclesiasticus xxxix: 13.

The Almond Tree.

FOURTH B.—

This is the *wakeful* tree, because it is the first to awake from winter's sleep and put on its beautiful garment of rose-colored blossoms.

FOURTH G.—

The flowering almond, we call it now;
 Spring's brightest, earliest blooming
 bough,

The prophet found it a symbol true.
That God would hasten his work to do.

TWO IN CON.—

And I said, I see a rod of an almond tree. Then said the Lord unto me, Thou hast well seen, for I will hasten my word to perform it.—Jer. i: 11, 12.

Mint, Anise, Cummin.

FIFTH B.—

These plants had small, fragrant seeds, and were those that we now call by the same name.

FIFTH G.—

In fragrant gardens I love to go,
Where mint and anise and cummin grow;
But, oh! how sad it would be to hear
Such words as these from the Master, dear.

TWO IN CON.—

Ye pay tithe of mint, and anise, and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law,—judgment, mercy and faith.—Matt. xxiii: 23.

The Mustard Tree.

SIXTH B.—

This was not our common mustard plant. It is a shrub, still found by the sea of Galilee. The seed is small but the shrub grows so large that birds can, and do, lodge in the branches.

SIXTH G.—

Sometimes I stop by the way to heed
The simple bloom of the mustard seed;

And think how, from humblest things that
grew,

Such lessons as this our Teacher drew.

TWO IN CON.—

The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field; which, indeed, is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof.—Matt. xiii: 31, 32.

SEVENTH G.—

When winter goes by and spring is here,
And over the earth the flowers appear,
While birds are singing and breezes play,
These beautiful words again we say:

TWO IN CON.—

For lo! the winter is past; the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth. The time of the singing of birds is come.—Cant. ii. 11, 12.

EIGHTH G.—

When spring and summer have hastened
on,

And beautiful buds and blooms are gone,
With fragrant breath, as they pass away,
The autumn blossoms to us shall say:

ALL IN CON.—

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth,
but the Word of the Lord endureth forever!—Isa. xl: 8.

—M. B. C. Slade.



WHAT ABOUT THE HIRED MAN?

THEY talk about the servant girl, sug-
gesting this and that,
To make her life more happy in the man-
sion or the flat.
They say to teach her music and to cul-
tivate her mind,

And never, never speak to her in voice
that is unkind;
But—what about the hired man,
Hired man, tired man—
Frequently the fired man—
What about his life?

No one ever sighs for him;
Books nobody buys for him,
Or intimates that pies, for him,
Should ever know a knife.

The ladies sip Young Hyson at the Esoteric clubs,
And weep about the hardships of the maid
who bakes or scrubs;
They advocate a fashion-plate upon the
kitchen wall,
And "higher aspirations" they propose for
one and all;
But—what about the hired man,
Hired man, tired man—
Soon or late the fired man—
What about his lot?
No one ever thinks of him,
Or sends out fancy drinks for him,

Or talks of fashion's kinks for him,
Or gives to him a thought.

They write to all the papers on the "servant question" now,
And Mrs. Talkso Tellum-What gets up
and makes a bow,
And shows the ladies how to act, the servant girls to suit,
And all her hearers vow that her remarks
are "awful cute."
But—what about the hired man,
Hired man, tired man—
And after while the fired man—
Who's concerned for him?
He must keep his hustle on,
And toil, and tug, and rustle on,
With work to test his muscle on,
Or else his chance is slim.



THROUGH GRANDFATHER'S SPECTACLES.

YOUR boy's come home from school,
Mariar, a college graduate,
An' what he knows and means to do I 'low
is somethin' great;
But I have been observin' him; and I ain't
much impressed
That when he's pressed the button the
world'll do the rest.
Fer thinkin' which I don't blame him, I
blame his pa and ma,
They've stuffed him with sech notions an'
made his word a law.
Course rockin' in affection's cradle's mighty
pleasant to us all,
I only hope he won't rock out,—he'd be so
apt to feel the fall.
I only hope he won't rock out, yet I am free
to say
He's apt to git a jolt as 'll wake him up
some day!

Your boy's not bad, Mariar, I hope you'll
not git mad
At a few plain truths about the peart, high-steppin' lad:
He's jammed his head so full o' isms,
ologies, an' stuff
'At when he come to cram in sense there
wasn't room enuff.
You know as well, Mariar, as you know this
chair I've allus sat in,
That he'll ne'er keep books in Hebrew nor
buy nor sell in Latin;
That the German name o' jimpson weed
ain't worth as much to him
As a knowledge of good English which is
in his case slim;
That all he knows about the stars in
heavenly orbits fixed
Don't count for nothin' longside o' how his
spellin's mixed.

It is a common thing, Mariar, this fault that
 parents get in,
 This educatin' young folks up till head ex-
 pansion sets in;
 This givin' them an outside polish, which
 strivin' to attain,
 Has led in no few instances to softenin' of
 the brain.
 The world ne'er stopped on their account
 and ne'er would it, I ween,
 If half its pampered youth was taken down
 a notch or two while green;
 And mayhap such a course pursued with
 them a spell,
 'Ud work a revolution, tho' it's pretty hard
 to tell.

I wouldn't have you think, Mariar, that I'm
 set agin a college;
 There's nothin' that we need and lack so
 much as knowledge.
 But we cannot have it all nor even have the
 heft,

And what most we want to learn is to keep
 from gittin' left!

* * * * *

Then lend your ears my student friends to
 what I have to say,
 And heed it, too, perhaps it may come
 handy in its way:
 Remember my life's e'en most lived while
 yours is jest begun,
 And you ain't s'posed to be so sure not
 ever'thing's for fun.

If you will take advices which I have allus
 given,
 The first thing you will learn is how to
 make a hones' livin';
 And havin' got the information you need
 for ever' day
 Then you can hustle to and git whatever
 else'll pay.

—Emily F. Smith.



CHORUS OF THE FLOWERS.

CHORUS.

WE are the little flowers, coming with
 the spring;
 If you listen closely, sometimes you'll hear
 us sing.

THE HONEYSUCKLE—Red:

I am the honeysuckle, with my drooping
 head;
 And early in the springtime I don my dress
 of red.
 I grow in quiet woodlands, beneath some
 budding tree;
 So when you take a ramble,—just look for
 me.

THE DANDELION—Yellow:

I am the dandelion, yellow, as you see,

And when the children see me they shout
 for glee.

I grow by every wayside, and when I've
 had my day,

I spread my wings so silvery,—and fly
 away.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT—Blue:

When God made all the flowers, He gave
 each one a name,

And, when the others all had gone, a little
 blue one came

And said in trembling whisper: "My name
 has been forgot."

Then the good Father called her, "Forget-
 me-not."

THE FERN—*Green*:

A fern, the people call me, I'm always
clothed in green,

I live in every forest; you've seen me oft,
I ween.

Sometimes I leave the shadow, to grow
beside the way

You'll see me as you pass,—some nice,
fine day.

CHORUS.

We are the little flowers, coming with the
spring;

If you listen closely, sometimes you'll hear
us sing.



JIM.

SAY there! P'r'aps
Some on you chaps
Might know Jim Wild?

Well, no offense:
Thar ain't no sense
In gittin' riled!

Jim was my chum
Up on the Bar;
That's why I come
Down from up thar,
Lookin' for Jim.
Thank ye, sir! *you*
Ain't of that crew—
Blest if you are!

Money?—not much;
That ain't my kind;
I ain't no such.
Rum?—I don't mind,
Seein' it's you.

Well, this yer Jim,
Did you know him?—
Jess 'bout your size;
Same kind of eyes?—
Well, that is strange;
Why, it's two year
Since he came here,
Sick, for a change.

Well, here's to us;
Eh?

The *deuce* you say!
Dead?—
That little cuss?

What makes you star'—
You over thar?
Can't a man drop
'S glass in yer shop
But you must rar'?
It wouldn't take
Derned much to break
You and your bar.

Dead!
Poor—little—Jim!
—Why, there was me,
Jones, and Bob Lee,
Harry and Ben—
No-account men;
Then to take *him*!
Well; thar— Good-bye—

No more, sir—I—
Eh?
What's that you say? —
Why dern it!—sho!
No? Yes! By Jo!

Sold!
Sold! Why, you limb,
You ornery,
Derned old
Long-legged Jim!

—*Bret Harte.*

JOE.

WE don't take vagrants in, sir,
And I am alone to-day,
Leastwise, I could call the good man—
He's not so far away.

You are welcome to a breakfast—
I'll bring you some bread and tea;
You might sit on the old stone yonder,
Under the chestnut tree.

You're traveling, stranger? Mebbe
You've got some notions to sell?
We hev a sight of peddlers,
But we allers treat them well,

For they, poor souls, are trying,
Like the rest of us to live;
And its not like tramping the country
And calling on folks to give.

Not that I meant a word, sir—
No offence in the world to you;
I think, now I look at it closer,
Your coat is an army blue.

Don't say? Under Sherman, were you?
That was—how many years ago?
I had a boy at Shiloh,
Kearney—a sergeant—Joe!

Joe Kearney, you might a' met him?
But in course you were miles apart,
He was a tall, straight boy, sir,
The pride of his mother's heart.

We were off to Kittery, then, sir,
Small farmers in dear old Maine;
It's a long stretch from there to Kansas,
But I couldn't go back again.

He was all we had, was Joseph;
He and my old man and me
Had sort o' growed together,
And were happy as we could be.

I wasn't a-looking for trouble
When the terrible war begun,
And I wrestled for grace to be able
To give up our only son.

Well, well, 'taint no use o' talking,
My old man said, said he:
"The Lord loves a willing giver;"
And that's what I tried to be.

Well, the heart and the flesh are rebels,
And hev to be fought with grace
But I'd give my life—yes, willin'—
To look on my dead boy's face.

Take care! you are spillin' your tea, sir,
Poor soul! don't cry; I'm sure
You've had a good mother some time—
Your wounds, were they hard to cure?

Andersonville! God help you!
Hunted by dogs, did you say?
Hospital! crazy, seven years, sir!
I wonder you're living to-day.

I'm thankful my Joe was shot, sir,
"How do you know that he died?"
'Twas certified, sir, by the surgeon,
Here's the letter, and—"mebbe he lied."

Well, I never! you shake like the ager,
My Joe! there's his name and the date;
"Joe Kearney, 7th Maine, sir, a sergeant—
Lies here in a critical state—

"Just died—will be buried to-morrow—
Can't wait for his parents to come."
Well, I thought God had left us that hour,
As for John, my poor man, he was dumb.

Didn't speak for a month to his neighbors,
Scarce spoke in a week, sir, to me;
Never been the same man since that Mon-
day
They brought us this letter you see.

And you were from Maine! from old Kittery?

What time in the year did you go?

I just disremember the fellows

That marched out of town with our Joe.

Lord love ye! come into the house, sir!

It's getting too warm out o' door.

If I'd known you'd been gone for a soger,
I'd taken you here afore.

Now make yourself easy. We're humbler,

We Kansas folks don't go for show—

Set here—it's Joe's chair—take your hat off.

"Call father!" My God! *you* are Joe!

—*Alice Robbins.*



THE COMING MILLIONS.

JIM CROKER lived far in the woods,
a solitary place.

Where the bushes grew, like whiskers, on
his unrazored face;

And the black bear was his brother and the
catamount his chum,

And Jim he lived and waited for the mil-
lions yet to come.

Jim Croker made a clearing, and he sowed
it down to wheat,

And he filled his lawn with cabbage and
he planted it with beet,

And it blossomed with potatoes, and with
peach and pear and plum,

And Jim he lived and waited for the mil-
lions yet to come.

Then Jim he took his ancient axe and
cleared a forest street,

While he lived on bear and succotash and
young opossum meat.

And his rhythmic axe strokes sounded and
the woods no more were dumb,

While he cleared a crooked highway for the
millions yet to come.

Then they came like aimless stragglers,
they came from far and near,

A little log house settlement grew round
the pioneer;

And the sound of saw and broadaxe made
a glad industrial hum.

Jim said: "The coming millions, they have
just begun to come."

And a little crooked railway wound round
mountain, hill and lake,

Crawling toward the forest village like an
undulating snake;

And one morn the locomotive puffed into
the wilderness,

And Jim said: "The coming millions, they
are coming by express."

And the village grew and prospered, but
Jim Croker's hair was grayer;

When they got a city charter, and old Jim
was chosen Mayor;

But Jim declined the honor, and moved his
household goods

Far away into the forest, to the old prime-
val woods.

Far and far into the forest moved the griz-
zled pioneer,

There he reared his hut and murmured, "I
will build a city here."

And he hears the woodfox barking, and
he hears the partridge drum,

And the old man sits and listens for the
millions yet to come.

—*S. W. Foss.*

KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP.

THE summer wind is sniffin' round the
bloomin' locus' trees,
And the clover in the pastur' is a big day
for the bees,
And they been a-swiggin' honey, above-
board and on the sly,
Till they stutter in their buzzin' and stag-
ger as they fly.

They's been a heap o' rain, but the sun's
out to-day,
And the clouds of the wet spell is all cleared
away,
And the woods is all the greener, and the
grass is greener still;
It may rain again to-morrow, but I don't
think it will.

Some say the crops is ruined, and the corn's
drownded out,
And prophasy the wheat will be a failure,
without doubt;
But the kind Providence that has never
failed as yet,
Will be on hand onc't more at the 'leventh
hour, I bet!

Does the medder-lark complain, as he
swims high and dry,
Through the waves of the wind and the
blue of the sky?

Does the quail set up and whistle in a dis-
appointed way,
Er hang his head in silence and sorrow all
the day?

Is the chipmunk's health a failure? Does
he walk or does he run?
Don't the buzzards ooze around up there,
just like they've allus done?

Is there anything the matter with the roos-
ter's lungs or voice?
Ort a mortal be complainin' when dumb an-
imals rejoice?

Then let us, one and all, be contented with
our lot;
The June is here this morning and the sun
is shining hot.

Oh, let us fill our hearts with the glory of
the day,
And banish ev'ry doubt and care and sor-
row far away!

Whatever be our station, with Providence
for guide,
Such fine circumstances ort to make us sat-
isfied;
For the world is full of roses, and the roses
full of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly love that
drips for me and you.

—James Whitcomb Riley.



THE BEST SEWING-MACHINE.

GOT one? Don't say so! Which did
you get?
One of the kind to open and shut?
Own or hire it? How much did you
pay?
Does it go with a crank or a treadle? S-a-y.
I'm a single man, and somewhat green;
Tell me about your sewing-machine."

"Listen, my boy, and hear all about it:
I don't know what I could do without it;
I've owned one now for more than a year,
And like it so well that I call it 'my dear';
'Tis the cleverest thing that ever was seen,
This wonderful family sewing-machine.

"It's none of your angular Wheeler things,

With steel-shod back and cast-iron wings;
 Its work would bother a hundred of his,
 And worth a thousand! Indeed it is;
 And has a way—you need not stare—
 Of combing and braiding its own back hair!

“Mine is not one of those stupid affairs
 That stands in a corner with what-nots and
 chairs
 And makes that dismal, heachy noise
 Which all the comfort of sewing destroys;
 No rigid contrivance of lumber and steel,
 But one with a natural spring in the heel.

“Mine is one of the kind to love,
 And wears a shawl and a soft kid glove;
 Has the merriest eyes and the daintiest foot,
 And sports the charmingest gaiter-boot,
 And a bonnet with feathers, and ribbons,
 and loops,
 With any indefinite number of hoops.

“None of your patent machines for me,
 Unless Dame Nature’s the patentee;
 I like the sort that can laugh and talk,
 And take my arm for an evening walk;

That will do whatever the owner may
 choose,
 With the slightest perceptible turn of the
 screws;

“One that can dance, and—possibly—flirt;
 And make a pudding as well as a shirt;
 One that can sing without dropping a stitch,
 And play the housewife, lady, or witch;
 Ready to give the sagest advice,
 Or to do up your collars and things so nice.

“What do you think of my machine?
 A’n’t it the best that ever was seen?
 ’Tisn’t a clumsy, mechanical toy,
 But flesh and blood! Hear that, my boy?
 With a turn for gossip and household
 affairs,
 Which include, you know, the sewing of
 tears.

“Tut, tut, don’t talk. I see it all—
 You needn’t keep winking so hard at the
 wall;
 I know what your fidgety fumlings mean;
 You would like, yourself a sewing-machine!
 Well, get one, then,—of the same design,—
 There were plenty left where I got mine!”



CABIN PHILOSOPHY.

J ES’ turn de back-log, ober, dar—an’ pull
 your stoo’es up nigher,
 An’ watch dat ’possum cookin’ in de skillet
 by de fire:
 Lemme spread my legs out on de bricks to
 make my feelin’s flow,
 An’ I’ll grin’ you out a fac’ or two, to take
 befo’ you go.

Now, in dese busy wukin’ days, dey’s
 changed de Scriptor fashions,
 An’ you needn’t look to mirakuls to furnish
 you wid rations;

Now, when you’s wantin’ loaves o’ bread,
 you got to go and fetch ’em,
 An’ ef you’s wantin’ fishes, you mus’ dig
 your wums an’ ketch ’em;
 For you kin put it down as sartin dat the
 time is long gone by,
 When sessages an’ ’taters use to rain fum
 out de sky!

Ef yo think about it keerfully, an’ put it to
 the tes’,
 You’ll diskiver dat de safes’ plan is gin’ully
 de bes’:

Ef you stumble on a hornet's nes' an' make
de critters scatter,
You needn't stan' dar like a fool an' argefey
de matter;
An' when de yaller fever comes an' settles
all aroun',
'Tis better dan de karanteen to shuffle out o'
town!

Dar's heap o' dreadful music in de very
fines' fiddle;
A ripe an' meller apple may be rotten in de
middle;
De wises' lookin' trabeler may be de bigges'
fool;
Dar's a lot o' solid kickin' in the humbles'
kind o' mule;
De preacher ain't de holies' dat war's de
meekes' look,
An' does de loudes' bangin' on the kiver ob
de book!

De people pays deir bigges' bills in buyin'
lots an' lan's;
Dey scatter all deir picayunes aroun' de
peanut stan's;
De twenties an' de fifties goes in payin' orf
deir rents,
But Heben an' de organ grinder gits de cop-
per cents.

I neber likes de cullud man dat thinks too
much o' eatin';

But frolics froo de wukin' days, and snoozes
at de meetin';
Dat jines de Temp'ance 'Ciety, an' keeps a
gittin' tight,
An' pulls his water-millions in de middle
ob de night!

Dese milerterry nigger chaps, with muskets
in deir han's,
Perradin' froo de city to de music ob de
ban's,
Had better drop deir guns, an' go to
marchin' wid deir hoes
An' git a honest libbin' as dey chop de cot-
ton-rows,
Or de State may put 'em arter while to
drillin' in de ditches,
Wid more'n a single stripe a-runnin' 'cross
deir breeches.

Well, you think dat doin' nuffin' 'tall is
mighty so' an' nice,
But it busted up de renters in de lubly
Paradise!
You see, dey bofe was human bein's jes'
like me and' you,
An' dey couldn't reggerlate deirselves wid
not a thing to do;
Wid plenty wuk befo' 'em, an' a cotton crop
to make,
Dey'd nebber thought o' loafin' roun' an'
chattin' wid de snake.



MR. MEEK'S DINNER.

“I WONDER, James,” said Mrs. Meek,
doubtfully, to her husband one morn-
ing, “if you could get your own dinner to-
night? You see, I’ve had to let the servant
go on her holidays for a day or two, and
they want me desperately at the Woman’s
Aid and Relief Bazaar, to help them with
their high tea from 4:30 to 8:30. If you
thought you could manage by yourself—”

“I’ll try to survive it,” observed Mr.
Meek, good-naturedly. “I don’t fancy it
will prove fatal.”

“I’ll get a roast and cook it this morn-
ing,” went on Mrs. Meek, cheerfully, “and
you can have it cold for dinner.”

“Thank you,” replied Mr. Meek, “you’ll
do nothing of the kind. I fancy I haven’t
gone camping pretty much every year of

my life for nothing. I suspect I can manage a hot dinner about as well as most women."

Mrs. Meek had her doubts, and, unlike most wives, expressed them.

Mr. Meek viewed his wife's doubts with supreme contempt, and, unlike most husbands, expressed it.

Thus it finally resulted that Mrs. Meek abandoned all idea of preparing Mr. Meek's dinner for him and betook herself to the Bazaar. So it resulted furthermore, that Mr. Meek left his office about four o'clock that afternoon, and proceeded to collect on his way home the necessary supplies for a dainty little dinner.

An alluring display of chickens was the first thing to catch his eye, and he was just on the point of securing one of them when, by good luck, or more probably through the natural sagacity of the man, he recollected that—well, that you don't, as a rule, cook chickens as they are. In the momentary reaction that followed this feat of memory he bought a couple of mutton chops and three tomatoes.

"I'll have a good, plain, old-fashioned English dinner," thought he, as he hurried past the deceitful chickens with something almost akin to reproach. "None of your finiky poultry dinners for me!"

"By Jove!" he exclaimed a moment later, "I'll have an apple pudding and some oyster soup to begin on."

He was so tickled with this idea that he promptly rushed into a grocery shop and purchased half a peck of their best eating apples and then hurried home without a thought of the cab he was to order for his wife at 8:30 sharp.

By five o'clock he had the fire going beautifully, and everything ready for a start. By six o'clock he was just beginning to enjoy the thing; the tomatoes were stew-

ing divinely, the potatoes were boiling to their heart's content, and the milk for the oyster soup was simmering contentedly on the back of the stove. The oysters, by-the-by, had not yet arrived.

"Dear me," thought the ambitious gentleman, "I wish I had thought of it in time, and I'd have had some oyster patties for a sort of final dessert. Hello, what's this? If that everlasting pig-headed woman hasn't left me some cold ham and a custard pie! By the Lord Harry, for two cents I'd throw the whole thing into the back yard!"

The natural docility of his nature, however, prevailed, and he left the obnoxious viands unmolested, and proceeded with his dinner. At 6:30 he put the chops on to broil, "as in the good old days of yore"—this poetic allusion to the style of cooking being occasioned by one of them accidentally dropping into the fire, whence he rescued it with great presence of mind by the joint assistance of the stove lifter and one of the best table napkins. By the time the chop was thus rescued both it and the table napkin were fairly well done—to say nothing stronger. This trifling difficulty he got over by putting the erring chop on the window-sill to cool, and the napkin into the fire—to do the other thing.

This accomplished, and with one chop gently cooking on the gridiron and the other one cooling on the window-sill, he started to construct the paste for his apple pudding. This proved most fascinating. He placed a large quantity of flour in a small bowl, emptied a jug of water on top of it, added butter to taste, and proceeded to mould it deftly into shape, as he had often seen his wife do. The flour and water promptly forsook the bowl and betook themselves to his hands. Then the milk for the soup began to burn, just as the potatoes boiled dry. He rushed to the

rescue and left the major portion of the paste fairly evenly divided between the handles of the two saucepans and the stove lifter. At this juncture the tomatoes started to see if they couldn't surpass the milk in burning. They succeeded. The cat, which was accustomed to a 6:30 dinner, walked off with the chop on the window sill, while the chop on the fire grew beautifully black on the "down side." So many things were now burning all at the same time that Mr. Meek gave up all hope of trying to discover just which one was burning most. "Let the plaguy things burn till they're sick of it!" was the extremely broad-minded way in which he summed up the situation. With the astuteness that characterized him as distinguished from his fellow men, he at once gave up all efforts to track the truant paste, and simply popped his apples into the oven to bake.

It was now about 7:30, and the fire was getting hotter than pretty much anything on earth unless, perhaps, it was Mr. Meek. He turned all the dampers, opened all the doors, and took off all the lids. This resulted most satisfactorily, and the fire began to cool. It didn't stop.

It got, if anything, a little low. After that it got very low. Then it went out. He rushed for a kindling, and nearly took his head off on a clothes-line. Just as he had got nicely through expressing his views on clothes-lines in general, and that clothes-line in particular, he went about twice as far towards taking his head off on the same clothes-line on his way back.

The gentlest of natures when roused is often the most terrible. Mr. Meek became very terrible. He used up enough kindling, profanity and coal oil to have ignited the pyramids of Egypt. He stamped and shoved, and poked and banged, and howled and shook till even the cat—and it had had

its dinner—was displeased with him, and departed to the outer kitchen to try the oysters, which the dilatory grocer had just deposited on the table without waiting to parley with Mr. Meek. He was a wise grocer and had heard enough.

When about five minutes later Mr. Meek discovered that the cat had found the oysters to its taste, he became even less calm. Had the cat been around (but, like the grocer, it had heard enough, and taken an unobtrusive departure) it is highly probable that a majority of its nine lives would have come to an abrupt termination.

At this stage, to console the unfortunate man, the fire began to go again. Once started it didn't stop. In about five minutes it had burnt up what remained of pretty much everything except a large pot of green tea and a small portion of Mr. Meek. The chop that the cat hadn't eaten was especially well done. It could be quite safely left on the window sill with a whole legion of cats around it. Mr. Meek, however, simply left it in the coal bin. In point of either color or hardness it would have been difficult to have found a more fitting resting place for it.

Then there came over Mr. Meek's face a terrible expression. He brought in a pail (it was the scrubbing pail which he had mistaken for the scrap pail, but no matter) and poured the soup carefully into it, throwing the pan about five feet, into the sink; next he scraped the potatoes into the same pail, and again another pan followed the course of the first in getting to the sink; then he poured the tomatoes on top of the potatoes, and still a third pan got to the sink with unusual rapidity. It cannot be definitely stated whether or not Mr. Meek, in doing this, was actuated by the desire to prepare some famous hunter's dish relished in the dear old camping days gone by, but

certain it is, no sooner did he get the tomatoes nicely on top of the potatoes than he took the whole thing and tossed it, pail and all, into the outer lane.

This accomplished, he proceeded to make a meal off the cold ham and some bread and butter—the cooking butter, of course.

Just as he was finishing, Mrs. Meek returned. "Why, James," she cried, cheerfully, "you never sent the cab for me and I waited nearly an hour."

"No," said her husband, calmly. "I've been terribly busy. Men from New York—just got home a little while ago. This is a very good ham—a shade overdone, though, isn't it?"

"Perhaps a shade less wouldn't have hurt it. Let me get you a piece of pie?"

"No, thank you! No cold pie for me when there're hot apples in the oven. I'll tell you what you might do; you might bring 'em in if you're not too tired."

Mrs. Meek departed on her mission. In a few moments she reappeared, and, without moving a muscle, placed the plate of baked apples before her lord and master. They were about the size of walnuts and the color of ebony. Judging by the way they rattled on the plate they were rather harder than flint.

Mr. Meek rose with an awful look in his eye.

"I'm afraid," observed his wife, "they're like the ham—just a shade overdone."

"If ever I catch that cat," remarked Mr. Meek as that sleek feline purred past him with a playful frisk of his tail, "I'll break every bone in its body"—only he described its body with sundry adjectives that were very strange to the ears of Mrs. Meek. At least, so she said when she described the occurrence to her bosom friend, Mrs. Muggins, next day.



OVER THE TELEPHONE.

I CONSIDER that a conversation by telephone—when you are simply sitting by and not taking any part in that conversation—is one of the solemnest curiosities of this modern life.

Yesterday I was writing a deep article on a sublime philosophical subject while such a conversation was going on in the next room. I notice that one can always write best when somebody is talking through a telephone close by. Well, the thing began in this way. A member of our household came in and asked me to have our house put into communication with Mr. Bagley's down town. I have observed, in many cities, that the gentle sex always shrink from calling up the Central Office themselves. I don't know why,

but they do. So I rang the bell, and this talk ensued:

Central office—"What-number-do-you-want?"

I—"Main 24-68."

C. O.—"Main 2-4-6-3?"

I—"No, 2-4-6-8."

Then I heard a k-look, k-look, k'look—klook-klook-klook-look-look! Then a horrible "gritting" of teeth, and finally a piping voice:

"Hello?" (rising inflection).

I—"Hello, is this Mr. Bagley's?"

"Yes, did you wish to speak to me?"

Without answering, I handed the receiver to the applicant, and sat down. Then followed the queerest of all things in the world—a conversation with only one end to it.

You hear questions asked; you don't hear the answer. You hear invitations given; you hear no thanks in return. You have listening pauses of dead silence, followed by apparently irrelevant and unjustifiable exclamations of glad surprise, or sorrow or dismay. You can't make head or tail out of the talk, because you never hear anything that the person at the other end of the wire says. Well, I heard the following series of remarkable observations, all from the one tongue, and all shouted,—for you can't ever persuade the gentle sex to speak gently into a telephone:

"Hello, is that you, Daisy?"

Pause.

"Yes. Why, how did that happen?"

Pause.

"What did you say?"

Pause.

"Oh, no, I don't think it was."

Pause.

"No! Oh, no, I didn't mean that. I did think of getting it, but I don't believe it will stay in style, and—what?—and Charlie just hates that shade of blue, anyway."

Pause.

"What's that?"

"You wouldn't let him dictate to you, at least before you were married?"

Pause.

"Why, my dear, how childish! You don't suppose I'd let him afterwards, do you?"

Pause.

"I turned it over with a back stitch on the selvage edge."

Pause.

"Yes, I like that way, too; but I think it better to baste it on with valenciennes, or something of that kind. It gives such an air."

Pause.

"Yes, you know he did pay some attention to Celia."

Pause.

"Why, she threw herself right at his head."

Pause.

"And he told me he always admired me."

Pause.

"Well, he said it seemed as if he never could get anybody to introduce him."

Pause.

"Perhaps so; I generally use a hairpin."

"What did you say?" (Aside) "Children, do be quiet!"

Pause.

"Oh! B flat! Dear me, I thought you said it was the cat!"

Pause.

"Since when?"

Pause.

"Why, I never heard of it."

Pause.

"You astound me! It seems utterly impossible!"

Pause.

"Who did?"

Pause.

"Goodness gracious!"

Pause.

"Well, what is the world coming to? Was it right in church?"

Pause.

"And was her mother there?"

Pause.

"Why, Daisy, I should have died of humiliation! What did they do?"

Long pause.

"I can't be perfectly sure, because I haven't the notes by me; but I think it goes something like this: To-tolly-loll-loll-lee-ly-li-i-do! And then repeat, you know."

Pause.

"Yes, I think it is very sweet—and very

solemn and impressive, if you get the andantino and the pianissimo right."

Pause.

"Did he really say that?"

Pause.

"Yes, I do care for him—what?—but mind you don't tell him I don't want him to know it."

Pause.

"What?"

Pause.

"Oh, not in the least—go right on. Papa's here, writing,—it doesn't bother him."

Pause.

"Very well, I'll come if I can." (Aside)

"Dear me, papa, how it does tire a person's arm to hold this thing up so long! I wish she'd——"

Pause.

"Oh, no, not at all; I like to talk—but I'm afraid I'm keeping you from your affairs."

Pause.

"Visitors?"

Pause.

"No, we never use butter on them."

Pause.

"Yes, that is a very good way; but all the cook-books say they are very unhealthy when they are out of season. And papa

doesn't like them, anyway,—especially canned."

Pause.

"Yes, I'm going to the concert with him to-night."

"Engaged? why, certainly not."

Pause.

"You know, dear, you'd be the very first one I'd tell."

Pause.

"No, we really are not engaged."

Pause.

"Must you go? Well, good-bye."

Pause.

"Yes, I think so. Good-bye."

Pause.

"Four o'clock, then—I'll be ready. Can Charlie meet us then?"

Pause.

"Oh, that's good. Good-bye."

Pause.

"Thank you ever so much. Good-bye."

Pause.

"Oh, not at all! Just as fresh—which?"

"Oh, I'm glad to hear that. Good-bye."

(Hangs up the receiver and says: "Oh, it does tire a person's arm so.")

A man delivers a single brutal "Good-bye," and that is the end of it. Not so with the gentle sex—I say it in their praise, they cannot abide abruptness.



THE VOLUNTEER'S UNIFORM.

MY papa's all dressed up to-day,
He never looked so fine,
I thought when I first looked at him,
My papa wasn't mine.

He's got a beautiful new suit—
The old one was so old—
It's blue, with buttons, O, so bright,
I guess they must be gold.

And papa's sort o' glad and sort
O' sad—I wonder why?
And every time she looks at him
It makes my mamma cry.

Who's Uncle Sam? My papa says
That he belongs to him;
But papa's joking, 'cause he knows
My uncle's name is Jim,



"WHEN GRANDMA DANCED THE MINUET."



Photo by Byron, N. Y.

"GUARD!"

My papa just belongs to me
And mamma. And I guess
The folks are blind who cannot see
His buttons, marked U. S.

U. S. spells us. He's ours—and yet
My mamma can't help cry,
And papa tries to smile at me
And can't. I wonder why?



THE CLOSING YEAR.

'TIS midnight's holy hour,—and silence
now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on
the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling,—'tis the
knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and
wood,
With melancholy light, the moon-beams
rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is
stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud
That floats so still and placidly through
heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's
solemn form,
And Winter with its aged locks,—and
breathe,
In mournful cadences that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touch-
ing wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the Earth forever.

'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the
deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of
Time
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its
cold

And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That spectre
lifts
The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms, that slumber there, scatters
dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year
Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious
throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each
brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift
course,
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,—
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man,—and the haughty
form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous,—and the tearful
wail
Of stricken ones, is heard where erst the
song
And reckless shout resounded

It passed o'er
The battle-plain, where sword, and spear,
and shield
Flashed in the light of mid-day,—and the
strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,

Green from the soil of carnage, waves
 above
 The crushed and moldering skeleton. It
 came,
 And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
 Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
 It heralded its millions to their home
 In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!

Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—
 what power
 Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
 His iron heart to pity? On, still on,
 He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
 The condor of the Andes, that can soar
 Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or
 brave
 The fury of the northern Hurricane,
 And bathe his plumage in the thunder's
 home,
 Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and
 sinks down
 To rest upon his mountain crag,—but
 Time
 Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
 And night's deep darkness has no chain to
 bind
 His rushing pinions.

Revolutions sweep
 O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the
 breast
 Of dreaming sorrow,—cities rise and sink
 Like bubbles on the water,—fiery isles
 Spring blazing from the Ocean, and go
 back
 To their mysterious caverns,—Mountains
 rear
 To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs,
 and bow
 Their tall heads to the plain,—new Empires rise,
 Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
 And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
 Startling the nations,—and the very stars,
 Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
 Glitter a while in their eternal depths,
 And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
 Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass
 away
 To darkle in the trackless void,—Yet,
 Time,
 Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce
 career,
 Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
 Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his
 path,
 To sit and muse like other conquerors
 Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

—George D. Prentice.



❧ Little Nature Studies ❧

A love of nature is inherent in all, and the selections in this department will be found particularly adapted to the wishes of children, young and old, who are always interested in the affairs of Mother Nature.



EASTER FLOWERS.

MESSAGES of God's dear love
 Do these flowers bear;
 He who with gracious hand
 Gives these colors rare,
 Will remember you and me
 With as true a care.
 So I bring love's offering
 On this Easter Day,
 Flowers fair that to each heart
 Softly seem to say:

"Death no more can over you
 Hold eternal sway."

As the tender plants escaped
 From the pris'ning mold,
 So has Christ death's bondage burst,
 Death so grim and cold.
 This I think the message true
 That these blossoms hold.

—Clara J. Denton.



A LITTLE BOY'S "ESSAY ON KATS."

(Regardless of method, and original in spelling.)

A KAT is an animile. Ov coarse it iz. Any student of Grammur nose that. Sum kats don't yuze good Grammur. Thare ar tu kinds ov kats, maskuline, and the uther kind. Yu no what that iz. Thare ar black kats, white kats, malteze kats, awlso mixed culurs ov boath jenders. Moast awl kan fite. Sumtimes thay get beet. Usuly thay doant. Thay ar yuzed for doughmestick purr-pussies, except the Kat of Nign Tales.

When sircumstances are bad, kats hav two liv on Ratts and Katnipp. Sum fokes yews katnipp as a bevurij. Eye doant. Kats have fasillytiz for mewzik.

Eye saw nign kats under mie windur

wun nite. Eye thawt thay wur the nign mewses. Eye gess thay war. It sounded sow. Once in a while thay wood taik a rest. A rest denoats a mewzical silents. Thay wur quarter-rests, I guess. Eye tried to taik a rest, but Eye coodn't. Finully, eye through the water-pitchur out the windur. That had sum effekt. It broak the pitchur. Eye must hav lade awaik thurtie or fortie owrz, when the klok struk wun.

Eye hoaped it wuld skair them aweigh, but it didn't. Eye through a chare at them. Eye gess it hit 'em all, and kind ov enkurijed them. Thay went and browt a lot ov moar kats, eye gess. Sow eye laiy in bed, waiting for mornin to kum. It wuz

geting coled, and a happy thawt struck me. Eye put down the windur. Eye awlso retired tu a room on the opozit sighed ov the hows, up stares. Finally eye saw a goast. It wuz a white kat, with a black i, siting in the windur. Then eye went two slepe. In the morning eye got up, and what dew yew sopohs eye saw? Why, eye saw a chare and

a lot uv water-pitchur outsighed the windur. What puzuls owr hole family iz how it caim thare. Doant yew evur tell. Lizzy Taylor found a kitun undur her desk the uthur day. I wundur if sum teecher put it thare to skair her. She didn't faint, thoh, and neethur did the kitun.



"IF I WERE A FLOWER."

I F I were a flower, fair,
I would try to bloom
At Easter-tide, and scatter
Sweetest of perfume.

For on the Easter morning,
Night was turned to Day,
When the angels from the tomb
Rolled the stone away.

And now, we fear no longer
Death and all its tears,
We shall with the Savior live
Through the countless years.

So, if I were a flower,
I would for Easter grow,
And that life must conquer death,
Would my beauty show.

—Clara J. Denton.



A BIRD STORY.

(For Christian Endeavor entertainment.)

FOUR little birds in a nest too small,
Only one mamma to care for all;
'Twas twitter and chirp the livelong day,
No wonder the mammas soon grew gray.

Papa-bird was a dashing fellow,
Coat of black with a flash of yellow;
Never a bird in the early spring
Could rival him when he chose to sing.

He helped the mamma-bird hang the nest
Where the winds would rock it the very
best,
And while she sat on her eggs all day,
He'd cheer her up with a roundelay.

But when from each egg in the swinging
bed,
A little birdie popped its head,

He said to his wife, "I've done my share
Of household duties; they're now your
care."

Then off he'd go to a concert fine
In the apple trees and bright sunshine,
Without a thought of the stupid way
His poor little wife must pass her day.

At last the mamma-bird fell ill,
And the papa was forced, against his will,
To take her place with the birdies small,
Ready to answer their chirp and call.

Sorry day for the wretched fellow,
Dressed so gay with a scarf of yellow!
Shut in the house from morning till night,
Was ever a bird in such a plight?

Tie on a hood, or fasten a shoe,
Or mend a dolly as good as new,
Or tell a story over again,
Or kiss the finger that had a pain.

Or settle dispute of which and who,
Or sew on a button to baby's shoe—
These were a part of the calls he had
In that single day to drive him mad.

At even he said, "Another day
Would turn my goldenest plume to gray;

Or else, in a fit of grim despair,
I'd fling these children into the air!"

Have I mixed up birds with human folks?
And homes with nests in the lofty oaks?
The story is true, and I overheard
Those very words of the papa-bird;

But who he was, and where he did dwell,
I'll never, no never, no never tell!
The truth for once is truth for aye,
And this is the reason mammas grow gray.
—Mrs. Maggie B. Peeke.



BOB-O'-LINK.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine,
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband
sings,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers, while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note,
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seed for the hungry brood
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at last is made
 Sober with work and silent with care
 Off is his holiday garment laid,
 Half forgotten, that merry air,
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Nobody knows but my mate and I
 Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
 Fun and frolic no more he knows;
 Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
 Off he flies, and we sing as he goes;
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 When you can pipe that merry old strain,
 Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
 Chee, chee, chee.

—William Cullen Bryant.



FORGET-ME-NOT.

A LOVELY little flow'ret
 Blooms on our meadow green;
 Its eye, just like the heaven,
 So blue and clear, is seen.
 Although you hear no voices
 In that far lonely spot,
 The flower is something saying:
 It says, "Forget me not!"

So, when I see two dear eyes
 So shining and so blue,
 I think of our green meadow
 And of my flow'ret too.
 My heart then something sayeth—
 Oh, can you tell me what?
 All timidly and softly
 It says, "Forget me not!"



A SERMON IN FLOWERS.

JUST beyond this field of clover, in a
 pasture rough and rocky,
 Where the golden-rod and thistles and the
 trailing woodbine grow,
 There, one day, I heard this sermon, most
 pathetically simple,
 Yet so fraught with truth and wisdom
 that it set my heart aglow:

"I am just a little flower,—just the plainest,
 wildest flower,
 Growing here upon a rock, with very lit-
 tle soil or shade;
 I am stunted, pale and crooked,—quite un-
 like my brothers yonder,
 With their tall, green stalks and yellow
 plumes that never droop nor fade.

"But I care not; He who planted knew just
 how much soil and sunshine,
 How much rain and wind were needful to
 unfold the flower He planted,
 So He gave them, and I grew, to tell my
 story with its lesson;
 What am I, that I should murmur at His
 wise and just command?

"Quite enough for me to know that I am
 just as He designed me;
 So I never lose my joy in sighs for what
 I might have been;
 God looks down in love and mercy—I look
 up in perfect trusting,
 And I love the earth and air, the pain as
 well as joy therein."

Man may sing a song most sweetly, which
 his inmost soul despises;
 He may preach a sermon boldly, which
 his heart has never known;
 All have sinned—and this sad knowledge
 makes us loth to look for guidance
 To ourselves or to our brothers—and we
 cannot walk alone.

But a bird can thrill a message, or a
 thunder-burst proclaim it,
 Far beyond the faintest shade of doubt,
 with meaning, full and broad;
 And the modest little wild flowers, though
 we crush them with our footsteps,
 Bruised and dying, preach their sermon,
 and we know it comes from God.
 —Addie F. Davis.



AN APRIL WELCOME.

COME up, April, through the valley,
 In your robes of beauty drest,
 Come and wake your flowery children
 From their wintry beds of rest;
 Come and overthrow them softly
 With the sweet breath of the south;
 Drop upon them, warm and loving,
 Tenderest kisses of your mouth.

Call the crowfoot and the crocus,
 Call the pale anemone,
 Call the violet and the daisy,
 Clothed with careful modesty;

Seek the low and humble blossoms,
 Of their beauties unaware,
 Let the dandelion and fennel
 Show their shining, yellow hair.

Bid the little homely sparrows
 Chirping in the cold and rain,
 Their important sweet complaining
 Sing out from their hearts again;
 Bid them set themselves to nesting,
 Cooing love in softest words,
 Crowd their nest, all cold and empty,
 Full of little callow birds.

—Phebe Cary.



MORN ON THE MOUNTAINS.

THERE is beauty in this world of ours
 for him with eyes to see,
 There are beauty smiles at harvest on the
 prairies broad and free,
 There is beauty in the forest, there is beauty
 on the hills,
 There is beauty in the mottled light that
 gleams along the rills,
 And a beauty out of heaven over all the
 landscape spills
 When the sun shines on the mountains in
 the morning.

There is beauty where the ocean rolls ma-
 jestic on the shore,

There is beauty in the moonlight as it
 gleams the waters o'er,
 There is beauty in the sunrise where the
 clouds blush rosy red,
 There is beauty in the sunset with its ban-
 ners flung o'erhead,
 And a beauty past expression o'er the
 snowy peaks is shed
 When the sun shines on the mountains in
 the morning.

There is beauty when the green returns and
 glistens in the showers,
 There is beauty in the summer, as she gar-
 lands earth with flowers,

There is beauty in the autumn, with the
mellow afterglow,
There is beauty in the winter, with this dia-
dem of snow,
But a beauty more enchanting than the sea-
sons ever know
Gilds the sunshine on the mountains in the
morning.

There is beauty in the rainbow as it gleams
above the storm,
There is beauty in the sculptor's vision
frozen into form,
There is beauty in the prophet's dream and
in the poet's thought,
There is beauty in the artist's rapture on the
canvas wrought,

But a beauty more divine than art can ever
tell is caught
From the sunshine on the mountains in the
morning.

Oh, the sunshine on the mountains! How a
golden web is spun
O'er the topmost peaks that glisten from the
yet unrisen sun.
With their bases yet in shadow, but their
faces glowing bright,
With their foreheads turned to heaven and
their locks so snowy white,
They are high priests of the sunrise, they
are prophets of the light,
With the sunshine smiling o'er them in the
morning.



A STRING OF BIRDS' EGGS.

(A short sermon on ornithology.)

WHO knows Hebrew? Who knows
Greek?

Who the tongue the birdies speak?
Here's a set of meanings hid
As records on a pyramid.
What is meant by all these freckles,
Bluish blotches, brownish speckles?

These are words, in cipher printed,
On each egg-shell faintly tinted;
Changeless laws the birds must heed,
What if I should try to read?

On the Oriole's, scratched and scarred,
This to trace I find not hard:
"Breasted bright as trumpet flower;
Builder of a swinging bower,
Airst dwelling ever seen
In the elm-trees' branches green;
Careless caroler shall be
The little bird that sleeps in me."

On the Blue Jay's greenish gray,
Dottings fine would seem to say:

"Chattering braggart, crested thief,
Jester to the woods in chief,
Dandy gay in brilliant blue,
Cruel glutton, coward, too,
Screaming, gleaming rogue shall be
The little bird that sleeps in me!"

On Bob Lincoln's brownny-white
This is writ, if I read right:
"Gallant lover in the clover,
With his gladness bubbling over;
Waltzes warbling liquid notes,—
Yes, and one that hath two coats!
Nimble, neat, and blithe shall be
The little bird that sleeps in me!"

On the King-bird's creamy-hued
Runs this legend: "Sulky, nude,
Tiny tyrant, winged with black,
Big of head and gray of back,
Teaser of the hawk and crow,
And of flies the deadly foe,—
Short and sharp of note shall be
The little bird that sleeps in me."

On the Mockbird's bluish green,
In spot and blot these words are seen:
"Prince of singers, sober clad,
Wildly merry, wildly sad,

Mocking all the feathered throng,
Bittering still each bird's own song,—
Madcap mocker he shall be,
The little bird that sleeps in me!"



HOPPER AND BEE.

A GRASSHOPPER met a bumblebee
In a field of sweet red clover.
"Oh, why this flurry and haste?" cried he;
"I've brought my fiddle along with me.
Let's dance till the summer's over!"

"I'm gathering stores for the winter time,"
The bee cried over his shoulder.
"I like your fiddling, it is sublime;
But, living here in this changeable clime,
I must think of days that are colder."

The grasshopper laughed in a mocking way,
As gayly he flourished his fiddle;
A troop of butterflies, merry and gay,
Danced in a ring through the livelong day,
While the grasshopper stood in the middle.

The bumblebee, too, was fond of a dance,
And the day was hot for working,
But he never gave them a second glance
And hastened away (if near them by
chance),
For he knew the danger of shirking!

He gathered his stores through the sunny
hours
And felt that his pleasures were coming;
He felt that soon there would be no flowers,
He knew that in winter the cold sky lowers,
And he kept up a cheerful humming.

The cold winds came, and the days grew
dark,
And frozen were flower and berry;
The fiddler and dancers lay stiff and stark
In lonely graves, with never a mark,
But the wise little bee made merry.



DAISIES.

O VER the shoulders and slopes of the
dune
I saw the white daisies go down to the
sea,
A host in the sunshine, an army in June,
The people God sends us to set our
hearts free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the
dell,
The orioles whistled them out of the
wood:
And all of their singing was, "Earth, it
is well!"
And all of their dancing was, "Life, thou
art good!"



ONE DAY.

O COME, sweet wind of the South,
In the arms of awakening spring;
You have kissed the violet's mouth,
Ere she hid it, the sly little thing;
You have kissed the blossoming violet's
mouth.
And her perfume kisses bring.
Oh, gay little dancing stream,
Whose waves with the sunbeams play;
From the land of a beautiful fairy's dream,

Did your silvery music stray—
From the land of a fairy's dream
To float to the earth and stay?

O, white clouds floating on high,
Far up in the heavenly blue—
The joyous blue of the sky,
The blossoming spring's own hue,
Bend tenderly out of the sweet blue sky,
For the flowers are calling you.



A DAY IN JUNE.

S EE the meadows white with daisies,
Hear the Bob o'Lincoln's song,
While he passes through the grasses,
While he sings the whole day long.
Daisies, daisies, daisies white,
Meadows white with daisies;
Bob o', Bob o', Bob o' bright,
Singing sweet June's praises.

See the meadows white with clover,
Hear our robin redbreast's song.
While he flashes through the ashes,
While he sings the boughs among.
Clover, clover, clover white,
Meadows white with clover;
Robin, robin, now it's night,
Day of June is over.



SONG OF THE GRASS BLADES.

P EEPING, peeping, here and there,
In lawns and meadows everywhere,
Coming up to find the spring
And hear the robin redbreast sing;
Creeping under children's feet,

Glancing at the violets sweet;
Growing into tiny bowers,
For the dainty meadow flowers:
We are small, but think a minute
Of a world with no grass in it.

Clever Monologues

The selections in this department give the speaker unusual opportunities for a display of elocutionary, vocal and dramatic powers.



SYLVY HOOK ON CLUBS AND SOCIETIES.

SCENE.—*An ordinary room; Sylvy discovered sewing; knock at door; she opens it, and addresses her supposed visitor; this continues throughout the recitation, which can be acted in full, or the movements only assumed, as best suits the speaker.*

WHY, how do you do, Mis' Wise? Come right in and set down. It's a miser'ble day to be out, aint it? The wind is real searchin' an' it aint let up rainin' sense mornin'. Here, let me take your umbrella and put it in the sink to drain.

You aint very well? Well, I *thought* you looked kinder pindlin'. What's the matter? Haint been workin' too hard, have you? Oh, want to know! *been tryin' to improve your mind by follerin' up lit'rary pursuits*, eh? Land knows I pity you, for that does take hold of a body.

No, no, thank you, Mis' Wise, but nothin' would indooce me to jine *any* society, new or old, I aint tuff enough. What say? *You b'long to 'leven diffrunt ones?* Well, I don't wonder you've lost flesh! No, I prob'ly shall never b'long to another society, as long as I live! I've jest resigned from the only one I ever *did* b'long to.

Unpin your shawl and take your bunnit off. You might as well spend the afternoon, now that you're here.

It's real kind of you to want me to jine your new society, but, as I said before, I couldn't, nohow. *What makes me so bitter agin 'em?* Why, don't you know the experience I've been through, this winter?

No? Well, I thought the hull town knew it; for I expect I acted kinder hasty. It runs in our family not to stand too much naggin', 'specially on mother's side. I shouldn't wonder if I took my disposition from Aunt Silvy. She was kinder touchy, when she thought she was bein' put on, and I—but, land sake, what's the use of resurrectin' the dead, an' pickin' 'em to pieces. I started in to tell you what made me appear so sorter crabbed like 'bout clubs an' societies.

Well, one day, early in the fall, Mis' Meachem came over and told me what a good time they was a-havin' at a new secret society that had jest been started, and how she was President of it, and she said they was improvin' their minds awful fast, besides bein' pledged to stan' by each other through thick an' thin. They had grand good suppers and, once in two weeks, they had entertainments, where they sung, spoke pieces and had a real sociable, helpful time.

She run on so that I got real carried away about it and asked her to take in my name. I didn't know but what I should be black-balled, for Loizy Lang never could abide me sence I took the prize on riz bread, at the fair, two years ago. Howsumever, there wasn't a vote agin me, an' a few weeks later, I was 'nitiated. I aint the one as would tell secrets, if I did get mad, so I aint goin' to say anythin' about the ins an' outs of that society, only this much I am free to say: They promise as solemn as anythin' can be, to be like sisters to one

'nother, an' not say or do nothin' that would wilfully hurt one 'nother's feelin's.

I'd been to several suppers, an' each time they all said I carried the best cake, an' I stayed an' washed the dishes every time I went.

Well, one Monday, Charity Dean came over an' said as how I was to be on the program for next lit'rary meetin'. "Land sake!" said I, "I can't sing, nor play the pianner, or do nothin'. You must count me out." "We won't do nothin' of the sort. You kin speak a piece," says she. "Speak a piece!" says I, "why I aint done sech a thing as that sence I was knee high to a toad." Then she said somethin' 'bout shirkin', an' how that we was all sisters an' well-disposed to one 'nother, an' finally I consented to do my best.

I found an old scrap-book up in the attic an' I picked out a piece of po'try that sounded ruther elevatin', an' I tell you, Mis' Wise, I worked like a nailer, for the next fortnit. I'd ruther a-weeded the onion bed (an' that's back-achin' work) a dozen times than larnt that piece; but I got it, word for word. Then I took my old gray alapaca and colored it blue. It looked real stylish, 'specially the bask.

Well! when the evenin' came, I was on hand as early as any of 'em. Malviny Sweet sang a touchin' little song, and Mis' Salter's oldest girl played a piece on the fiddle. Funny thing for a girl to learn, aint it? I suppose it was good, for they cheered her back twice. I couldn't make out no tune to it, and three or four times I thought she was goin' to break down, for her hand shook so.

Then they called on me, an' I picked up my book an' started down the hall, determined to try an' please 'em; but I hadn't got half way to the platform before I heard some one say: "Ain't she a show!" I

dropped my handkerchief, an' when I stooped to pick it up, Sally Rines said I "waddled like a duck," an' Mis' Meachem, who asked me to jine, said to Mis' Kindly, loud enough for me to hear, that she *didn't* think I would be willin' to make such a fool of myself! Well, my face was as red as fire by the time I took the stand, an' I never was madder in my life, but I was bound to speak that piece or perish in the attempt!

I started in an' spoke every verse. It was a solemn kind of piece, about a boy who was burned up on a ship ruther than leave the spot where his father had told him to stay. Nothin' very funny about that; but that crowd giggled an' laffed as if I was a hull minstrel show, makin' jokes for 'em. After I got through, they cheered an' stamped like mad. I didn't leave the platform, so they thought I was goin' to speak agin, so they quieted down, an' I says: "Mis' President an' members of this society, I'd like to say a few words that aint printed in no book, so I didn't learn 'em. I bleeve there is somethin' in your by-laws that charges every sister to be true to one 'nother, an' if any one fails in her duty an' wilfully injures the feelin's of a feller sister, a forfeit can be imposed on to her by the said injured party. I've lived up to them rules sence I jined this society, an' I aint got very rich out of it neither. To be sure I've had some good suppers, but I could have cooked jest as good an' et 'em to home. When I promised to speak a piece to-night it wasn't for glory or money, but because I wouldn't shirk my dooty. I heard Sister B—— talk about my dress, an' Sister R—— doesn't like the way I walk, while Sister M—— hates to see me make a fool of myself. Now, accordin' to your statoots, I demand that them sisters get up on this platform an' entertain me. Let me see if they

can do any better than I've done. I s'pose Sister B—— has forgot the time when we was gals, an' she borrowed my red cashmere dress to wear to a dance at Gill's Corner. People are apt to forgit, as they git on in years; an' I presume I didn't waddle when Sister R—— asked me to run for a doctor, the night her Johnnie had the croup; but we'll let these things pass; only, to be fair an' square an' to live up to them by-laws, Mis' President, I demand that those sisters speak me a piece."

You don't bleeve I said it? Well, I did, as true as my name is Sylvy Hook! an' the

president had to ask 'em to do as I said, but, of course, they wouldn't do it; jest got mad an' resigned. I did, too, so you see the society aint as big as 'twas, but perhaps it'll set 'em to thinkin' that by-laws is by-laws, an' we're all human critters an' don't enjoy bein' tromped on.

But, land sake! it's five o'clock an' I want to make some cream biscuits for supper. I know you like 'em, so, if you'll jest excuse me, I'll step out into the kitchen an' get 'em into the oven. Make yourself to home now an' I'll be back in a few minutes.

—*Belle Marshall Locke.*



THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

GOOD-MORNING, Doctor; how do you do? I hain't quite so well as I have been; but I think I'm some better than I was. I don't think that last medicine you gin me did me much good. I had a terrible time with the earache last night; my wife got up and drapt a few draps of walnut sap into it, and that relieved it some; but I didn't get a wink of sleep till nearly daylight. For nearly a week, Doctor, I've had the worst kind of a narvous headache; it has been so bad sometimes that I thought my head would bust open. Oh, dear! I sometimes think that I'm the most afflicted human that ever lived.

Since this cold weather sot in that troublesome cough, that I have had every winter for the last fifteen year, has began to pester me agin. (*Coughs.*) Doctor, do you think you can give me anything that will relieve this desprit pain I have in my side?

Then I have a crick at times in the back of my neck, so that I can't turn my head without turning the hull of my body. (*Coughs.*)

Oh, dear! What shall I do? I have consulted almost every doctor in the country, but they don't any of them seem to understand my case. I have tried everything that I could think of; but I can't find anything that does me the leastest good. (*Coughs.*)

Oh, this cough—it will be the death of me yet! You know I had my right hip put out last fall at the rising of Deacon Jones' saw-mill; it's getting to be very troublesome just before we have a change of weather. Then I've got the sciatica in my right knee, and sometimes I'm so crippled up that I can hardly crawl around in any fashion.

What do you think that old white mare of ours did while I was out plowing last week? Why, the weacked old critter, she kept a backing and backing, ontill she backed me right up agin the colter, and knock'd a piece of skin off my shin nearly so big. (*Coughs.*)

But I had a worse misfortune than that the other day, Doctor. You see it was washing-day—and my wife wanted me to

go out and bring in a little stove-wood—you know we lost our help lately, and my wife has to wash and tend to everything about the house herself.

I knew it wouldn't be safe for me to go out—as it was a-raining at the time—but I thought I'd risk it, anyhow. So I went out, picked up a few chunks of stove-wood, and was a-coming up the steps into the house when my feet slipped from under me and I fell down as sudden as if I'd been

shot. Some of the wood lit upon my face, broke down the bridge of my nose, cut my upper lip and knocked out three of my front teeth. I suffered dreadfully on account of it, as you may suppose, and my face ain't well enough yet to make me fit to be seen, 'specially by the women folks. (*Coughs.*) Oh, dear! but that ain't all, Doctor; I've got fifteen corns on my toes—and I'm afeard I'm a-going to have the "yeller janders." (*Coughs.*) *Dr. Valentine.*



RHOOMATIZ OR SUTHIN' ELSE.

(A monologue.)

UGH! ugh—oh!
If I only could
Make this old leg go!
What 't tiz,—
Rhoomatiz,
Er suthin' else,—
Doctors now, *they* dun know;
There, *I do* b'lieve
This ol' leg *can* go!
.
Now, ef Sally Ann
Sh'd stay 'way
Long nuf,
B'lieve I'd try, an' try,
All day.
There,
That aint so bad!
(Scat! Sca-at!
Con-found that cat
Hangin' roun'!
Guess I'm narvus.)
Huh—what's *that* soun'?
P'r'aps I'd best be settlin' down,
For—what if Sally Ann *should*
Come back
Suddin-like, an' see me
Gallavantin' roun',
An' sh'u'd say:

"Tim'thy Smith,
Ef you can walk
I guess you could
Chop wood!"
That way—
Tho' 'taint *her way*;
But—then—this here stitch
I' my side,
An' this pain—un hitch
In my back!
Kin straighten up more'n I thought, tho'!
So-o-o!
Why e-e?
Why, *wouldn't* it be a joke on me
Ef Sally Ann's right when
She laughs an' sez
That "*a man's twict as like to set,*
An' set, an' set,
Ez a hen "
She jes' said 't fur fun, tho';
Talkin' o' some one else—*not me!*
She aint *that kind*—no-o!
Huh, ho, oh—
There 'tis ag'in,
That pain!

What? Come in!
Thought I heerd suthin',—

Nothin' but the win',—
 Guess it's blowin' up a rain!
 Hope now Sally Ann won't git wet,
 Er fret
 Fur fear her ol',
 Good-fur-nothin' man
 'Ll ketch col'—
 Jes' like Sally Ann!
 Ye-es, *j'es'—like—Sally Ann!*
 'N *mebby* I haint bin—
 Won'er she don't git turb'l tired out
 Workin'
 Year out an' year in!
 Yes, an' gittin' thin,
 An' peaked like.
 This time 'tis some 'n drivin' up,—
 Brown! Comin' here—
 Hitchin' his horse?
 Kinder queer; *he 'll think this queer,*
Me standin' here,—
 But I swan I don' keer
 What *he* thinks or knows!
Jes'—su'pose
 (I'm puttin' it to m'self)
I had g'n up too easy like!
 Mebby the idee
 Wouldn't strike er shock
 Some folks as 'twould *me!*
 Hum—well,—
 Come in! Don' wait t' knock!
 Ye-es, I'm up—tryin' my stren'th;
Hope I'm feelin' pretty strong—cause—
 Cause what?
 You say "*I'd be a poor lot*
Without Sally Ann?"
 Brown! Man
Don't tell me! Where's m' hat?
Don' tell me—that—that—
 Or I'll knock y' down.

Laughin'? You "hed to"—the idee
 Uv *me*
 Knockin' uv you er enny one down?
 I wuz—never min'—what o' that—

I mean what o' *her*, Brown?

Jes' "hurt—some?"
 An' y'r wife thought seein' I wuz lame
 Y'd better? So you come
 T' carry me to Sally Ann?
 Thank—you—
 We *can* go quicker that way.
 But—*SAY*
 Brown, ef Sally Ann once gits back here
She'll set, *not me*, in that there cheer
 From then till nex' year!

Y'r laughin' agin?
 Aint hurt as bad's *that?*
 That's *good—good!*
 But *I be* Brown!
 To think I've sot there
An' let her split kin'lin wood,
An' do the chores,
 When *mabby* I could—
 I don' *know's* I could;
 But mebby 'f *I'd thought* I could,
I could—better'n she could!
 Yes, yes! Kind o' you to say
 "Never min' that t' day"—
 But *I do*, Brown!
 Sho—oh—oh! (*bracing himself*)
 Never min' my leg—
 Le's go! le's go!

A FORTNIGHT LATER.

Don' this seem good
 To be back hum?
 I vum,
 It seems some like livin' ag'in
 To see you, Sally Ann, here,
 In that ol' cheer!
 O' course, Brown's folks can't be beat
 Fer hospitality!
 Thet wife o' hisen's jist ez neat
 'S you be!
 An' as pleasant-like tew!
 Don't *al'ys* go together,—
Mos' al'ys squally weather,

Ha, ha, where y' *can almost eat*
Off'n the floor!"

There, I mustn't talk any more
Jes' now;
You go on tellin' me how
To make bread;
When all's said
I orto *know* how;
Watchin' of you *do an' do*,
I've sed to m'se'f
A hundred an' fifty times, I guess:
"Look there!
Who'd think that sticky lot
O' water an' the rest,
She'd turn into the best
Bread ever any one see!"

Law me,
You'r laughin' at me
Jest as you did,—
D' you remember *when*, Sally Ann?
Wan't them apple trees pink that spring?
An' how them birds *did* sing!
An' how I watched from under that tree
Fur t' see

How that rich feller looked when he
Rode away
From your house that day.
Looked? Well, I guess!
He didn't see me,—
Nor nothin'!
But I see him
From back o' a limb
Full o' flowers;
An' how them birds did sing—
Like—like anything!
He didn't notice 'em,—
They sung for me!
Them wuz happy hours,
Wa'n't they, Sally Ann!
(*Aside.*)

There, she's laughin' agi'n,—
She's goin' to git well, I know.
Where's the water an' the flour—
An', an'—the dish an' th' spoon—
B'lieve I could jump over the moon,
[*Slaps his leg and attempts to jump.*]
Fur, rhoomatiz or whatever 'tiz,
This ol' leg can go!

—E. S. Stillwell.



AUNTY DOLEFUL CHEERS THE SICK.

HOW do you do, Cornelia? I heard you were sick, and I stopped in to cheer you up a little. My friends often say: "It's such a comfort to see you, Auntie Doleful. You have such a flow of conversation and are so lively." Besides, I said to myself as I came up the stairs: "Perhaps this is the last time I'll ever see Cornelia Jane alive."

You don't mean to die yet, eh? Well, now, how do you know? You can't tell. You think you're gettin' better, but there was poor Mrs. Jones sitting up, and every one saying how smart she was, and all of

a sudden she was taken with spasms in the heart and went off like a flash. But you must be careful and not get excited. Keep quite calm, and don't fret about anything. Of course, things can't go just as if you was down-stairs; and I wondered whether you knew your little Billy was sailing about in a tub on the mill-pond, and that your little Sammy was letting your little Jimmy adown from the veranda roof in a clothes basket.

Goodness! What's the matter? I guess Providence 'll take care of 'em; don't look so. You thought Bridget was watchin'

them? No; I saw her talking to a man at the gate. He looks to me like a burglar. There was a family at Knob Hill last week all killed for fifty dollars. Yes, indeed. Now, don't fidget so; it will be bad for the baby.

Poor little dear! How sing'lar it is, to be sure, that you can't tell whether a child is blind, or deaf and dumb, or a cripple, at that age. It might be all and you'd never know it. Most of them that have their senses make bad use of them, though; that ought to be your comfort, if it does turn out to have anything dreadful the matter with it.

How is Mr. Knobble? Well, but finds it warm in town, eh? Well, I should think he would. They are dropping down by hundreds there from sunstroke. You must prepare your mind for anything. Then, a trip on these railroad trains is just a-riskin'

your life every time you take one. Back and forth as he is, it's just a-triflin' with danger. Don't forget now, Cornelia, that the doctor said you must keep calm.

Dear! dear! now to think what dreadful things hang over us all the time! Oh, dear! Scarlet fever has broken out in the village, Cornelia. Little Isaac Porter has it, and I saw your Jimmy playing with him last Saturday.

Well, I must be going now. I've got another sick friend, and I shan't think my duty done unless I cheer her up a little before I sleep. Good-bye. How pale you look, Cornelia. I don't believe you have a good doctor. Do send him away and get somebody else. You don't look as well as you did when I came in.

If anything happens send for me at once. If I can't do anything else I can cheer you up a little.

—*Mary Kyle Dallas.*



THE MASQUERADE.

(A dramatic monologue; to be given either as an impersonation by suggesting the various conditions, or in full court costume, with stage-setting and suitable properties.)

I FEEL like quite a gay young sport again
In this costume of which I was so vain!
It fits to-night very snug in places;
Ah, well, time changes both our forms and
faces.

This is my first masquerade ball since—
Why will that one face come before me,
Flitting out and in among the throng
Like a will-o'-the-wisp?
I was a gay young coxcomb then; how
Years leave their gray shadow on one's
brow!
Then I filled life's gleaming crystal glass
With pleasure, letting some golden chances
pass.
Butterflies and moths—disregarding sex—

Will seek the flowers where radiance re-
flects.

When first I stood before my mirror and
this
Coat was new, with what fastidious ac-
curacy
I set my wig aright.
Each wave and puff must stand in certain
place,
To lend seductive charm to youthful face.
The lace that clung in snowy whiteness then
around my hands
Has yellowed with Time's passing sands.

Ha, Ha, I'll never forget Bronson that
night; he was my guest;

The costume that *he* wore,—that of a cowboy from the West.

He looked the part, and he used to blush and start

At sound of certain steps outside the door;
Blushed, but I could judge from nothing more.

When ready, I in courtly guise,
He with a daring flash within his eyes,
Proposed I should teach him the new step
We were to dance that night in the minuet.

With what a lordly, overweening grace
I set for him the proper pace (*imitating*).
Just in the midst of outward glide,
My chamber door flung open wide,
Where, laughing fit to kill,
Stood my old black servant, Dill.

“Well done, Massa Don,
Youse’ll win de prize if yo’ keep on!
Pomp said, ‘tell young massa de carriage
wait,

And it am growin’ berry late.’ ”

“How do you like me, Dill?” I cried,
(From boyhood I had been her pride.)

“Oh, Massa Don, you look—

Ho, ho! jes’ like a picture from a book.

Sho, honey, ’twould not poor old Dill surprise,

If some young missy tink likewise.”

Then Bronson threw his cloak around his form,

And I my mantle rich and warm—

Where has Tom put those roses (*searching*)?

She, too, was fond of crimson posies.

To-night I’ll carry them in memory

Of when she was more than all the world to me.

Bah! Why do all these misty velvets and laces

Remind me so of long gone faces?

My hat (*looking about*),—ah, here it is,—
A trifle worn and wrinkled like my phiz.
Gad! I don’t walk with quite the stride
I used to in those my days of pride.

The thoughts of music and the flowers
Turn back the pages of the hours.
There, a buckle’s missing from my shoe;
Tom doesn’t watch things like he used to do.

Nay; that reminds me. ’Twas midnight,—
Almost the hour to lift the masks, not quite.
We had flirted, chatted, danced,
Until she held me quite entranced.
Bronson had tried his best to cut me out,
Until I thought him quite a beastly lout.
’Twas she, I knew. No other feet
Could fit a number one complete;
No other form so rounded quite,
As this, the sparkling queen of night.
I knew her, but would not betray,
For I, too, had a part to play.
I’d loved her years; had promised long
That from this night she would to me belong.

’Twas by the fountain where flowers sweet,
Made dream of love the more complete.

I held her hand, then sinking on my knee,
Spoke, while my heart thrilled tenderly:

“Hortense, I love you madly, will you——”

Then pierced the silence through and through,

The call, “Masks off, the hour has come!”

Then—well, I was stricken dumb!

For there before me, wreathed in smiles,
Sat the old, frisky, widow Miles.

Fifty if ever she had seen a day,

Married when I was a child at play.

And Hortense?—well, she is Bronson’s wife,

A social queen in gay, high life.

Just a glance at the evening news (*taking up paper*),

Politics will crush, perchance, love's muse.
Heavens! Why, what's this I see?

"To-night, at a masquerade, Mrs. Keene
Will introduce an old-time social queen,
Mrs. Bronson, wife of the late well-known
man

Who made his millions in the mine Volan."

Free! Hortense, do you think my face
Looks too old to enter the race?
I'll not count years by cycle of time,
But, by my heart's wild, maddening chime.
My roses! *For her?* Yes. Au-revoir!

—Mrs. Franklin Hall.



A PRIVATE REHEARSAL.

(A monologue.)

SCENE.—*A room, with door center and side exit; furnished with table, desk, screen, easy chair, couch, chairs, bric-a-brac, etc. Mrs. Lovely discovered at left of table, sewing on gentleman's coat.*

THERE, the buttons are all on, the collar sponged and the coat looks as good as new. Dear old Hal! how happy I am when I can do anything for his comfort. Poor boy, I'm afraid he works very hard. I noticed this morning that he was looking pale and tired. No wonder, for he has been writing every evening for a week—extra copying, he says. Mr. Grindem is a regular old miser anyway—I've often heard papa say that—and he makes a drudge of Hal, just because he is so good-natured. But it's no use talking, he says he shall never be thoroughly happy until he can give me as good a home as he took me from.

What nonsense! (*Rises, arranges pillows on couch, folds afghan, etc.*) when I like this cosy little flat twice as well as papa's grand, old house. Dearie me! he has never forgiven me for marrying a poor man and he says the time will surely come when I shall beg to return to him. (*Takes photo from desk and looks at it.*) Leave Harry! that makes me smile. If papa only knew him; but men can't get acquainted—es-

pecially a young man and an elderly one. It takes a woman to find the best side of a man's nature, and I know that I have married a saint. I feel rather guilty to think I have a secret. (*Seats herself at right of table.*) I little thought, when I was at Madam Lamont's, and took an extra course in painting, that I'd ever really earn money with my brush; but I did—twenty-five dollars, at Christmas. It was great fun—just like a bit of masquerading—when I put on the plainest little hat I had, and a veil, so thick no one could know me, and walked into Dayton's Art Store and showed them a sample of my work. How my heart did beat, when the man adjusted his glasses, so, and looking at my little placque, in this way, said: "Ahem! it is very fair, miss." And when he gave me an order, I could have screamed with delight! But the very funniest thing of it all was when Harry brought me one of my own frames (*taking frame from table*) for a Christmas gift. How my cheeks burned when he said: "It was such a dainty little thing, I knew you would like it." I could hardly resist throwing my arms around his neck and crying: "I did it!" but that would never do, for I wanted to earn money enough to buy him an easy-chair for his birth-day gift. (*Goes to easy-*

chair left, arranges tidy on it.) I do hope he will like it. When the man brought it this morning he said: "The springs are good, ma'am, and the arms are wide." I tried to look dignified, but it was a failure and I burst out laughing. I can't appear like an old married woman, if I try, besides what's the fun in being a three-months' bride, if you can't act a bit foolish? Well, I might as well hang the coat away and find something to busy myself about until Hal comes home. I told him I was going to spend the day with Dollie Wells, but I believe I won't, for she does nothing but talk about her lover, and won't give me a chance to speak of Harry. *(Takes coat from chair and starts to go; as she throws it over her arm, discovers something protruding from pocket.)* Oh, he's always stuffing his pockets full! Never got over the school-boy fashion, I suppose. *(Takes out package.)* What is this, I wonder. A box of candy, that he forgot to give me, I suppose. *(Unties package.)* The dear, thoughtful fellow! Why no, it's a box of grease-paints! What in the world does he want with these? Probably he got them for some of the boys at the office. Arn't they funny little things, these sticks. But they do make a plain woman look just lovely under the glare of the foot-lights. I remember at school when we played "Cricket on the Hearth," Dorothy Freeman played Dot. She isn't a bit pretty; but after she was "made up," as they call it, she was too sweet for anything. *(Takes hand-mirror from table and looks at herself.)* Wonder how I should look. Let's see—this is for the lips. *(Touches lips with grease-paint.)* There! that's a rose-bud mouth! Why couldn't people have naturally such a sweet little pucker *(makes up eyebrows)*, and there's a pair of arched brows *(rouges cheeks)*, and those cheeks are glowing with blushes.

(Rises.) Now I could float into a room and meet my lover, with all the grace of a stage-heroine. Something like this: "Charence! so you have returned!" and then he says something too awfully sweet and I should say: "Spare my blushes!" but with that stuff on my cheeks there would be a never-fading glow. *(Goes to table.)* What a dear little puff! *(Powders face.)* It's a positive luxury to feel that on your face. *(Looks in mirror.)* And now my roses have gone, "buried under the snow," so to speak, and I am as pale as the actress I saw the other night. Oh, she was positively ghastly, when she found her husband was false. What a dreadful thing that would be in real life! I am sure it would kill me. *(Starts up.)* What's that noise? *(Tip-toes to door, center, and listens.)* Why, it's Harry returned! What in the world brought him home so soon! *(Listens.)* Some one is with him, too! *(Starts to enter.)* Stop! I can't show myself with my face like this. I wonder who it can be. Never mind, it won't matter if I don't go in. Hal thinks I'm away and — *(Listens.)* What's he saying? *(Repeats.)* "Now she's gone, I'll have a chance?" Have a chance for what? *(Listens again, and repeats.)* "Be seated, Nell, and listen?" Nell! who's Nell? *(Listens again, repeating his words.)* "You shall not leave me until I have told you of my love?" Good heavens! my—my husband speaking like that to a woman! *(Listens again.)* Now he is talking so low I cannot hear a word. Oh, my heart is throbbing so! *(Listens again.)* Not a word! Probably he has her in his arms, her head on his shoulder—oh, I shall die! Ah! he is speaking again! *(Listens and again repeats.)* "I will burst these bonds and you shall yet be mine?" Oh! Oh! *(Staggers down stage.)* I cannot listen—I have heard enough! The traitor! He will burst these

bonds! Does he mean to murder me? (*Throws herself into chair left of table and hides her face in her hands, sobbing.*) And to think I—I—trusted him so! thought him so perfect (*rising*)! But I will not remain another hour in his house! Papa was right! The time has come when I am glad to return to him. The cruel, perfidious wretch! I will write a note and leave it on his desk, saying I heard his little interview with *Nell*, and preferred to "burst the bonds" myself! Oh, the misery an hour can bring! This morning I was so light-hearted and happy, and now—now my heart is breaking! (*Seats herself at desk, picks up letter lying on desk.*) I wonder who his correspondents are. Possibly this is from that—that woman! We will see! (*Opens letter and reads.*)

"DEAR MR. HENSHAW: Your little Comedy is just what our Club needs and has been accepted. Enclosed find check for same. We remember your talent as an amateur actor and if you will consent to fill the role of Ralph, we will make it an object for you to do so. My daughter, Sue, will essay the part of Nell. I shall be most happy to recommend your dramatic writings to Catchem & Buyem and predict a brilliant future for you as a play-wright.

Yours Truly,

JAMES H. UNDERWOOD.

President of Wonolancet Club."

(*Breathlessly.*) Harry a writer of plays! Sue Underwood to play the part of Nell! Why, that's the name of—(*Points to door, rising.*) What an impulsive little fool I've been! That explains the grease-paints! So he has been having a private rehearsal! Has been thinking to surprise me with his success and the money it will bring. I remember he told me last night, I was to have that lovely blue silk at Stylem's soon, and I laughed at the extravagant idea. To think he has been working like this for me and I—I—was about to leave him! (*Comes down.*) But he shall never know what a little fool I have been, never! Oh, I'm so happy, I can scarcely restrain myself; but I must be cautious, or he will hear me! I'll just run softly up to my room, wash this mask off, slip on my things and come in at the front door, so he will think I have just returned; and then I'll put my arms around his neck and tell him he's the dearest fellow in the world! (*Listens at door again.*) He is still at it, the dear boy! (*Shakes finger at door.*) Talk away! Make love to your imaginary Nell! (*Tip toes up left, turns at door.*) But when the *real* part of it is acted I'll be there! [*Exit.*]

CURTAIN.



BARCAROLLE.

(A rhythmical monologue to be given to the accompaniment of the well-known Barcarolle.)

THE gondolier, in music clear,
His lady-love is serenading
From his gondola, while his soft guitar
In tinkling sweetness is persuading
The sleeping maiden, with visions laden,
To quickly rise and hear his sighs,

While night and fall of ripples, all
Make music more than musical.
Awake, my love! though stars above
In witchery are peeping,
Far more I prize the starry eyes
That now are veiled in sleeping.

And while he sings, how sweetly rings
 The melody; now rises firmer
 The barcarolle; and now a lull
 As soft as an Aeolian murmur;
 Now madly sighing with love, now dying,
 And soft and low and sweet and slow,
 And low again; 'tis almost pain
 To hear the gondolier's refrain,
 Awake, my love! though stars above
 In witchery are peeping,
 Far more I prize the starry eyes
 That now are veiled in sleeping.

She wakes, she hears; her ravished ears
 Are drinking all her lover's praises;
 They send a start to her vain heart;
 With noiseless steps she steals, and raises
 The curtain slyly, and peeping shyly,
 The teasing sprite hides with delight,
 Smiles at the strain with mock disdain,
 And pouts her lips and smiles again.
 Awake, my love! though stars above
 In witchery are peeping,
 Far more I prize the starry eyes
 That now are veiled in sleeping.
 —Ben Wood Davis.



MARK TWAIN'S MINING STORY.

JOHN JAMES GODFREY was hired by the Hayblossom Mining Company in California to do some blasting for them—the "Incorporated Company of Mean Men," the boys used to call it. Well, one day he drilled a hole about four feet deep and put in an awful blast of powder, and was standing over it ramming it down with an iron crowbar about nine feet long, when the blamed thing struck a spark and fired the powder, and scat! away John Godfrey whizzed like a sky-rocket, him and his crowbar! Well, sir, he kept on going up in the air higher and higher, till he didn't look any bigger than a boy—and he kept going on up higher and higher till he didn't look any bigger than a doll—and he kept on going up higher and higher till he didn't look any bigger than a small bee—and then

he went out of sight. Presently he came in sight again, looking like a little small bee—and he came along down further and further, till he looked as big as a doll again—and down further and further till he was as big as a boy again—and further and further, till he was a full-sized man once more, and then him and his crowbar came a-whizzing down and lit right exactly in the same old tracks and went to r-ramming down, and r-ramming down, and r-ramming down again, just the same as if nothing had happened! Now, do you know, that poor fellow was gone but fifteen minutes, and yet that Incorporated Company of Mean Men DOCKED HIM FOR THE FIFTEEN MINUTES LOST TIME while he was gone up in the air!

Tiny Tots

The selections in this department have been made to meet the needs of very little children who want recitations that are short and pleasing.



CHILDREN'S ALPHABET.

This is very pretty when each little one holds or raises above her head as she speaks, a capital letter covered with evergreens or flowers.

A is the *alphabet* that little folks learn;
 B is for *books*, coming next in their turn;
 C is for *clock*, making time in its flight;
 D is for *desk*, where we study and write;
 E is for *early ones*, who are prompt at the call;
 F is for *friendship*, which we cherish for all;
 G is for *goodness*, may each have a share;
 H is for *honesty*—we hope it's not rare;
 I is for *idleness*, we fight every day;
 J is for *judgment*, which governs our way;
 K is for *kindness* towards schoolmates and friends;
 L is for *love*, which our pathway attends;
 M is for *music*—which brightens our way;

N is for *noon*, the time we can play;
 O is for *order*, it's rules we'll not break;
 P is the *progress*, we hope we shall make;
 Q is the *question*, to which answer we find;
 R is the *rule* which we ever will mind;
 S is the *school*, which we love every day;
 T is for *truth*, which shall guide all we say;
 U is for *union*, in all that is right;
 V is for *virtue*, may it ever be bright;
 W is for *welcome*, which all our friends claim;
 X is this *cross* with our fingers we frame;
 Y is our *youth*, the time to improve;
 Z is for *zealous*, in work that we love.



THE CHRISTMAS BALL.

THE fiddlers were scraping so cheerily,
 O,
 With a one, two, three, and a one, two,
 three,
 And the children were dancing so merrily,
 O,
 All under the shade of the Christmas-tree.
 O, bonny the fruit on its branches which
 grows!
 And the mistletoe bough from the ceiling
 hung!

The fiddlers they rosined their squeaking
 bows,
 And the brave little lads their partners
 swung.
 Oh, the fiddlers they played such a merry
 tune,
 With a one, two, three, and a one, two,
 three,
 And the children they blossomed like roses
 in June,

All under the boughs of the Christmas-tree.

And the fiddlers were scraping so merrily,
O,

With a one, two, three, and a one, two, three,

And the children were dancing so cheerily,
O,

All under the shade of the Christmas-tree.

When, all of a sudden, a fairy-land crew
Came whirling airily into the room,

As light as the fluffy balls, they flew,
Which fly from the purple thistle-bloom.

There were little girl-fairies in cobweb frocks

All spun by spiders from golden threads,
With butterfly-wings and glistening locks,
And strings of dewdrops encircling their heads!

There were little boy-fairies in jeweled coats

Of pansy-velvet, of cost untold,
With chains of daisies around their throats,
And their heads all powdered with lily gold!

The fiddlers they laughed till they scarce
could see,

And then they fiddled so cheerily, O,
And the fairies and children around the tree,

They all went tripping so merrily, O.

The fiddlers they boxed up their fiddles all;
The fairies they silently flew away;
But every child at the Christmas ball,
Had danced with a fairy first, they say.

So they told their mothers—and did not you
Ever have such a lovely time at your play,
My boy and my girl, that it seemed quite true

That you'd played with a fairy all the day?



THE BABIES' BEDTIME.

SWEET are children in the morning, in
the afternoon or night,

In their dainty frocks of red and blue or
gowns of simple white,

In their play up in the playroom, in the yard
or on the lawn,

But they're sweetest when it's bedtime and
they get their "nighties" on.

Little ghosts of white a-romping o'er the
bed and through the room;

In the season of a lifetime they're the rosy
month of June.

Little ghosts of white a-marching to the
music of their laugh,

And the one whoe'er would miss it sees in
life its minor half.

Little curls a-dangling, frowsy, to the heads
a fitting wreath,

Little gowns a-hanging loosely and the
peeping feet beneath.

Merry monarchs of the household and their
love as is the fawn,

And they're sweetest when it's bedtime and
they've got their "nighties" on.

Oh, the clear notes of their laughter, and
the patter of their feet,

As they romp and chase each other in the
game of hide and seek,

Gives a hint of faint suspicion of the world
that is to be,

For the Master taught us, saying, "Suffer
these to come to me!"

Soon fatigue o'ercomes the players, and the
white brigade is still,
And the "Now I lay me" whispered with a
pleading and a will!
Oh, the wee tots are in slumber, and their
dreams are in repose,
For the clearness of a conscience rivals
beauties of the rose.

And the white, up turned, sweet visage adds
to innocence the charm
Of the soul reposing trust upon the guar-
dian angel's arm;
Oh, the sweetest scented nectar flowing
from this life is gone
If you cannot see the babies when they get
their "nighties" on!



PARTNERSHIP.

(The speaker should hold a kitten in her arms, and appear to address the mother cat.)

YOU needn't be looking around at me so,
She's my kitten as much as your kit-
ten, you know,
And I'll take her wherever I wish her to go!

You know very well that, the day she was
found,
If I hadn't cried, she'd surely been
drowned;
And you ought to be thankful she's here
safe and sound!

She is only crying 'cause she's a goose.
I'm not squeezing her, look now, my arms
are quite loose,
And she may as well hush, for it's not any
use.

And you may as well get right down and go
'way;
You're not in the thing we're going to play;
And remember, it isn't your half of the day.

You're forgetting the bargain we made, and
so soon!
In the morning she's mine, and yours all
afternoon;
And you couldn't teach her to eat with a
spoon.

So don't let me hear one single mew!
Do you know what will happen right off
if you do?
She'll be my kitten mornings and afternoons
too.

—Margaret Vandegrift.



MY DEAR TRUE-LOVE.

(For a little boy, on Saint Valentine's Day.)

THE stars are very beautiful
Up in the far-off skies;
But, oh! more beautiful to me
Are my own true-love's eyes.
The songs the little birdies sing,
When morning things rejoice,
Are very sweet, but far more sweet
Is my dear true-love's voice.

I like to feel upon my cheek
The gentle summer air,
But better far I like to feel
My true-love's kisses there.
I love my true-love more,—yes, more
Than wind, or song, or star;
My true-love? Who is my true-love?
My own sweet, good mamma!

POOR ADAM!

A DAM never knew what 'twas to be a
boy,

To wheedle pennies from a doting sire,
With which to barter for some pleasing toy,
Or calm the rising of a strong desire

To suck an orange. Nor did he

E'er cast the shuttlecock to battledoor;
Nor were his trousers ever out at knee,
From playing marbles on the kitchen
floor.

He never skated o'er the frozen rill,

When winter's covering o'er the earth
was spread;

Nor ever glided down the slippery hill,
With pretty girls upon his trusty sled.

He never swung upon his father's gate,

Or slept in sunshine on the cellar door,
Nor roasted chestnuts at the kitchen grate,
Nor spun his humming top upon the floor.

He ne'er amused himself with rows of
bricks,

So set, if one fall, all come down;
Nor gazed delighted at the funny tricks
Of harlequin or traveling circus clown.

By gradual growth he never reached the
age

When cruel Cupid first invokes his art,
And stamps love's glowing lesson, page by
page,

Upon the tablets of a youngling's heart.

He never wandered forth on moonlight
nights,

With her he loved above all earthly
things;

Nor tried to mount old Pindar's rocky
heights,

Because he fancied love had lent him
wings.

He never tripped it o'er the ball-room floor,
Where love and music intertwine their
charms,

Nor wandered listless by the sandy shore,
Debarred the pleasure of his lady's arms.

For Adam—so at least it has been said
By many an ancient and a modern sage—
Before a moment of his life had fled,
Was fully *thirty years of age!*



RUNNING A RACE.

A LITTLE tear and a little smile set out
to run a race;
We watched them closely all the while;
their course was baby's face.

The little tear he got the start; we really
feared he'd win:

He ran so fast and made a dart straight for
the dimpled chin.

But somehow,—it was very queer; we
watched them all the while,—

The little shining, fretful tear, got *beaten*
by the smile.



WHERE HE DID IT.

D EAR little Wora, dimpled and fair,
Under the mistletoe standing there.

No one was near, no one could see;

In a moment he grasped the opportunity.

Under the mistletoe, under the rose;

Under the mistletoe, under the nose.

MOTION SONG WITH THE HANDS.

THIS is the left
 This is the right,
 I put them together
 And clap with my might.

With my right toward the east,
 And my left toward the west,
 You'll know where sun rises,
 And where it goes to rest.

North to the front of me,
 South in the back must be,
 Now I do know,
 In which way I go,

North or East,
 South or West,
 And to the place
 I like the best.



IN LIQUOR.

ONCE a poor little mouse had a fall,
 And it fell in a gallon of wine;
 "Here," it cried to a cat: "Help me out!
 You may eat me the first time you dine."

So the pussy complied; but the fumes
 Brought a sneeze that she couldn't control,

While the gay little mouse, with a laugh,
 Cut a very straight line to a hole.

When the Tabby was done with her sneeze,
 She exclaimed to the mouse unafraid:
 "Now come out, for I want a good meal;
 Don't go back on the bargain we made."

Then the mouse laid her thumb on her
 nose,

And she said with a comical glow:
 "I'm aware of the promise I gave;
 But I then was in liquor, you know."



THE BITTERNESS OF CHILDHOOD.

WHEN I get settled after tea
 With some big, bully book,
 Ma, she'll commence t' watch the clock;
 You'd oughter see her look!
 An' jes' when I get down t' where
 The hero begs for bread,
 Ma's jes' as sure as fate to say,
 "It's time t' go t' bed."

Or, ef pa knows a funny yarn
 What ain't-fer me t' hear
 An' gets so wrapped up tellin' ma
 He clean fergets I'm near,
 You'd better guess she shuts him up;
 She kinder shakes her head,
 Looks solemnlike at me an' says,
 "It's time t' go t' bed."

An' when they's company at night,
 Don't I wish I could stay
 Down stairs t' watch the big folks an'
 T' hear the things they say!
 But 'tain't no use a-wishin' things,
 Fer ma comes out ahead
 An' says t' me afore them all,
 "It's time t' go t' bed."

I'd like t' be an angel in
 A thing what's long an' white
 An' fly around when other folks
 Was sound asleep at night.
 But like as not ma, she'd wake up,
 Not knowin' I was dead,
 An' pull me in the house an' say,
 "It's time t' go t' bed."

THREE FOR "THE TOTS."

I NEVER made a speech before,
 And cannot say I shall make more;
 But if you'll let me look at you,
 And say to all, "How do you do?"
 I'm sure I'll let you look at me—
 It won't take long, I am so "wee."
 But then I won't be always small;
 And now I'll throw a kiss to all!
 And if I live I'll speak next year
 With stronger voice, and have no fear.

They thought I couldn't make a speech,
 I'm such a little tot.

I'll show them whether I can do
 A thing or two, or not.

Don't be afraid to fight the wrong,
 Or stand up for the right;
 And when you've nothing else to say,
 Be sure you say—"Good-night."

I've got three kisses sweet to give;
 There's one for mother, kind and true,
 And one for father, while I live,
 And all the rest I give to you!
[Kisses hand to audience and retires.]



MINNIE HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

MINNIE had a little lamb,
 A tender little elf;
 She roasted it and basted it
 And laid it on the shelf.

She set it on the table
 And heartily did eat
 And thought that pretty little lamb
 A glorious kind of meat.

But morning, noon and evening
 She wearied of the roast,

So minced and buttered some of it
 And spread it on some toast.

And then she broiled a little piece,
 And then a stew made she,
 And next that frisky lamb appeared
 As "Monsieur Fricassee."

But to assume a giddy guise
 In that old lamb was rash;
 He humbly ended his career
 As plain plebeian hash.



IN MANY LANDS.

THE bonny babe, tossed blithely to and
 fro,
 Rests on Amanda's apron white as snow
 In Lapland.

Full well he fares, no epicure is he,
 Upon a diet that would frighten me
 In Papland.

Anon he is an urchin, and must learn
 "Globes" with "geography," and take his
 turn
 In Mapland.

If he is idle, and his books will flout,
 There is a ruler, and he'll have a bout
 In Rapland.

Or, it may be, his fate is harder yet,
 And he will spend a time he won't forget
 In Strapland.

But like the longest lane, the laggard day
 Will end at last, and Tom will sn e away
 In Napland.

EASTER MORNING.

ONE VOICE.

SNOWDROPS! lift your timid heads,—
All the earth is waking;
Field and forest, brown and dead,
Into life are breaking.

SEVERAL VOICES.

Snowdrops, rise and tell the story,
How He rose, the Lord of glory.

ONE VOICE.

Lilies! lilies! Easter calls:
Rise to meet the dawning
Of the blessed light that falls
Through the Easter morning.

SEVERAL VOICES.

Ring your bells and tell the story,
How He rose, the Lord of glory.

ONE VOICE.

Waken, sleeping butterflies!
Burst your narrow prison;
Spread your golden wings and rise,
For the Lord is risen.

SEVERAL VOICES.

Spread your wings and tell the story—
How He rose, the Lord of glory!

—*Mary A. Lathbury.*

A SMALL BOY'S ADVICE.

MAYBE you'll smile because I try
About *reform* to speak;
Because I'm only three feet high,
And have a voice so weak.

But boys like me, make men like you
And now you have a chance
To teach us to be brave and true,
And vote for Temperance.

Don't drink that "for your stomach's
sake,"

That poisons all your breath,
But hate that cup, and never take,
That's filled with sin and death.

Then, by-and-by, when you have done
The work God called you to,
We'll take it, where you lay it down,
And help to carry it through.



THE BOY AND THE BOOT.

BOTHER!" was all that John Clatter-
by said;
His breath came quick and his cheeks were
red;
He flourished his elbows and looked ab-
surd
While, over and over, his "Bother!" I
heard.

Harder and harder he tugged and worked;
Vainly and savagely still he jerked;
The boot, half on, would dwaddle and flap,
"Bother!" and then he burst the strap.

Redder than ever his hot cheek flamed;
Louder than ever he fumed and blamed;
He wiggled his heel and he tugged at the
leather
Till his knees and his chin came bumping
together.

"My boy," said I, in a voice like a flute,
"Why not first try your troublesome boot
On the other foot?" "I'm a goose!"
laughed John,
As he stood, in a flash, with his two boots
on.

In half the affairs of this every-day life
(As that same day I said to my wife),

Our troubles come from trying to put
The *left-hand* boot on the *right-hand* foot.



MY LITTLE SISTER.

WHO comes to meet me, running out
To smile away all care and doubt,
And takes me by the hand, and talks
Her childish prattle as she walks,
And makes me feel as if life's yoke
Were really nothing but a joke?
My little sister.

Whose deepest griefs can pass away
As quick as darkness yields to day,
And leaves the little face as bright
As sunbeams in the morning light?
She leaves me nothing else to do
But just to be light-hearted too,—
My little sister.

And when I'm tired, and feeling blue,
And ugly, and disgusted, too,
And when I even doubt if I
Can claim a friend by any tie,

I know, though others distant be,
There's one small girl sticks up for me,—
My little sister.

And sometimes, when I may have slipped
Some wrong have done, some good have
skipped,
When I some bitter pill must take
In payment for my own mistake,
When others slight, and others blame,
Who comes to kiss me just the same?
My little sister.

I see her oft when I'm not there,
And offer up a silent prayer;
May grief and sorrow never chase
The sunshine from that little face.
May she ne'er grow to love me less—
May Heaven keep, and guard, and bless
My little sister.



A BOY'S WISH.

WHEN winter comes, the people say,
"Oh, shut the door!" And when,
As sometimes happens, I forget,
They call me back again.

It takes till summer-time to learn;
And then things change about,

And "Leave it open!" is the cry
When I go in or out.

I try to be a pleasant boy,
And do just as I ought,
But when things are so hard to learn,
I wish they might stay taught!



THEIR PREFERENCES.

THREE maidens talked, as maidens will,
Of what gives life its zest.
Said one, a buxom country girl,
"The mountain air is best."

The second, clad in yachting suit
All white beyond compare,

Did thereupon exulting cry:
"Give me the ocean air!"

Then one, in swinging hammock posea,
Half opened her eyes divine
And languorously said: "I'll take
The millionaire for mine."

Descriptive Recitations

The selections in this department include a variety of subjects, all of which afford an opportunity for a fine display of descriptive power on the part of the speaker.



GOING HOME TO-DAY.

MY business on the jury's done—the quibblin' all is through—

I've watched the lawyers, right and left,
and give my verdict true;

I stuck so long unto my chair I thought I
would grow in;

And if I do not know myself, they'll get me
there again.

But now the court's adjourned for good,
and I have got my pay;

I'm loose at last, and thank the Lord, I'm
goin' home to-day

I've somehow felt uneasy like since first day
I come down;

It's an awkward game to play the gentle-
man in town;

And this 'ere Sunday suit of mine, on Sun-
day rightly sets,

But when I wear the stuff a week, it some-
how galls and frets,

I'd rather wear my homespun rig of pepper-
salt and gray—

I'll have it on in half a jiff when I get home
to-day.

I have no doubt my wife looked out, as well
as any one,

As well as any woman could—to see that
things were done;

For though Melinda, when I'm there, won't
set her foot outdoors,

She's very careful when I'm gone to 'tend
to all the chores.

But nothing prospers half so well when I
go off to stay,

And I will put things into shape when I get
home to-day.

The mornin' that I come away we had a
little bout;

I coolly took my hat and left before the
show was out,

For what I said was naught whereat she
ought to take offense;

And she was always quick at words and
ready to commence;

But then, she's first one to give up when
she has had her say;

And she will meet me with a kiss when I
go home to-day.

My little boy—I'll give 'em leave to match
him, if they can—

It's fun to see him strut about and try to
be a man!

The gamest, cheeriest little chap you'd ever
want to see!

And then they laugh because I think the
child resembles me.

The little rogue! he goes for me like rob-
bers for their prey.

He'll turn my pockets inside out when I get
home to-day.

My little girl—I can't contrive how it
should happen thus—

That God should pick that sweet bouquet
and fling it down to us!

My wife, she says that han'some face will
some day make a stir;

And then I laugh because she thinks the
child resembles her.

She'll meet me half way down the hill and
 kiss me any way;
 And light my heart up with her smiles when
 I get home to-day!

If there's a heaven upon the earth a fellow
 knows it when
 He's been away from home a week, and
 then gets back again.

If there's a heaven above the earth there
 often, I'll be bound,
 Some homesick fellow meets his folks and
 hugs 'em all around.
 But let my creed be right or wrong, or be it
 as it may.
 My heaven is just ahead of me—I'm goin'
 home to-day.

—Will Carleton.



MAKING SUCCESS.

POETS may be born, but success is made; therefore let me beg of you, in the outset of your career, to dismiss from your minds all ideas of succeeding by luck.

There is no more common thought among young people than that foolish one that by and by something will turn up by which they will suddenly achieve fame or fortune. Luck is an *ignis fatuus*. You may follow it to ruin, but not to success. The great Napoleon, who believed in his destiny, followed it until he saw his star go down in blackest night, when the Old Guard perished around him, and Waterloo was lost. A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasion cannot make spurs. If you expect to wear spurs, you must win them. If you wish to use them, you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight. Any success you may achieve is not worth having unless you fight for it. Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours—a part of yourself.

Again: in order to have any success in life, or any worthy success, you must resolve to carry into your work a fulness of knowledge—not merely a sufficiency, but more than a sufficiency. Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing. Let

every one know that you have a reserve in yourself; that you have more power than you are now using. If you are not too large for the place you occupy, you are too small for it. How full our country is of bright examples, not only of those who occupy some proud eminence in public life, but in every place you may find men going on with steady nerve, attracting the attention of their fellow-citizens, and carving out for themselves names and fortunes from small and humble beginnings and in the face of formidable obstacles.

Let not poverty stand as an obstacle in your way. Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard, and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance, I have never known one to be drowned who was worth the saving. This would not be wholly true in any country but one of political equality like ours.

The reason is this: In the aristocracies of the Old World, wealth and society are built up like the strata of rock which compose the crust of the earth. If a boy be born in the lowest stratum of life, it is almost impossible for him to rise through this hard crust into the higher ranks; but in this country it is not so. The strata of our society resemble rather the ocean, where every



The great display of frilling
Was positively killing;
And, oh, the little booties and the
lovely sash so wide!



There was music, there was dancing,
And the sight was most entrancing,
As if fairyland and floral band were
holding jubilee.

THE FIRST PARTY.



Miss Annabel McCarty
Was the youngest at the party,
And every one remarked that she
was beautifully dressed.



The fiddlers were scraping so cheerily, O,
With a one, two, three, and a one, two, three,



THE CHRISTMAS BALL.

And the children were dancing so merrily, O,
All under the shade of the Christmas tree.

drop, even the lowest, is free to mingle with all others, and may shine at last on the crest of the highest wave. This is the glory of our country, and you need not fear that there are any obstacles which will prove too great for any brave heart.

In giving you being, God locked up in your nature certain forces and capabilities. What will you do with them? Look at the mechanism of a clock. Take off the pendulum and ratchet, and the wheels go rattling down and all its force is expended in a moment; but properly balanced and regulated, it will go on, letting out its force tick by tick, measuring hours and days, and

doing faithfully the service for which it was designed. I implore you to cherish and guard and use well the forces that God has given to you. You may let them run down in a year, if you will. Take off the strong curb of discipline and morality, and you will be an old man before your twenties are passed. Preserve these forces. Do not burn them out with brandy, or waste them in idleness and crime. Do not destroy them. Do not use them unworthily. Save and protect them, that they may save for you fortune and fame. Honestly resolve to do this, and you will be an honor to yourself and to your country.

—James A. Garfield.



WILLIE'S SIGNAL FOR JESUS.

AT twilight, in old Hospital St. Luke,
The smiling eyes that watched grew
wet with crying,

And kind lips kissed away, with love's re-
buke,

The cruel anguish of the sick and dying.

In the fourth ward a boy with broken
bones

Lay dreaming what the morrow should
betide him,

And sobbed and talked by turns, in falter-
ing tones,

With little Susie in the cot beside him.

For he had borne the knife that day, and
strain

On his weak limbs of surgeon's cord and
splinter,

Till he had fainted with the weight of pain,
Too great for one just through his sev-
enth winter.

And oh! to wait the rest!—'twas worse, he
said,

To lie and tremble at the doctor's warn-
ing.

"I think 'twere better, Susie, to be dead,
Than bear the hurt that's coming in the
morning.

"They say that every night the loving Lord
Comes here for some of us, in watch or
slumber,

And I have prayed that when he walks this
ward

To-night, he'll take me, too, among the
number.

"I hope he'll know I want him, and I've
planned,

For fear I may be dreaming when he
sees us,

Above the bed-clothes—so—to prop my
hand,

And hold it there, to be a sign for Jesus."

At midnight, in old Hospital St. Luke,
While lamps burned low o'er lives yet
lower burning,

And angel Sleep, aloof at Pain's rebuke,
Tempted pale eyelids, going and return-
ing—

Who saw the Son of God, with countenance
bland,

In pity sweet His glory all concealing,
Come at the beckoning of that lifted hand,
And smile His answers to its mute ap-
pealing?

The arm grew weak that held it. Faith's
good will

Stayed up the tiny sign of supplication
Full long, and then it quivered—and grew
still;

It pointed up, from sorrow to salvation.
'Tis morn at last. The nurses come again
And see that childlike token where it
lingers,
Erect and cold, above the counterpane,
With resignation in its helpless fingers.

From sights of fear and sounds of parting
hope,
And curses wrung from sufferers unfor-
given,
The soul of wounded Willie had gone up,
Led by that small up-lifted hand to
Heaven.



THE LITTLE GERMAN MOTHER.

WE were at a railroad junction one night last week waiting a few hours for a train, in the waiting room, in the only rocking chair, trying to talk a brown-eyed boy to sleep, who talks a good deal when he wants to keep awake. Presently a freight train arrived, and a beautiful little woman came in escorted by a great big German, and they talked in German, he giving her, evidently, lots of information about the route she was going, and telling her about her tickets and her baggage check, and occasionally patting her on the arm.

At first our United States baby, who did not understand German, was tickled to hear them talk, and he "snickered" at the peculiar sound of the language that was being spoken. The great big man put his hand upon the old lady's cheek and said something encouraging, and a great big tear came to her eye, and she looked as happy as a queen. The little brown eyes of the boy opened pretty big, and his face sobered

down from its laugh, and he said: "Papa, is it his mother?"

We knew it was, but how should a four-year-old sleepy baby, that couldn't understand German, tell that the lady was the big man's mother, and we asked him how he knew, and he said: "O, the big man was so kind to her." The big man bustled out, we gave the rocking chair to the little old mother, and presently the man came in with the baggageman, and to him he spoke English.

He said: "This is my mother, and she does not speak English. She is going to Iowa, and I have got to go back on the next train, but I want you to attend to her baggage, and see her on the right car, the rear car, with a good seat near the center, and tell the conductor she is my mother, and here's a dollar for you, and I will do as much for your mother some time."

The baggageman grasped the dollar with one hand, grasped the big man's hand with the other, and looked at the little German

with an expression that showed that he had a mother, too, and we almost knew the old lady was well treated. Then we put the sleeping mind-reader on a bench and went out on the platform and got acquainted with the big German, and he talked of horse trading, buying and selling, and everything that showed he was a live business man, ready for any speculation, from buying a yearling colt to a crop of hops or barley, and that his life was a very busy one and at times full of hard work, disap-

pointment and hard roads, but with all his hurry and excitement he was kind to his mother, and we loved him just a little, and when after a few minutes talk about business he said: "You must excuse me. I must go in the depot and see if my mother wants anything," we felt like taking his fat red hand and kissing it. O, the love of a mother is the same in any language, and it is good in all languages. The world would be poor without it.

—*R. J. Burdette.*



THE SHIPWRECK.

IN vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For now the audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to Heaven she flies,
Her shattered top half buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground;
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps resound!
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound in torment reels.
So reels, convulsed with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's blows.
Again she plunges! hark, a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock;
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims, shuddering, roll their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak;
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell

The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn, her frame divides,
And, crashing, spreads in ruin o'er the tides,
O, were it mine with tuneful Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart;
Like him the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress
Then too severely taught by cruel fate,
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I with unrivaled strains deplore
The impervious horrors of a leeward shore!
As o'er the surge the stooping mainmast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung;
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast.
Awhile they bore the o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till, all benumbed and feeble, they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below.
Some, from the main yard arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan.
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,

And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend.

Now on the mountain wave on high they ride,

Then downward plunge beneath the involving tide,

Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive;
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And pressed the stony beach, a lifeless crew!

—*William Falconer.*



THE LAST OF THE CHOIR.

THERE was a gathering a short time ago at a neat house in an Ohio village of about a hundred people. The mistress of the house was in the parlor, and one by one they went to her side, but she did not speak or lift her hands. They were toil-worn hands, that for forty years had done daily work for the children, but she wore a new dress now, and the work was ended.

Thirty-five years ago, when the church choir met for practice, she played the melodeon, while they sang "Ware" and "Shirland" and "Dundee." But the choir was gone, save two ladies who stood near her holding an old singing-book. There was a piano near, but it was closed.

A minister, younger than the book they held, read how "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward," and closing, looked at the two ladies. Many a time since the treble was fifteen and the alto thirteen they had sung for their silent friends. The treble breathed a low note, that only the alto heard; and then the listeners heard an old melody, with the words:

"There is a land mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught."

Out in the rooms beyond all was so still that every one could hear the voices as they sang the assurance that—

"The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God."

The voice of prayer rose for comfort and endurance, a pleading voice in behalf of the household, and again he looked toward the two with the old book. They held it open, but they were not looking at it; they did not appear to think of it. They were reviewing the years in the moment when they lifted up their voices in the words:

"If through unruffled seas
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts—"

How strong their faith!

"—O God, to thee
We'll own the favoring gale!"

The audience, thinking only of the needs of their hearts, noticed not the useless book.

"But should the surges rise,"

They sang faintly now, for the surges had been over them. The alto bent over a dying husband, and had buried him in a distant city. Like a bolt from a clear sky came the death of her manly boy one evening when he had just left her side.

Waves of trouble had come upon the treble; fair young children had been taken from her embrace—sons and daughters had been swept away.

The voices faded away, but gained again with the line:

"And rest delay to come,"

Rest! Their hearts were aching and tired. A young lady near the door feared they might break down; but her neighbor, who was old, could have told her the old choir were never known to break down. Ah, no! The voices are full of hope again as they sing:

"Blest be the sorrow, *kind* the storm,
That drives us nearer home."

Home! The voices, blended by long practice, lingered till they died in faint harmony at last on the word.

In the evening the two singers sat by the open fire. Again, as in childhood, they lived on the same street.

"We did not need a book to-day," said the alto. "It would be impossible to forget the songs we learned when we were young."

"Do you know," responded the treble, "that as we sing those pieces I hear the voices of those who used to be in the choir with us? Sometimes I hear the tenor voice of the leader, then the voice of the bass who used to make us laugh so when we ought not; then the voice of the girl who sang with me, and then I hear all of them, and see their faces. They are all young. We only are old; but we shall soon rejoin the choir."



THE WRECK OF THE "HESPERUS."

IT was the schooner "Hesperus"
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm
His pipe was in his mouth—
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor
Who had sailed the Spanish main;
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind
A gale from the northeast;
The snow fell in the hissing brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither, come hither, my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father, I hear the church bells ring!
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog bell on a rock bound coast,"
And he steer'd for the open sea.

"O father, I hear the sound of guns!
 O say, what may it be?"
 "Some ship in distress, that cannot live
 In such an angry sea!"

"O father, I see a gleaming light!
 O say, what may it be!"
 But the father answer'd never a word—
 A frozen corpse was he!

Lash'd to the helm all stiff and stark,
 With his face to the skies,
 The lantern gleam'd thro' the gleaming
 snow
 On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasp'd her hands and
 prayed
 That saved she might be;
 And she thought of Christ, who still'd the
 waves
 On the lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and
 drear,
 Through the whistling sleet and snow,
 Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept,
 Toward the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
 A sound came from the land;
 It was the sound of the trampling surf
 On the rocks, and the hard sea sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
 She drifted a dreary wreck,
 And a whooping billow swept the crew,
 Like icicles from her deck.

She struck, where the white and fleecy
 waves
 Look'd soft as carded wool;
 But the cruel rocks they gored her side
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheath'd in ice,
 With the masts, went by the board;
 Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank—
 "Ho! ho!" the breakers roar'd.

At daybreak, on the bleak sea beach,
 A fisherman stood aghast,
 To see the form of a maiden fair
 Lash'd close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
 The salt tears in her eyes;
 And he saw her hair, like the brown sea
 weed
 On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
 In the midnight and the snow;
 Christ save us all from a death like this,
 On the reef of Norman's Woe.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*



THE CHRISTIAN GLADIATOR.

STILLNESS reigned in the vast amphitheater, and from the countless thousands that thronged the spacious inclosure not a breath was heard. Every tongue was mute with suspense, and every eye strained with anxiety toward the gloomy portal where the gladiator was momentarily expected to enter. At length the trumpet sounded and they led him forth

into the broad arena. There was no mark of fear upon his manly countenance, as with majestic step and fearless eye he entered. He stood there, like another Apollo, firm and unbending as the rigid oak. His fine proportioned form was matchless, and his turgid muscles spoke his giant strength.

"I am here," he cried, as his proud lip curled in scorn, "to glut the savage eye of

Rome's proud populace! Aye, like a dog you throw me to a beast; and what is my offense? Why, forsooth, I am a *Christian*. But know, ye cannot fright my soul, for it is based upon a foundation stronger than the adamantine rock. Know ye, whose hearts are harder than the flinty stone, my heart quakes not with fear; and here I aver, I would not change conditions with the blood-stained Nero, crowned though he be, not for the wealth of Rome. Blow ye your trumpet—I am ready!"

The trumpet sounded, and a long, low growl was heard to proceed from the cage of a half-famished Numidian lion, situated at the farthest end of the arena. The growl deepened into a roar of tremendous volume, which shook the enormous edifice to its very center. At that moment the door was thrown open, and the huge monster of the forest sprang from his den with one mighty bound to the opposite side of the arena. His eyes blazed with the brilliancy of fire as he slowly drew his length along the sand and prepared to make a spring upon his formidable antagonist. The gladiator's eye quailed not; his lip paled not; but he stood immovable as a statue, waiting the approach of his wary foe.

At length the lion crouched himself into an attitude for springing, and with the quickness of lightning leaped full at the throat of the gladiator. But he was prepared for him, and bounding lightly on one side, his falchion flashed for a moment over his head, and in the next it was deeply dyed in the purple blood of the monster. A roar of redoubled fury again resounded through the spacious amphitheater as the enraged animal, mad with the anguish from the wound he had just received, wheeled hastily round and sprang a second time at the Nazarene.

Again was the falchion of the cool and intrepid gladiator deeply planted in the breast of his terrible adversary; but so sudden had been the second attack, that it was impossible to avoid the full impetus of his bound, and he staggered and fell upon his knee. The monster's paw was upon his shoulder, and he felt its hot fiery breath upon his cheek, as it rushed through his wide distended nostrils. The Nazarene drew a short dagger from his girdle, and endeavored to regain his feet. But his foe, aware of his design, precipitated himself upon him threw him with violence to the ground.

The excitement of the populace was now wrought up to a high pitch, and they waited the result with breathless suspense. A low growl of satisfaction now announced the noble animal's triumph, as he sprang fiercely upon his prostrate enemy. But it was of short duration; the dagger of the gladiator pierced his vitals, and together they rolled over and over, across the broad arena. Again the dagger drank deep of the monster's blood, and again a roar of anguish reverberated through the stately edifice.

The Nazarene, now watching his opportunity, sprang with the velocity of thought from the terrific embrace of his enfeebled antagonist, and regaining his falchion, which had fallen to the ground in the struggle, he buried it deep in the heart of the infuriated beast. The noble king of the forest, faint from the loss of blood, concentrated all his remaining strength in one mighty bound; but it was too late; the last blow had been driven home to the center of life, and his huge form fell with a mighty crash upon the arena, amid the thundering acclamations of the populace.

IN THE AMEN CORNER.

'T WAS a stylish congregation, that of
Theophrastus Brown,
And its organ was the finest and the biggest
in the town,
And the chorus, all the papers favorably
commented on it,
For 'twas said each female member had a
forty-dollar bonnet.

Now in the "amen corner" of the church sat
Brother Eyer,
Who persisted every Sabbath-day in singing
with the choir;
He was poor, but genteel-looking, and his
heart as snow was white,
And his old face beamed with sweetness
when he sang with all his might.

His voice was cracked and broken, age had
touched his vocal chords,
And nearly every Sunday he would mispronounce the words
Of the hymns, and 'twas no wonder, he was
old and nearly blind,
And the choir rattling onward always left
him far behind.

The chorus stormed and blustered, Brother
Eyer sang too slow,
And then he used the tunes in vogue a hundred years ago;
At last the storm-cloud burst, and the
church was told, in fine,
That the brother must stop singing, or the
choir would resign.

Then the pastor called together in the lecture-room one day
Seven influential members who subscribe
more than they pay,
And having asked God's guidance in a
printed prayer or two,
They put their heads together to determine
what to do.

They debated, thought, suggested till at last
"dear Brother York,"
Who last winter made a million on a sudden
rise in pork,
Rose and moved that a committee wait at
once on Brother Eyer,
And proceed to rake him lively for "disturbin' of the choir."

Said he: "In that 'ere organ I've invested
quite a pile,
And we'll sell it if we cannot worship in the
latest style;
Our Philadelphia tenor tells me 'tis the hardest
thing
For to make God understand him when the
brother tries to sing.

"We've got the biggest organ, the best-dressed choir in town,
We pay the steepest sal'ry to our pastor
Brother Brown;
But if we must humor ignorance because
it's blind and old,—
If the choir's to be pestered, I will seek another fold."

Of course the motion carried, and one day
a coach and four,
With the latest style of driver, rattled up to
Eyer's door;
And the sleek, well-dressed committee,
Brothers Sharkey, York, and Lamb,
As they crossed the humble portal took good
care to miss the jamb.

They found the choir's great trouble sitting
in his old arm-chair,
And the summer's golden sunbeams lay
upon his thin white hair;
He was singing "Rock of Ages" in a voice
both cracked and low,
But the angels understood him, 'twas all he
cared to know.

Said York: "We're here, dear brother,
with the vestry's approbation,
To discuss a little matter that affects the
congregation;"

"And the choir, too," said Sharkey, giving
Brother York a nudge,

"And the choir too!" he echoed with the
graveness of a judge.

"It was the understanding when we bar-
gained for the chorus

That it was to relieve us, that is, do the
singing for us;

If we rupture the agreement, it is very plain,
dear brother,

It will leave our congregation and be gob-
bled by another.

"We don't want any singing except that
what we've bought!

The latest tunes are all the rage; the old
ones stand for naught;

And so we have decided—are you listen-
ing Brother Eyer?—

That you'll have to stop your singin', for it
flurrytates the choir."

The old man slowly raised his head, a sign
that he did hear,

And on his cheek the trio caught the glitter
of a tear;

His feeble hands pushed back the locks
white as the silky snow,

As he answered the committee in a voice
both sweet and low:

"I've sung the psalms of David for nearly
eighty years,

They've been my staff and comfort and
calmed life's many fears;

I'm sorry I disturb the choir, perhaps I'm
doing wrong;

But when my heart is filled with praise, I
can't keep back a song.

"I wonder if beyond the tide that's breaking
at my feet,

In the far-off heavenly temple, where the
Master I shall greet,—

Yes, I wonder when I try to sing the songs
of God up higher,

If the angel band will church me for dis-
turbng heaven's choir."

A silence filled the little room; the old man
bowed his head;

The carriage rattled on again, but Brother
Eyer was dead!

Yes, dead! his hand had raised the veil the
future hangs before us,

And the Master dear had called him to the
everlasting chorus.

The choir missed him for awhile, but he
was soon forgot,

A few church-goers watched the door; the
old man entered not.

Far away, his voice no longer cracked, he
sings his heart's desires,

Where there are no church committees and
no fashionable choirs.



THE DYING SOLDIER.

IT was the evening after a great battle. All
day long the din of strife had echoed
far, and thickly strewn lay the shattered
forms of those so lately erect and exultant
in the flush and strength of manhood.

Among the many who bowed to the con-

queror, Death, that night was a noble youth
in the freshness of his early life. The
strong limbs lay listless and the dark hair
was matted with gore on the pale, broad
forehead. His eyes were closed. As one
who ministered to the sufferer bent over

him, he, at first, thought him dead; but the white lips moved, and slowly, in weak tones, he repeated:

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

As he finished, he opened his eyes, and meeting the pitying gaze of a brother soldier, he exclaimed, "My mother taught me that when I was a little boy, and I have said it every night since I can remember. Before the morning dawns I believe God will take my soul for Jesus' sake; but before I die I want to send a message to my mother."

He was carried to a temporary hospital and a letter was written to his mother which he dictated. It was full of Christian faith

and filial love. His end was calm and peaceful. Just as the sun arose his spirit went home, his last articulate words being:

"I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

So died the noble volunteer. The prayer of childhood was the prayer of manhood. He learned it at his mother's knee in his far distant Northern home, and he whispered it, in dying, when his young life ebbed away on a Southern battle-field. It was his nightly petition in life, and the angel who bore his spirit home to heaven, bore the sweet prayer his soul loved so well.

God bless the saintly words, alike loved and repeated by high and low, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, old and young, only second to our Lord's Prayer in beauty and simplicity. Happy the soul that can repeat it with the holy fervor of our dying soldier.



MY FIRST RECITATION.

I WAS seized with an ambition to appear in public once,
I would study elocution and in public would recite;
So I bought a recitation and I read it night and day,
Until without a single break, I every word could say.

I bought a book on action, and studied ease and grace,
And practiced well, before the glass, each tragical grimace,
For I was of a somber turn and loved dramatic rhyme,
Of haunted towers, and lovers' sighs, and deeds of horrid crime.

I joined a concert company, and had my name put down,

And thought my first appearance was the talk of half the town;
The piece I had selected was a splendid one to "go,"
I had heard it oft recited by a fellow that I knew.

And when you hear the title, I am sure you'll say "that's good,"
'Twas the most dramatic poem ever written by Tom Hood;
I had seen the ladies clap their hands, and give a little scream—
Now, can't you guess the title? It was "Eugene Aram's Dream!"

The spacious hall was crowded with an audience most select,
And some most distinguished visitors whom we did not expect—

And one, I must confess it, the adored one
of my heart,
It was for her I tried to shine in this most
tragic part.

There was carpet on the platform, and
banners trailed the ground,
And a scented water fountain threw its per-
fumed spray around;
And plants of tropic beauty in pots were
blooming there,
You scarcely could imagine a scene more
wondrous fair.

I looked at my adored one, with the glor-
ious hazel eyes,
And felt that her applause would be an all-
sufficient prize.
First a grand piano solo, then a chorus by
the choir—
I always had a notion that sweet music
could inspire,

And give a soldier courage; but the more
I now reflect,
I am quite sure that the music had an op-
posite effect,
For although my head was burning I was
trembling like a leaf;
Then I thought the songs might soothe me,
but the songs were all too brief.

When I looked upon the programme, and
had marked off every name,
It seemed as if my time t' appear like a
flash of lightning came.
I tried to feel collected, and as if I didn't
care,
But I felt my face was burning right away
into my hair.

I stood just behind the platform, trying
vainly to keep cool,
And whispering softly to myself, "Be calm,
don't be a fool!"

When, smiling, our conductor round the
corner popped his head,
"Come, look sharp, Mr. Whiffim, the plat-
form waits!" he said.

Then I rushed upon the platform, nearly
falling on my face,
And stood before the audience, glaring
wildly into space.
When I saw the upturned faces, I'd have
given the world to say,
"Please don't stare at me so rudely! Oh,
do look the other way!"

Where were all my tragic actions, which
their feelings must have stirred?
And, O horror! more important, where, oh
where, was the first word!
Vainly stared I at the ceiling, vainly
stared I at the floor;
Yes, the words were quite forgotten, I had
known so well before.

And I saw my own adored one hide her face
behind her fan,
And a stout old lady murmured, "Dear me,
what can ail the man?"
Then suddenly I remembered part of that
most tragic rhyme,
And I waved my arms and shouted, "In
the prime of summer time."

Why the audience laughed I know not, but
they did and I got mad,
It was not a comic poem, and to laugh was
much too bad;
Then I thought about my action, when
"some moody turns he took,"
And I tramped along the platform till the
very rafters shook.

Then I reached the thrilling portion where
the ladies ought to scream,
Then I said, "My lad, remember, this is
nothing but a dream."

But to me it was a nightmare, awful, but,
 alas! too true;
 How I wished the creaking platform would
 but break and let me through!

Oh! but for one drink of water, one to cool
 my burning tongue.
 Then I stooped to lift the body, then again
 I upward sprung;
 I had clasped a splendid rose-bush, on my
 shoulder held it tight,
 Then I plunged into the audience, scattering
 it wildly left and right.

And I dropped the splendid rose-bush on
 a stout old lady's lap,
 And the branches got entangled with the
 ribbons of her cap.
 Then I pulled it, waved it wildly, like a
 palm-branch high in air,
 Wig and cap hung in the branches—the
 old lady's head was bare.

Wildly then I flung it from me, flung it ere
 I turned and fled,
 And it struck the portly rector, struck him
 on his shiny head.
 Then the fierce mustachioed captain seized
 me with an angry shout,
 Lifted me by the coat collar, and, yes, really
 kicked me out.

Angelina, my adored one, passes me and
 does not bow,
 Angelina goes out walking with another
 young man now.
 How I hate my wild ambition! I detest
 dramatic rhyme,
 And the art of elocution I would punish as
 a crime.
 For reciting may be pleasant if you don't
 aspire too high,
 But before you say it's easy, do as I did—
 go and try.

—*W. A. Eaton.*



WHY HE WOULDN'T SELL THE FARM.

HERE, John! you drive the cows up
 while your mar brings out the pails;
 But don't ye let me ketch yer ahangin'
 onter them cows' tails,
 An' chasin' them across that lot at sich a
 tarin' rate;
 An' John, when you cum out, be sure and
 shet that pastur gate.

It's strange that boy will never larn to
 notice what I say,
 I'm 'fraid that he'll git to rulin' me, if
 things goes on this way;
 But boys is boys, and will be boys, till ther
 grown up to men,
 An' John's about as good a lad as the aver-
 age of 'em.

I'll tell ye, stranger, how it is: I feel a heap
 o' pride

In that boy—he's our only one sence little
 Neddy died;
 Don't mind me, sir, I'm growin' old, my
 eyesight's gettin' dim;
 But 't seems sumhow a kind o' mist cums
 long o' thoughts of him.

Jes' set down on the doorstep, Squar, an'
 make yerself to hum;
 While Johnny's bringin' up the cows I'll
 tell ye how it cum
 That all our boys ha' left us, 'ceptin'
 Johnny there,
 An' I reckon, stranger, countin' all, we've
 had about our share.

Thar was our first boy, Benjamin, the old-
 est of them all,
 He was the smartest little chap, so clipper,
 peart and small;

He cum to us one sun-bright morn, as
merry as a lark,
It would ha' done your soul good, Squar,
to a seen the little spark.

An' thar was Tom, "a hansum boy," his
mother allus said,
He took to books, and larned so spry, we
put the sprig ahead—
His skoolin' cleaned the little pile we'd
laid by in the chest,
But I's bound to give the boy a chance to do
his level best.

Our third one's name was Samuel; he
growed up here to hum,
An' worked with me upon the farm till he
was twenty-one.
Fur Benjamin had larned a trade—He
didn't take to work;
Tom, mixin' up in politics, got 'lected
County Clerk.

We ken all remember, stranger, the year o'
sixty-one,
When the spark that teched the powder off
in that Confed'rat gun
Flashed like a streak o' lightning up acrost
from east to west,
An' left a spot that burned like fire in every
patriot's breast.

An' I tell you what it was, Squar, my boys
cum up to the scratch.
They all had a share o' the old man's grit,
with enough of their own to match.
They showed their colors, an' set ther flint,
their names went down on the roll,
An' Benjamin, Thomas an' Sam was
pledged to preserve the old flag whole.

They all cum hum together at the last,
rigged up in their soldier clothes;
It made my old heart thump, thump with
pride, an' ther mother's spirits rose,

Fur she'd been "down in the mouth" sum-
what sense she'd heard what the boys
had done,

Fur it took all three, an' it's hard enough
fur a mother to give up one.

But ther warnt a drop of coward's blood
in her veins, I ken tell you first,
Fur she'd send the boys, an' the old man,
too, ef the worst had cum to worst;
I shall never furgit the last night, Squar,
when we all kneeled down to pray,
How she give 'em, one by one, to God, in
the hush of the twilight gray.

An' when the morning broke so clear—
not a cloud was in the sky—
The boys cum in with sober looks to bid us
their last good-by;
I didn't spect she would stand it all, with
her face so firm an' calm,
But she didn't break nor give in a peg till
she cum to kissin' Sam,

An' then it all cum out at onct, like a
storm from a thunder cloud,—
She jest set down on the kitchen floor,
broke out with a sob so loud
Thet Sam give up, and the boys cum back,
and they all got down by her there;
An' I'm thinkin' 'twould a made an angel
cry to hev seen that partin', Squar!

I think she had a forewarnin', fur when
they brought back poor Sam,
She sot down by his coffin there, with her
face so white and calm,
Thet the neighbors who cum a pourin' in
to see our soldier dead,
Went out with a hush on ther tremblin'
lips, an' the words in ther hearts un-
said.

Stranger, perhaps you heard of Sam, how
he broke through thet Secesh line,

An' planted the old flag high an' dry, where
its dear old stars could shine;
An' after our soldiers won the day, an' a
gatherin' up the dead,
They found our boy with his brave heart
still, and the flag above his head.
An' Tom was shot at Gettysburg, in the
thickest of the fray—
They say thet he led his gallant boys like a
hero thro' thet day;
But they brought him back with his clear
voice hushed in the silent sleep of death,
An' another grave grew grassy green
'neath the kiss of the Summer's breath.
An' Benjamin, he cum hum at last; but it
made my old eyes ache
To see him lay with thet patient look, when
it seemed thet his heart must break
With his pain and wounds, but he lingered
on till the flowers died away,

An' then he laid him down to rest, in the
close of the autumn day.

Will I sell the old farm, stranger, the house
where my boys were born?
Jes' look down through the orchard, Squar,
beyond thet field of corn—
Ken ye see them four white marble stuns
gleam out through the orchard glade?
Wall, all thet is left of our boys on earth
rests unner them old trees' shade.

But there cums John with the cows, ye see,
an' it's 'bout my milkin' time;
If ye happen along this way agin, jes' drop
in at any time.
Oh, ye axed if I'd eny notion the old farm
would ever be sold;
Wall! may be, Squar, but I'll tell ye plain,
'twill be when the old man's cold.



THE DRUMMER BOY'S BURIAL.

ALL day long the storm of battle through
the startled valley swept;
All night long the stars in heaven o'er the
slain sad vigils kept.

O, the ghastly upturned faces gleaming
whitely through the night,
O, the heaps of mangled corpses in that dim
sepulchral light.

One by one the pale stars faded, and at
length the morning broke
Once again the night dropped round them—
night so holy and so calm
That the moonbeams hushed the spirit, like
the sound of prayer or psalm.

On a couch of trampled grasses, just apart
from all the rest,
Lay a fair young boy, with small hands
meekly folded on his breast.

Death had touched him very gently, and he
lay as if in sleep;
E'en his mother scarce had shuddered at
that slumber calm and deep.

For a smile of wondrous sweetness lent a
radiance to the face,
And the hand of cunning sculptor could
have added naught of grace

To the marble limbs so perfect in their pas-
sionless repose,
Robbed of all save matchless purity by hard,
unpitying foes.

And the broken drum beside him all his
life's short story told:
How he did his duty bravely till the death-
tide o'er him rolled.

Midnight came with ebon garments and a
diadem of stars,
While right upward in the zenith hung the
fiery planet Mars.

Hark! a sound of stealthy footsteps and of
voices whispering low,
Was it nothing but the young leaves, or the
brooklet's murmuring flow?

Clinging closely to each other, striving ne'er
to look around,
As they passed with silent shudder the pale
corse on the ground,

Came two little maidens—sisters—with a
light and hasty tread,
And a look upon their faces, half of sorrow,
half of dread.

And they did not pause nor falter till, with
throbbing hearts, they stood
Where the drummer-boy was lying in that
partial solitude.

They had brought some simple garments
from their wardrobe's scanty store,
And two heavy iron shovels in their slender
hands they bore.

Then they quickly knelt beside him, crush-
ing back the pitying tears,

For they had no time for weeping, nor for
any girlish fears.

And they robed the icy body, while no glow
of maiden shame
Changed the pallor of their foreheads to a
flush of lambent flame.

For their saintly hearts yearned o'er it in
that hour of sorest need,
And they felt that death was holy, and it
sanctified the deed.

But they smiled and kissed each other when
their new, strange task was o'er,
And the form that lay before them its un-
wonted garments wore.

Then with slow and weary labor a small
grave they hollowed out,
And they lined it with the withered grass
and leaves that lay about.

But the day was slowly breaking ere their
holy work was done,
And in crimson pomp the morning heralded
again the sun.

Gently then those little maidens—they were
children of our foes—
Laid the body of our drummer boy to un-
disturbed repose.



GRANDMA'S KNITTING STORY.

THE supper is o'er, the hearth is sweet,
And in the wood-fire's glow
The children cluster to hear a tale
Of that time so long ago,

When grandma's hair was golden brown,
And the warm blood came and went
O'er the face that could scarce have been
sweeter then
Than now in its rich content.

The face is wrinkled and careworn now,
And the golden hair is gray;
But the light that shone in the young girl's
eyes
Never has gone away.

And her needles catch the firelight
As in and out they go,
With the clicking music that grandma
loves,
Shaping the stocking toe,

And the waiting children love it, too,
 For they know the stocking song
 Brings many a tale to grandma's mind
 Which they shall have ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time
 To grandma's heart to-night,—
 Only a refrain, quaint and short,
 Is sung by the needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," grandma says,
 "And yours is just begun;
 But I am knitting the toe of mine,
 And my work is almost done.

"With merry hearts we begin to knit,
 And the ribbing is almost play;
 Some are gay-colored, and some are white,
 And some are ashen-gray.

"But most are made of many hues,
 With many a stitch set wrong;
 And many a row to be sadly ripped
 Ere the whole is fair and strong.

"There are long, plain spaces, without a
 break,
 That in life are hard to bear;
 And many a weary tear is dropped
 As we fashion the heel with care.

"But the saddest, happiest time is that
 We count and yet would shun,
 When our Heavenly Father breaks the
 thread,
 And says that our work is done."

The children came to say good-night,
 With tears in their bright young eyes,
 But in grandma's lap, with broken thread,
 The finished stocking lies.



GRANDMA'S WEDDING-DAY.

WHEN we were merry children, eyes
 of blue and hair of gold,
 We listened to a story by a sweet-faced lady
 told;
 Yes, in the twilight of her life, when she
 was old and gray,
 We loved to hear the story of Grandma's
 wedding-day.

There was a lack of bridal gifts—no gold
 and silver fine,
 No jewels from across the sea, upon her
 brow to shine;
 A man in homespun clothes stood up and
 gave the bride away—
 For all was sweet simplicity on Grandma's
 wedding-day.

There was no surpliced minister, no bell
 above them hung,

They stood upon the forest sward, this
 couple, fair and young;
 And when the parson called them one and
 wished them years of bliss,
 The groom received his only gift—a soft
 and holy kiss.

A cabin in the forest stood to welcome home
 the pair,
 And happy birds among the trees made
 music on the air;
 She was the reigning backwoods belle—the
 bride so fair and gay—
 And that is why the birds were glad upon
 her wedding-day.

Thus life began for Grandma, in the forest
 dim and old,
 And where she lived a city stands, with
 stateliness untold;



Photo by Byron, N. Y.

THE UNHAPPY HOME.



Photo by Byron, N. Y.

THE LISTENERS.

She told us how the Indian came the set-
tler brave to fight,
And how she rocked the cradle to the wolf's
long howl at night.

The cradle was an oaken trough, un-
trimmed with costly lace,
But in it nestled, now and then, a bright,
cherubic face;
And Grandma was as happy then as though
a mansion grand
Above her rose like some we see through-
out our lovely land.

I cherish now a lock of hair—'tis not of sil-
ver gray,

She clipped it in the sunlight fair, though
years have passed away—
It is a tress of Grandma's hair, as bright as
when she stood,
And blushing took her bridal vows within
the pathless wood.

On yonder hill, this golden morn, she takes
her dreamless rest;
The wrinkled hands, so often kissed, lie
crossed upon her breast;
And gently on her finger, e'er we laid her
form away,
We placed the simple ring she wore upon
her wedding-day.



THE DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBER.

WORN and weary, seedy and sad, an
editor sat him down
'Mid work and rubbish, paper and dust,
with many a wrinkled frown,
He sighed when he thought of his paper
bills, his rent, and board and wood,
And groaned when the copy fiend yelled out,
as he there in the doorway stood.

"What do people fancy," he said, "an editor
lives upon?
Air and water, glory and debt, till his toil-
some life is done?
I'll stop their papers, every one, till their
honest debts they pay,
And mark their names off the mailing book
for ever and ever aye.

"Take this copy, double lead, and mark
with a pencil blue,
And send to all who are in arrears, from ten
years down to two."
And then to the copy-hungry boy he handed
a penciled scrawl
Of hieroglyphics, straggling, wild, all
tangled, and lean and tall.

When scarce a fortnight had dragged its
length of tired-out hours away,
There came to the heart of the editor a glad-
some joy one day;
'Twas only a letter from Gordon's Mill, in a
hand both weak and old,
But out of it fell a treasured coin of solid
beautiful gold!

The letter claimed his interest then, and so
he slowly read
The scrawled, but simple and honest words,
and this is what they said:
"Dear Editor: I read the lines you marked
and sent to me,
So I send this piece of gold and ask if you
will agree

"To send my paper right along, and forget
the debt I owed,
For I've took your paper for twenty year,
and so far as e'er I know'd,
I never owed no man a cent till about four
years ago,
When my poor wife died, and the crops
was bad, and the fever laid me low.

"And times hain't never been the same to little Liz and me—
For we are all that's left behind—and since my eyes can't see,
She always reads the paper, and it's been our only cheer
And brought us all the news and fun we've had for many a year.

"I'm gettin' old and feeble, now, and down with the rheumatiz,
And there's the paper left to me; just that and little Liz.
We couldn't bear to lose it now, it's been with us so long,
Till its very name is music, like an old time happy song.

"This twenty-dollar piece of gold will pay for all I owe,
And what is over and above, just keep, and let it go
Toward paying for the paper till a brighter, better day;
And send to Liz, she'll need it then, when I am called away."

Glad and thankful the editor was, as he knew that there was one
Who loved and could appreciate the work that he had done.
He felt that life was not in vain, and smiled through happy tears;
And then on the mailing book he wrote:
"Paid up for twenty years."

—Margaret A. Oldham.



A TRAGEDY OF THE PLAINS.

WHAT is that? Look closer and you will see that it is a gaunt, grim wolf, creeping out of the little grove of cottonwoods towards a buffalo calf gamboling about its mother.

Raise your eyes a little more, and you will see that the prairie beyond is alive with buffalo. Count them! You might as well try to count the leaves on a giant maple! They are moving foot by foot as they crop the juicy grass, and living waves rise and fall as the herd slowly sweeps on. Afar out to the right and left, mere specks on the plain, are the flankers—brave old buffaloes which catch a bite of grass and then sniff the air and scan the horizon for intimation of danger. They are the sentinels of the herd, and right well can they be trusted.

The wolf creeps nearer! All the afternoon the herd has fed in peace, and as it now moves toward the distant river it is all unconscious that danger is near. Look you

well and watch the wolf for you are going to see such a sight as not one man in ten thousand has ever beheld.

Creep—crawl—skulk—now behind a knoll, now drawing himself over the grass, now raising his head above a thistle to mark the locality of his victim. It is a lone, shambling, skulking wolf, lame and spiteful and treacherous. Wounded or ailing, he has been left alone to get on as best he may, and his green eyes light up with fiercer blaze as he draws nearer and nearer to his unconscious prey.

There! No, he is yet too far away. Creep, creep, creep! Now he is twenty feet away—now fifteen—now ten. He hugs the earth, gathers his feet under him, then leaps through the air as if shot from a gun. He is rolling the calf over and over on the grass in three seconds after he springs. Now watch!

A cry of pain from the calf—a furious bellow from the mother as she wheels and

charges the wolf—a startled movement from a dozen of the nearest animals, and a rush begins. The one wolf is magnified into a hundred, the hundred into a thousand. Short, sharp bellows, snorts of alarm, a rush, and in fifty seconds after the wolf has wet his fangs with blood that living mass is in motion to get away from an unknown terror. The waves rise higher and higher as the confusion spreads. One instant it seems as if ten thousand solid acres of prairie were moving bodily away; again waves rise and fall as the cowards behind rush upon those in front who wait to sniff the air and learn the danger. In one minute the alarm runs down the herd to the leaders—further than the eye can see, and the entire herd is off at a mad gallop, heads down, eyes rolling, and no thought but that of escape. If Lake Erie were to dash itself against a wall the shock would be no greater than the awful crash with which this mass of rattling hoofs, sharp horns and hairy bodies would meet it. The clatter of hoofs and rattle of horns would drown the noise of a brigade of cavalry dashing over a stone-paved road.

Ride out on their trail. Here where the stampede began the ground is torn and furrowed as if a thousand cannon had been firing solid shot at targets. Here and there are calves which have been gored or crushed, here and there older animals with broken legs and disabling wounds. Here, where the herd was fairly off, you might as well hunt for a gold dollar as a blade of grass. You look for three miles as you look across it. It is a trail of dirt and dust and ruts and furrows, where half an hour ago was a carpet of green grass and smiling flowers. The most dreadful cyclone known to man could not have left more horrible scars behind.

Miles away, on the bank of a winding,

growling river, are three white-topped emigrant wagons. A camp-fire blazes up to boil the kettles; men, women and children stand about, peering over the setting sun at the distant mountains and glad that their journey is almost done. Butterflies come and go on lazy wing, the crickets chirp cheerily in the grass, and the eagles sailing in the blue evening air have no warning to give.

Hark! Is that thunder?

Men and women turn in their tracks as they look in vain for a cloud in the sky. That rumble comes again as they look into each other's faces. It grows louder as women turn pale and men reach for their trusty rifles. The ground trembles, and afar off comes a din which strikes terror to the heart. "Indians!" they whisper. No! A thousand times better for them if the savage Pawnee dared ride down where those long-barreled rifles could speak in defence of a peaceful camp.

"A stampede of buffaloes!" gasps one of the men as he catches sight of the advance guard under the awful cloud of dust. Rifles are held ready for a shot, and the children climb up on the heavy wagon wheels to see the strange procession gallop past.

Here they come! Crack! crack! crack! from three rifles, and a shout as each bullet tells. Next instant a shaggy head, followed by a dust-covered body, rushes through the camp. Then another and another. The men shout and wave their hands; the women and children turn paler yet.

The roar and din shut out every other sound, and the wagons jar and tremble with the concussion. Now another shaggy head—another—half a dozen—a score—a hundred—a great living wave which sweeps along with the power of a tornado, followed by others more fierce and strong, and the camp is blotted off the face of the earth as

completely as by the power of Heaven.
Nothing to be seen, no shout to be heard.
Wave followed wave across the spot, over
the bank, into the stream and across, and
when the last of the herd has passed, the

keenest hunter can find on that spot nothing
of wood or iron or cloth or bone or flesh
to prove that a dozen men, women and
children were there wiped out of ex-
istence.



THE MIGHT OF LOVE.

THERE is work, good man, for you to-day!"

So the wife of Jamie cried,
"For a ship at Garl'ston, on Solway,
Is beached, and her coal's to be got away
At the ebbing time of tide."

"And, lassie, would you have me start,
And make for Solway sands?
You know that I, for my poor part,
To help me, have nor horse nor cart—
I have only just my hands!"

"But, Jamie, be not, till ye try,
Of honest chances baulked;
For, mind ye, man, I'll prophesy
That while the old ship's high and dry
Her master'll have her caulked."

And far and near the men were pressed,
As the wife saw in her dreams.
"Aye," Jamie said, "she knew the best,"
As he went under with the rest
To caulk the open seams.

And while the outward-flowing tide
Moaned like a dirge of woe,
The ship's mate from the beach-belt cried:
"Her hull is heeling toward the side
Where the men are at work below!"

And the cartmen, wild and open-eyed,
Made for the Solway sands—
Men heaving men like coals aside,
For now it was the master cried:
"Run for your lives, all hands!"

Like dead leaves in the sudden swell
Of the storm, upon that shout,
Brown hands went fluttering up and fell,
As, grazed by the sinking planks, pell-mell
The men came hurtling out!

Thank God, thank God, the peril's past!
"No! no!" with blanching lip,
The master cries. "One man, the last,
Is caught, drawn in, and grappled fast
Betwixt the sands and the ship!"

"Back, back, all hands! Get what you can—
Or pick, or oar, or stave."
This way and that they breathless ran,
And came and fell to, every man,
To dig him out of his grave!

"Too slow! too slow! the weight will kill!
Up, make your hawsers fast!"
Then every man took hold with a will—
A long pull and a strong pull—still
With never a stir o' the mast!

"Out with the cargo!" Then they go
At it with might and main.
"Back to the sands! too slow, too slow!
He's dying, dying! yet, heave, ho!
Heave ho! there, once again!"

And now on the beach at Garl'ston stood
A woman whose pale brow wore
Its love like a queenly crown; and the blood
Ran curdled and cold as she watched the
flood
That was racing in to the shore.

On, on it trampled, stride by stride.
It was death to stand and wait;
And all that were free threw picks aside,
And came up dripping out o' th' tide,
And left the doomed to his fate.

But lo! the great sea trembling stands;
Then, crawling under the ship,
As if for the sake of the two white hands

Reaching over the wild, wet sands,
Slackened that terrible grip.

"Come to me, Jamie! God grants the way,"
She cries, "for lovers to meet."
And the sea, so cruel, grew kind, they say,
And, wrapping him tenderly round with
spray,
Laid him dead at her feet.



A TENEMENT HOUSE GUEST.

IN a tenement house, on west side of New York City, lives Mrs. M'Ginnis, and she earns her bread over a wash-tub.

She had just put her washing into the boiler, and sat down to take an "aisy breath or two," when she saw a curious apparition in her doorway. It was the figure of an old man, but so bent, so thin, so tattered, so shaggy and unshorn, that, for an instant, Mrs. M'Ginnis thought she confronted something that was not of flesh and blood.

"And is it anything ye wahnt of me, me gude man?"

"Is she here?"

"Who, me gude man? Who do you mane?"

"Me little girl," he answered; and the dim old eyes began to brighten.

Then Mrs. M'Ginnis' eyes became obscured. She thought her guest's mind was wandering, and was touched. She was frightened, too, but she spread her humble board with the best she had, and urged him to eat. Then she flew to summon her immediate and intimate neighbors. This was an event that called for outside counsel and support.

Billy Blair, his mother's eldest, twenty years old, and as big as any giant in the "Pilgrim's Progress," was at home enjoying a holiday, because of a death in the firm that employed him. Being the only repre-

sentative of male wisdom present, he assumed control of the meeting without opposition.

The old man, refreshed by food and rest, rocked softly and began to talk.

"I wahnt to find me little girl."

"Who is yer little girl?" asked Billy. "What's her name?"

"Her name? It's Nora Grady, of course; and me own name, it's Thomas."

"When did yer little girl lave ye?"

"Whin did she lave me?" echoed the old man. "Sure it's bin menny a long year; but I've got the figgers here, and a mark in the paper for ivery year she's been gone," and he fished from some invisible pocket among his tatters a folded paper, as worn and soiled as himself.

"It were in the year 1850 she sailed for Ameriky," he said, looking intently at the figures on the paper, "and she's been gone all that time, has me little girl."

"And how old is she?" asked Billy.

"Sixteen,—me little girl's sixteen, and she had the purtiest face and curliest hair of any lass in the country."

"But she's grown older, ye know, poor mon; she's an old woman now, surely," said Mrs. Blair.

"No; she's me little girl," he answered, with pitiful assurance in his voice.

"Does she expect ye?" asked Mrs. Nolan.

"Naw," said the old man, with a childish twinkle in his faded eyes, "naw; it's a surprise I'll give her. She'll be glad to see me; she'll be plazed at me bein' here, indade."

"When did ye last hear from her?" asked Mrs. M'Ginnis.

"In Siptimber, and here's the letter she sent, wid her own name at the bottom."

Billy, the superior brain of the council, took the letter and pored intently over its grimy surface, at last reaching the name at the end. There it was, to be sure, as plain as a stone wall, "Nora Grady, No. 167 — Street, Jersey City."

"But what will Nora do wid ye, me mon, if she hez nary a home of her own?" asked far-seeing Mrs. Blair.

"She writ me long ago that she had money in the bank; she'll be glad to see me, I know," he answered, a look of trust in his faded eyes.

His new friends soon set about improving his personal appearance. Billy made some donations from his own limited wardrobe, and the others supplied the remaining deficiencies from stores as scanty. A bath was administered, with Billy as chief operator and medical adviser, and a barber's apprentice in the basement cheerfully added his skill to complete the transformation.

These experiences exhausted the old man. When he had been made over, externally, he was too weak to sit up, and was transferred to Billy's bed, a decent but not dainty couch.

Then Mrs. M'Ginnis went to Jersey City in search of the "little girl," taking with her the precious letter as evidence of the truth of her story. How strange it was that these men and women, who in the morning had been unaware of his existence, were now more interested in his fortunes than in anything else in the world.

They tiptoed in and out of Mrs. Blair's

room, not wishing to disturb the sick guest. Yet the old man was not asleep. His dim eyes were fixed on the dull wall of Billy's little room, though, in reality, they were looking backward through the long years, groping in the mists of memory for faces and figures that had vanished from the earth. Mrs. Blair came out with a cup in her hand and tears in her eyes.

"I'm afraid he's sinking," she whispered to the hushed group. "He hez no strength at all."

The hours went by slowly, very slowly. Nine, ten, at last eleven o'clock struck, and still Mrs. M'Ginnis did not come, nor did the "little girl." Suddenly every pulse quickened, every eye dilated. They were coming; the watchers heard the sound of two pairs of feet on the stairs, and the swish of women's garments.

The door opened, and Mrs. M'Ginnis entered. Behind her came—not the "little girl" who had so long held a place in the old man's memory; not the curly-headed, girlish Nora, but an old woman, bent and broken by toil, with furrowed face and rough, work-worn hands.

They had all known that she must look like this. They had talked it over and prepared themselves for it, yet the reality was a shock to them. The weeping women took her in their arms, and the men shook her hand with a hearty "God bless ye."

"Here's Nora, here's yer daughter," said Mrs. M'Ginnis to the old man, as she led Nora to the bedside.

He made no reply. She touched his hand and bent over him, speaking softly: "Here's your 'little girl.'"

His eyes lighted up with joy as they wandered round the bleak room, passing by Nora and looking out through the open door. "Where? Where? I don't see me

little girl. Where is she?" he gasped, trying to lift his head from the pillow.

"Feyther, feyther, don't you know me? I'm Nora, feyther; don't you know me?" said the woman, over whose seamed face the tears were falling like rain.

"Nora's a little girl," he answered, trembling, moving his shrunken head as though trying to disperse the mists of memory. "She has bright eyes, and curly hair as black as night."

They raised his head that he might see Nora better.

"Feyther, feyther," she cried, stroking his thin hands, "Feyther, I'm Nora, I'm your little girl."

Something in her voice scattered the mists that obscured his mind—some tone be-

longing to the little girl was still heard in the voice of the woman, and his ear caught it. The faded eyes became very bright, and he reached out both hands with the glad cry,—“Me little girl, me Nora!” and suddenly let them fall.

Bending close to his white face, they saw that he was no longer with them. He had gone into a new country, the beautiful new country of our dreams, lighted thither by the joy of sudden recognition. Love knows neither age nor time. Others saw Nora as an old woman; but by the light of love, and that other light which cometh from afar, he saw a bright-faced little girl, and while his glad eyes dwelt hungrily on hers, he departed to the wonderful, new “Ameriky,” where the sun shall always shine.



A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

GIRT round with rugged mountains
the fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected, shine back the
starry skies;
And watching each white cloudlet float si-
lently and slow,
You think a piece of heaven lies on our
earth below!

Midnight is there; and silence enthroned in
heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror, upon a sleep-
ing town;
For Bregenz, that quaint city upon the
Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance a thou-
sand years and more.

Her battlements and towers, upon their
rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadows of ages
on the deep;

Mountain, and lake, and valley, a sacred
legend know,
Of how the town was saved one night,
three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred, a Tyrol
maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys, and toil for
daily bread;
And every year that fledged so silently and
fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her the mem-
ory of the past.

She served kind, gentle masters, nor asked
for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones, their
speech seemed no more strange;
And when she led her cattle to pasture every
day,
She ceased to look and wonder on which
side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz, with long-
ing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded in a deep
mist of years;
She heeded not the rumors of Austrian war
or strife;
Each day she rose contented, to the calm
toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children would
clustering round her stand,
She sang them the old ballads of her own
native land;
And when at morn and evening she knelt
before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood rose to her
lips alone.

And so she dwelt; the valley more peace-
ful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents of some
great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending upon its
fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered, with
looks cast on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one, the women
gathered round;
All talk of flax, or spinning, or work, was
put away;
The very children seemed afraid to go alone
to play.

One day, out in the meadow with strangers
from the town,
Some secret plan discussing, the men
walked up and down,
Yet now and then seemed watching a
strange uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees that
stood below the stream.

At eye they all assembled, all care and
doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted, the board
was nobly spread.
The elder of the village rose up, his glass in
hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall of an
accursed land!

"The night is growing darker, ere one more
day is flown,
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold, Bregenz
shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror (yet pride, too,
had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden felt death within
her heart.

Before her, stood fair Bregenz, once more
her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her? Only
her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk, the day of child-
hood flown,
The echoes of her mountains reclaimed
her as their own!

Nothing she heard around her (though
shouts rang out again);
Gone were the green Swiss valleys, the
pasture and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision, and in her
heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz, and
then if need be, die!"

With trembling haste, and breathless, with
noiseless step she sped;
Horses and weary cattle were standing in
the shed;
She loosed the strong white charger, that
fed from out her hand,
She mounted and she turned his head
toward her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—faster, and
still more fast;

The smooth grass flies behind her, the
chestnut wood is passed;

She looks up; clouds are heavy: Why is
her steed so slow?—

Scarcely the wind beside them, can pass
them as they go.

“Faster!” she cries. “Oh, faster!” Eleven
the church-bells chime;

“O God,” she cries, “help Bregenz, and
bring me there in time!”

But louder than bells’ ringing, or lowing
of the kine,

Grows nearer in the midnight the rushing
of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters their headlong
gallop check?

The steed draws back in terror, she leans
above his neck

To watch the flowing darkness, the bank
is high and steep,

One pause—he staggers forward, and
plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the darkness, and
looser throws the rein;

Her steed must breast the waters that dash
above his mane.

How gallantly, how nobly, he struggles
through the foam,

And see—in the far distance, shine out the
lights of home!

Up the steep bank he bears her, and now
they rush again

Towards the heights of Bregenz, that
tower above the plain.

They reach the gate of Bregenz, just as the
midnight rings,

And out come serf and soldier to meet the
news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight her battle-
ments are manned;

Defiance greets the army that marches on
the land.

And if to deeds heroic should endless fame
be paid,

Bregenz does well to honor the noble
Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished, and yet
upon the hill

An old stone gateway rises, to do her honor
still.

And there, when Bregenz women sit spin-
ning in the shade,

They see the quaint old carving, the
charger and the maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz, by gate-
way, street, and tower,

The warder paces all night long, and calls
each passing hour;

“Nine,” “ten,” “eleven,” he cries aloud and
then (O crown of fame!)

When midnight pauses in the skies he calls
the maiden’s name.



THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

THE gret big church wuz crowded full
uv broadcloth an’ uv silk,

An’ satins rich as cream thet grows on our
ol’ brindle’s milk;

Shined boots, biled shirts, stiff dickeys an’
stovepipe hats were there,

An’ doods ’ith thouserloons so tight they
couldn’t kneel down in prayer.

The elder in his poolpit high, said, as he
slowly riz:

“Our organist is kep’ to hum, laid up ’ith
roomatiz,

An’ as we hev no substitoot, as Brother
Moore aint here,

Will some’un in the congregation be so
kind’s to volunteer?”

An' then a red-nosed, drunken tramp, of
 low-toned, rowdy style,
 Give an interductory hiccup, an' then stag-
 gered up the aisle.
 Then through thet holy atmosphere there
 crep' a sense er sin,
 An' through thet air of sanctity the odor uv
 old gin.

Then Deacon Purington he yelled, his teeth
 all set on edge;
 "This man purfanes the house er God!
 W'y, this is sacrilege!"
 The tramp didn't hear a word he said, but
 slouched 'ith stumblin' feet,
 An' sprawled an' staggered up the steps,
 an' gained the organ seat.

He then went pawin' through the keys, an'
 soon there rose a strain
 Thet seemed to jest bulge out the heart an'
 'lectrify the brain;
 An' then he slapped down on the thing 'ith
 hands an' head an' knees,
 He slam-dashed his hull body down kerflop
 upon the keys.

The organ roared, the music flood went
 sweepin' high an' dry;
 It swelled into the rafters an' bulged out
 into the sky,
 The ol' church shook an' staggered an'
 seemed to reel an' sway,
 An' the elder shouted "Glory!" and I yelled
 out "Hooray!"

An' then he tried a tender strain thet melted
 in our ears,
 Thet brought up blessed memories and
 drenched 'em down 'ith tears;
 An' we dreamed uv ol' time kitchens 'ith
 Tabby on the mat,
 Uv home an' luv an' baby-days an' mother
 an' all that!

An' then he struck a streak uv hope—a song
 from souls forgiven—
 Thet burst from prison-bars uv sin an'
 stormed the gates uv heaven;
 The morning stars they sung together,—no
 soul wuz left alone,—
 We felt the universe wuz safe, an' God wuz
 on his throne!

An' then a wail uv deep despair an' darkness
 come again,
 An' long, black crape hung on the doors uv
 all the homes uv men;
 No luv, no light, no joy, no hope, no songs
 of glad delight,
 An' then—the tramp, he staggered down an'
 reeled into the night!

But we knew he'd tol' his story, though he
 never spoke a word.
 An' it was the saddest story thet our ears
 had ever heard;
 He hed tol' his own life history, an' no eye
 was dry thet day,
 W'en the elder rose an' simply said: "My
 brethren, let us pray."



A NEWSBOY IN CHURCH.

WELL, ye see, I'd sold my papers,
 Every bloomin', blessed one,
 And was strollin' round the corner,
 Just a prospectin' for fun.
 I was loafin' by the railin'
 Of that church you see right there,

With its crosses and its towers,
 Kind o' settin' off the square.
 And I got a sort o' lonesome,
 For the gang—they weren't round,
 When I heard a noise of music,
 Seemed like comin' from the ground.

It was nothin' but some singin',
 But it sounded mighty fine;
 Course, I ain't no judge o' them things,
 'An' it's no affair o' mine.
 Then it seemed to kind o' weaken
 And I didn't hear it plain,
 Till the band struck up a-whoopin',
 And I heard it all again.
 Well, there seemed to be a show there,
 That I thought I'd like to see,
 An' there was so many goin',
 I jest says: "I'll bet it's free."
 So I looks around the corner
 An' I makes a careful search,
 For I knew the kids 'ud "guy" me,
 If they heard I'd been to church.
 Well, there weren't a soul a-lookin'
 So I up and walks right in,
 An' I sat down in a corner
 While they finished up their hymn.

Well, sir, blow me, if I ever
 Was so taken all aback—
 There was marching up the aisle a
 Gang of kids, in white and black.
 They were singin' just like angels,
 And they looked so slick and nice
 That I wondered where they got 'em;
 Were they always kept on ice.
 And they wore a long, black cloak, sir,
 Comin' to their very feet,
 And an overall of white stuff,
 Just like what is in a sheet.
 Then some men came up behind them
 Singin' loudly, as they came,
 But, although the kids was weaker,
 They all got there, just the same.
 Then, behind the whole procession,
 Came two men, 'most all in white,
 And they wore some fancy biz'ness,
 An' they looked just out o' sight.
 But they didn't do no singin',
 Jest kept still, and looked ahead.

An' sez I, I'll bet they're runnin'
 All the show—that's what I said.
 Then they all got up in front there,
 And the music sounded grand,
 But, to save my neck, I couldn't
 Get a sight, sir, of the band.
 I could hear it as distinctly,
 So I guessed it must be near,
 But I saw no men, nor nothin',
 An' I thought it very queer.

Well, a man was standin' near me,
 An' I touched him with my hand,
 Then he looked aroun' and saw me,
 An' sez I, "Say, where's the band?"
 An' he looked at me a-grinnin',
 Just as tho' I'd make a joke,—
 That 'ere look he gave me made me
 Kind o' sorry that I'd spoke.
 Then he says: "Why, that's the organ,
 All those pipes you see up there,
 One man plays it with his fingers,
 And another pumps the air."
 Here the music stopped so sudden
 That I 'most forgot myself;
 And I heard some man a-talkin'
 From a book laid on a shelf.
 Then they all got up and read some,
 First the man, and then the crowd,
 After that they knelt down softly,
 And I see their heads were bowed,
 So I bows my head down, too, sir,
 And I listens t' every word;
 But I didn't understand them
 Every time they said, "Good Lord."
 Well, they kept that up some longer,
 Till a plate came down the aisle,
 And some people dropped in money
 An' some others dropped a smile.
 (I suppose they'd come on passes
 For they were allowed to stay.)
 So I gave 'em my four pennies,
 That was all I had that day.

Then a kid got up in front there
With a paper in his hand—
All the rest was sittin' quiet—
And the man tuned up the band,
Then that kid began a-singin'
Till I thought my heart 'ud break,
For my throat was full o' chokin'
And my hands began to shake.
Well, I never seen no angels,
And their songs I've never heard,
But I'll bet that there's no angel
Beats that kid—for he's a bird.
He was lookin' like a picture,
With his robes of white and black,
And I felt my tears a-comin',
For I couldn't keep 'em back,
And I wondered if he always
Was as good as he looked there,
Singin' all about the angels,
"Angels ever bright and fair."
Well, thinks I, I guess it's easy
To be good and sing so sweet,
But, you know, it's kind o' different
Sellin' papers on the street.

When the kid got through his singin'
I got up and made a sneak,
And I got outside the church there,
And, indeed, I couldn't speak.
Then I ran across the gang, sir,
They were hangin' round for me.
But I somehow didn't want them,
And just why, I couldn't see.
So I said I couldn't join 'em
'Cos I had another date,
And I went on walkin' homeward,
Like a kid without a mate.
And I sneaked in just as quiet
And I lay down on my bed,
Till I slept and got a-dreamin'
About angels overhead.
And they wore such shiny garments,
And they sang so sweet and fine,
And the one right in the middle
Was that singin' kid of mine.
Now, I kind o' want to know, sir
(So I'm asking you, ye see),
If them kids can all be angels,
Is there any show for me?





Encores

This department is supplementary to all the other departments in this work, and contains pieces suitable for recitation when a speaker has been recalled by the audience.



MARK TWAIN AS A FARMER.

I HAVE been introduced to you as an experienced agriculturist. I love the farm. Adam loved the farm. Noah loved his vineyards. Horace loved the farm, as is shown by that great book, "What I Know About Farming." Washington, Webster and Beecher were allured by the attractions of agriculture. Some one said to Beecher: "Keep your cows out of my shrubbery." "Keep your shrubbery out of my cows," replied Beecher. "It spoils the milk." Hogs are hard animals to drive over a bridge. I once saw a man carried several miles on the back of a hog that turned back in opposition to the solicitations of the driver on approaching a bridge. I will tell you of a safe way to get hogs over a bridge. Kill them and draw them over in a wagon. Hogs are fond of spring lambs and spring chickens. Hogs will eat their own offspring if no lambs or chickens are offered in the market.

When a boy I was solicited to escort a pig to a neighbor's farm. A strong rope tied to the pig's leg was placed in my hand; I did not know before the speed and strength of a pig. But they do not run the way you want them to run. A pig can draw a canal-boat with the tow-line tied to his hind leg, but I would not insure the canal-boat. Hogs are cleanly, orderly, silent and not bent on mischief—when cut up and salted and in a tight barrel, with a heavy weight on the lid. This is all I know about hogs.

I love cows. What is so meek and low-ly as a mooley cow? City people are foolish to be frightened at cows. I was never hurt by a cow but once. He shook his head at me from behind a strong gate. I felt the security of my position and shied a pumpkin at him. He came through the gate as though it were a spider's web, and then I was sorry I did it. This kind of a cow should not be fooled with unless you are tired of monotony. The poet loves to dwell upon milkmaids, milking-time and lovers sparking over the farmyard gate, but no such poet could ever have milked a cow in fly time. I cannot imagine a successful love suit at such a season. I milked the cows one night when the boys were off on a Fourth of July. That is, I milked one and one-half cows.

The last one was so busy knocking off flies with her hind foot I thought I had better not disturb her longer. A pail of fresh milk kicked over a boy does not improve his clothes or temper. Some say I milked from the wrong side. I thought I would be sure and be right, so I milked half on one side and half on the other. I was on the other side when she knocked off most flies. Can any one tell me why a cow should be permitted to dictate which side a man shall milk from? I claim the right of my choice at least half of the time.

Sheep are my special delight. How gracefully the lambs gambol over the green. I trust you never gamble over the green.

Nothing so patient and modest as a sheep. Some say a scamp is the black sheep of the flock, but a black sheep is just as respectable as any, and the color line should not thus be drawn. I once fished on a bluff and casually discovered a sheep with large crooked horns coming at me with head down and fire in his eyes. The fish were not biting well, so I left my sport and dodged behind a stump. The sheep fell on the rocks below and broke her neck. For this act I have since been accused of non-protection in the wool traffic. This reminds me of a commissioner of agriculture in old times who purchased six hydraulic rams for the improvement of American flocks. Feather beds are made from geese, but all woolen goods and drums are made from sheepskins.

I take great pride in the horse. "He is the noblest Roman of them all." I once led Stephens' horse to water. How proudly he arched his neck and tail. He was so fond of me that he tried to embrace me with his front feet. But I was so shy he turned about and playfully knocked my hat off with his heels. I told Stephens I thought horses looked much better walking on four feet than on two feet. A horse presses hard when your toe is caught under the hoof. I speak not from theory, but from actual experience. I went riding with Stephens' horse and he shied and danced provokingly. "Treat him kindly," said Stephens; "never beat a horse." By and by Stephens thought he would get out and walk for exercise. "You may let him feel the lash a little now," said Stephens. "A little discipline now will do him good."

Here is a composition I wrote on farming when a boy: Farming is healthy work; but no man can run a farm and wear his best clothes at the same time. Either the farm-

ing must cease while the new clothes continue or the new clothes must cease while the farming continues. This shows that farming is not so clean work as being a congressman or schoolmaster, for these men can wear good clothes if they can find money to pay for them. Farmers get up early in the morning. They say the early bird catches the worm. If I was a bird, I had rather get up late and eat cherries in place of worms. Farmers don't paint their wagons when they can help it, for they show mud too quick. The color of their boots is red, and don't look like other people's boots, because they are twice as big. Farmers' wives have a hard time cooking for hired men, and the hired men find fault with the farmers' wives' cooking. Why don't farmers' wives let the hired men do the cooking while they do the finding fault?

Farmers don't get as rich as bank presidents, but they get more exercise. Some ask, "Why don't farmers run for Congress?" They run so much keeping boys out of their peach orchards and melon patches they don't have any time to run after anything else. If Congress should run after farmers, one might be caught now and then. Lawyers can beat farmers at running for most anything. I know a farmer who tried to run a line fence according to his notion. The other man objected and hurt the farmer. The farmer hired a lawyer to run his line fence, and now the lawyer runs the farmer's farm and the farmer has stopped running anything. Speaking of running reminds me of our calf that ran away to the woods. There were not enough men in the county to catch that calf. We turned the old cow loose in the woods, and she caught the calf, proving the old saying that it takes a cow to catch a thief.

—*Samuel L. Clemens.*

THE QUEER LITTLE HOUSE.

THERE'S a queer little house
 And it stands in the sun.
 When the good mother calls
 The children all run.
 While under her roof
 They are cozy and warm,
 Though the cold wind may whistle
 And bluster and storm.

In the daytime, this queer
 Little house moves away,
 And the children run after it,
 Happy and gay;
 But it comes back at night,
 And the children are fed,
 And tucked up to sleep
 In a soft feather-bed.

This queer little house
 Has no windows nor doors—
 The roof has no shingles,
 The rooms have no floors—
 No fireplace, chimney,
 Nor stove can you see,
 Yet the children are cozy
 And warm as can be.

The story of this
 Funny house is all true,
 I have seen it myself,
 And I think you have, too;
 You can see it to-day,
 If you watch the old hen,
 When her downy wings cover
 Her chickens again.



THE FOOLISH LITTLE MAIDEN.

A FOOLISH little maiden bought a foolish
 little bonnet,
 With a ribbon, and a feather, and a bit of
 lace upon it;
 And, that the other maidens of the little
 town might know it,
 She thought she'd go to meeting the next
 Sunday just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce
 larger than a dime,
 The getting of it settled proved to be a
 work of time;
 So when 'twas fairly tied, and the bells had
 stopped their ringing,
 And when she came to meeting, sure
 enough, the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and wait-
 ed at the door;
 And she shook her ruffles out behind and
 smoothed them down before.

"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" sang the choir
 above her head.
 "Hardly knew you! Hardly knew you!"
 were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very,
 very cross,
 That she gave her little mouth a twist, her
 little head a toss;
 For she thought the very hymn they sang
 was all about her bonnet,
 With the ribbon, and the feather, and the
 bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the
 sermon or the prayer,
 But pattered down the silent street, and
 hurried down the stair,
 Till she reached her little bureau, and in a
 band-box on it,
 Had hidden, safe from critic's eye, her fool-
 ish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each
 of you will find
 In every Sabbath service but an echo of
 your mind;

And the silly little head, that's filled with
 silly little airs,
 Will never get a blessing from sermon or
 from prayers.



AIN'T HE CUTE.

ARRAYED in snow-white pants and
 vest

And other raiment fair to view,
 I stood before my sweetheart Sue—
 The charming creature I love best.

"Tell me, and does my costume suit?"
 I asked that apple of my eye,
 And then the charmer made reply—
 "Oh, yes, you do look awful cute!"

Although I frequently had heard
 My sweetheart vent her pleasure so,

I must confess I did not know
 The meaning of that favorite word,

But presently at window side
 We stood and watched the passing
 throng.

And soon a donkey passed along
 With ears like sails extending wide.
 And gazing at the doleful brute
 My sweetheart gave a merry cry—
 I quote her language with a sigh—
 "Oh, Charlie, ain't he awful cute?"



LARRIE O'DEE.

NOW the Widow McGee,
 And Larrie O'Dee,
 Had two little cottages out on the green,
 With just room enough for two pigpens be-
 tween.

The widow was young and the widow was
 fair,

With the brightest of eyes and the brownest
 of hair;

And it frequently chanced when she came
 in the morn

With the swill for her pig, Larrie came with
 the corn.

And some of the ears that he tossed from his
 hand,

In the pen of the widow were certain to
 land.

One morning said he:

"Och! Misthress McGee,

It's a waste of good lumber, this runnin'
 two rigs,

Wid a fancy purtition betwane our two
 pigs!"

"Indade sur, it is!" answered Widow Mc-
 Gee,

With the sweetest of smiles upon Larrie
 O'Dee.

"And thin, it looks kind o' hard-hearted
 and mane,

Kapin' two friendly pigs so exsaxidenly near
 That whinever one grunts the other can
 hear.

And yit kape a cruel partition betwane."

"Shwate Widow McGee,"

Answered Larrie O'Dee,

"If ye fale in your heart we are mane to
 the pigs,

Ain't we mane to ourselves to be runnin'
 two rigs?

Och! it made me heart ache whin I paped
 through the cracks

Of me shanty, lasht March, at yez swingin'
 yer axe;
 An' a bobbin' yer head an' a sthompin' yer
 fate,
 Wid yer purty white hands jisht as red as a
 bate,
 A-sphlittin' yer kindlin'-wood out in the
 shtorm,
 When one little shtove would kape us both
 warm!"

"Now, piggy," said she,

"Larrie's courtin' o' me,

Wid his dilicate tinder allusions to you;

So now yez must tell me jisht what I must
 do:

For, if I'm to say yes, shtir the swill wid
 yer snout;

But if I'm to say no, ye must kape your
 nose out.

Now, Larrie, for shame! to be bribin' a
 pig

By a-tossin' a handful of corn in its shwig!"
 "Me darlint, the piggy says yes," answered
 he.

And that was the courtship of Larrie O'Dee.

W. W. Fink.



ONLY NATION WITH A BIRTHDAY.

THE United States is the only country
 with a known birthday. All the rest
 began, they know not when, and grew into
 power, they know not how. If there had
 been no Independence Day, England and
 America combined would not be so great as

each actually is. There is no "Republican,"
 no "Democrat," on the Fourth of July—all
 are Americans. All feel that their country
 is greater than party.

—*James G. Blaine.*



THE RAIL FENCE.

IN the merry days of boyhood when we
 never knew a care
 Greater than the mumps or measles or a
 mother's cut of hair,
 When a sore toe was a treasure and a stone
 bruise on the heel
 Filled the other boys with envy which they
 tried not to conceal,
 There were many treasured objects on the
 farm we held most dear,
 Orchard, fields, the creek we swam in and
 the old spring cold and clear,
 Over there the woods of hick'ry and of oak
 so deep and dense,
 Looming up behind the outlines of the old
 rail fence.

On its rails the quail would whistle in the
 early summer morn,
 Calling to their hiding fellows in the field
 of waving corn,
 And the meadow larks and robins on the
 stakes would sit and sing
 Till the forest shades behind them with
 their melody would ring.
 There the catbird and the jaybird sat and
 called each other names,
 And the squirrels and the chipmunks
 played the chase and catch me games,
 And the garter snake was often in unpleas-
 ant evidence
 In the grasses in the corners of the old rail
 fence.

As we grew to early manhood when we
 thought the country girls
 In the diadem of beauty were the very fair-
 est pearls
 Oft from spelling school or meeting or the
 jolly shucking bee
 Down the old lane we would wander with
 a merry little "she."
 On the plea of being tired (just the country
 lover lie),
 On a grassy seat we'd linger in the moon-
 light, she and I,
 And we'd paint a future picture touched
 with colors most intense
 As we sat there in the corner of the old
 rail fence.

There one night in happy dreaming we
 were sitting hand in hand,
 Us so near the gates of heaven we could
 almost hear the band,
 When she heard a declaration whispered in
 her lis'ning ear—
 One she often since has told me she was
 mighty glad to hear.
 On my head there's now a desert fringed
 with foliage of gray,
 And there's many a thread of silver in her
 dear old head to-day,
 Yet the flame of love is burning in our
 bosoms as intense
 As it burned in the corner of that old rail
 fence.



WHICH LOVED BEST?

I LOVE you, mother," said little Ben,
 Then forgetting his work, his cap went
 on.
 And he was off to the garden swing,
 And left her the water and wood to bring.
 "I love you, mother," said rosy Nell—
 "I love you better than tongue can tell;"
 Then she teased and pouted full half the
 day,
 Till her mother rejoiced when she went to
 play.
 "I love you, mother," said little Fan,

"To-day I'll help you all I can;
 How glad I am school doesn't keep;"
 So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she fetched the
 broom,
 And swept the floor and tidied the room;
 Busy and happy all day was she,
 Helpful and happy as child could be.
 "I love you, mother," again they said
 Three little children going to bed;
 How do you think that mother guessed
 Which of them really loved her best?



HER FIRST PARTY.

MISS Annabel McCarty
 Was invited to a party,
 "Your company from four to ten," the invi-
 tation said;
 And the maiden was delighted
 To think she was invited
 To sit up till the hour when the big folks
 went to bed.

The crazy little midget
 Ran and told her news to Bridget,
 Who clapped her hands, and danced a jig,
 to Annabel's delight,
 And said, with accents hearty,
 "'Twill be the swatest party
 If ye're there yerself, me darlint!
 I wish it was to-night!"

The great display of frilling
 Was positively killing;
 And, oh, the little booties! and the lovely
 sash so wide!
 And the gloves so very cunning!
 She was altogether "stunning,"
 And the whole McCarty family regarded
 her with pride.

They gave minute directions,
 With copious interjections
 Of "sit up straight!" and "don't do this or
 that—'twould be absurd!"
 But, with their caressing,
 And the agony of dressing,
 Miss Annabel McCarty didn't hear a sin-
 gle word.

There was music, there was dancing,
 And the sight was most entrancing,
 As if fairyland and floral band were hold-
 ing jubilee;

There was laughing, there was pouting;
 There was singing, there was shouting;
 And young and old together made a carni-
 val of glee.

Miss Annabel McCarty
 Was the youngest at the party,
 And every one remarked that she was beau-
 tifully dressed;
 Like a doll she sat demurely
 On a sofa, thinking surely
 It would never do for her to run and frolic
 with the rest.

The noise kept growing louder;
 The naughty boys would crowd her;
 "I think you're very rude, indeed!" the little
 lady said;
 And then, without a warning,
 Her home instructions scorning,
 She screamed: "I want my supper—and I
 want to go to bed!"



THE YOUNG SEAMSTRESS.

(For a girl of seven.)

I AM learning how to sew, though I'm
 such a little maid;
 I push the needle in and out, and make
 the stitches strong;
 I'm sewing blocks of patchwork for my
 dolly's pretty bed,
 And mamma says the way I work it will
 not take me long.
 It's over and over—do you know
 How over-and-over stitches go?
 "I have begun a handkerchief. Mamma
 turned in the edge,
 And basted it with a pink thread to show
 me where to sew;
 It has Greenaway children on it stepping
 staidly by a hedge;

I look at them when I get tired, or the
 needle pricks, you know;
 And that is the way I learn to hem
 With hemming stitches—do you know
 them?
 "Next I shall learn to run, and darn, and
 back-stitch, too, I guess.
 It wouldn't take me long, I know, if
 'twasn't for the thread;
 But the knots keep coming, and besides—I
 shall have to confess—
 Sometimes I slip my thimble off, and use
 my thumb instead!
 When your thread knots, what do you
 do?
 And does it turn all brownish, too?

"My papa, he's a great big man, as much
as six feet high;
He's more than forty, and his hair has
gray mixed with the black;
Well, he can't sew—he can't begin to sew
as well as I.

If he loses off a button, mamma has to
set it back!
You mustn't think me proud, you
know,
But I'm seven, and I can sew!"



BORROWING TROUBLE.

THERE'S many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we but willing to furnish the wings;
So sadly intruding,
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.



WHY BETTY DIDN'T LAUGH.

WHEN I was at the party,"
Said Betty (aged just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair,
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls
Began to laugh, but me—
I didn't laugh a single bit,"
Said Betty, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty—bless her little heart!—
Had been so sweetly kind.
"Why didn't *you* laugh, darling?
Or don't you like to tell?"
"I didn't laugh," said Betty,
"Cause it was me that fell!"



IT'S MY NATURE.

AN aged colored man rose to a standing
position and a point of order the other
night with a tremulous voice and a feeble
mien, and combated a sentiment adverse to
the crushing out of old King Alcohol. Said
he:

"You 'mind me, my bredern and sistern,
of a nannecot I wonse heerd when I was
nigh a pickaninny. Dar was a sh't ho'n
kalf a ramblin' ob hissself down a shady lane,
when wot should he see but a snaik a lying
on the ground with a big rock on his hed.

"Says Mr. Kalf: 'Wot de matter ob you?"

"Says Mr. Snaik: 'Please, Mr. Kalf, to
take dis stone off my hed.'

"'Dunno,' says Mr. Kalf, 'spec you'll
bite me.'

"'Deed, no,' says Mr. Snaik; 'you take de
stone off on' sure I'll neber bite you.'

"So Mr. Kalf he knocked de stone off
Mr. Snaik's hed.

"'Which way you gwine, Mr. Kalf, says
Mr. Snaik.

"'Down dis way,' said Mr. Kalf.

"So dey started off togedder.

"Bine by, Mr. Snaik says: 'Mr. Kalf, guess I'll bite you.'

"'Why,' said Mr. Kalf, 'you said you wouldn't bite if I turned you loose.'

"'I know dat,' says Mr. Snaik, 'but I kan't help it; it's my nature.'

"'Well,' says Mr. Kalf, 'we'll leave that queschun to de fust niggah we meet.'

"Well, de fust niggah they met was a fox.

"'Mr. Fox,' says Mr. Kalf, 'I took a stone offen Mr. Snaik's hed awhile back, an' he promised he wouldn't bite me; an' now he wants to bite anyhow.'

"'Well,' says Mr. Fox, 'de only way I can

arborate de matter is to see de 'rig'nal persishuns ob de parties.'

"So dey went back, an' Mr. Snaik laid hisself down and Mr. Kalf put de stone on his hed.

"'Now,' says Mr. Fox, 'dat am de 'rig'nal persishuns ob de 'sputants, am it?'

"Dey boff said it was.

"'Well,' said Mr. Fox, 'Mr. Kalf, you just go 'bout yo' bis'ness and Mr. Snaik won't bite you.'

"Dass it, my bredern, dass it. You mus' put de stone on de hed an' gwine about yo' bis'ness, an' de Snaik won't bite you."



GRIND YOUR AXE IN THE MORNING.

GRIND your axe in the morning, my boy!"

'Twas a gray old woodcutter spoke,
Beneath whose arm, on his backwoods farm,
Had fallen the elm and oak.

The hickory rough and the hornbeam tough

Had yielded to wheat and corn,
Till his children played 'neath the apple-tree's shade,

By the cabin where they were born.

"Grind your axe in the morning, my boy,"
He said to his lusty son;

"Or the hearts of oak will weary your stroke

Long ere the day is done.
The shag-bark's shell and the hemlock knot
Defy the dull, blunt tool;

And maul as you may, you may waste your day

If your strength is the strength of a fool.

"Grind your axe in the morning, my boy;
Bring the hard, bright steel to an edge;

The bit, like a barber's razor, keen;
The head like a blacksmith's sledge;

And then, through maple, and ironwood,
and ash,

Your stroke resistless shall drive,
Till the forest monarchs around you crash,
And their rugged fibers rive.

"Grind your axe ere the sunrise shines,
With long and patient care,
And whet with the oil-stone, sharp and fine,
Till the edge will clip a hair.

And what though you reel o'er the stubborn steel,

Till the toil your right arm racks,
Pray, how could you cut the white-oak butt,

If you had but a pewter axe?

"Grind your axe and be ready, my lad;
Then afar in the forest glen,
With a steady swing your stroke shall ring,

Keeping time with the stalwart men;
And if you miss your grinding at dawn,
You'll never know manhood's joys;

No triumphs for you the long days through;
You must hack the bush with the boys."

"Grind your axe in the morning," I heard
Life's watchword, rude but clear;

And my soul was stirred at the homely word
 Of the backwoods sage and seer;
 O, youth, whose long day lies before,
 Heed, heed, the woodman's warning!
 Would you fell life's oaks with manly
 strokes,
 You must grind your axe in the morning.

And he who dawdles and plays the fool,
 Nor longs for virtue and knowledge;

Who shirks at work, plays truant from
 school,
 Or "cuts" and "ponies" at college;
 Whose soul no noble ambition fires—
 No hero-purpose employs—
 He must hoe life's fence-row among the
 briers,
 Or hack the brush with the boys.
 —George Lansing Taylor.



LYING IN CHINA.

PEE CHEE and Hung Li and Wun
 Fang and Chin Lo
 Are lying around in China;
 They lie on the banks of the winding Pei-
 ho
 And in other dark spots in China;
 Gum Shoo and Dun Kee and Wun Lung
 and Yip Ye
 And Hung Lo and Hip La and Sam Yu
 and Ong We
 Are all kept as busy as they can be
 Just lying around in China.

When the guns cease to roar and the smoke
 drifts away
 They will still lie around in China;
 Hung Hi and Li Lo and Wun Chin and
 Kin Say
 Will be lying around in China!
 They have caused us to hope and then left
 us to grieve,
 And the lies that they tell and the fibs that
 they weave
 Are things that the world must decline to
 believe;
 Now let them lie down in China!



EASTER.

A NIGHT, a day, another night had
 passed
 Since that strange day of sorrow and amaze
 When, on the cruel cross of Calvary,
 The pure and holy Son of Man had died.
 Scattered were they who once had followed
 Him:
 Silent the tongues that once had hailed
 Him king;
 Heavy the hearts that loved Him as their
 Lord.

A few sad women who had followed close
 When Joseph bore Him from the cross
 away,

And saw the sepulcher made fast and sure,
 Came early when the Sabbath day was
 past,
 Bringing sweet spices to the sacred tomb;
 And lo! the heavy stone was rolled away.
 They looked within and saw the empty
 place,
 And mournfully unto each other said,
 "Where have they laid the body of our
 Lord?"

But as they drew with lingering steps
 away,
 An angel, clad in shining garments, said,

"Why seek among the dead, the risen
Lord?

Did He not say that He would rise again!
He is arisen; quickly go and tell
The great glad tidings to His followers."
With joyful haste they bore the wondrous
news,

And on from lip to lip the story passed:
"The Lord is risen, risen from the dead."

So broke the morning of the gospel day;
So came the heavenly springtime to the
world.

As in the trembling light of early dawn,
And in the first faint pulsings of the spring,
We read the promise of the day's high sun,
And the glad gathering of the harvest
sheaves,

So in the dawning of that Easter morn,
There shone the brightness that was yet
to be.

The day has risen to its noontide hour,
And still the joyful message is as sweet
As when, on Easter morning long ago,
The women told it in Jerusalem,—
"The Lord is risen, risen from the dead."
Repeat the message, O ye happy ones,

Upon whose hearts no darkness ever fell!
Repeat it, ye upon whose rayless night,
The brightness of His shining has come in!
And ye who are afar, take the refrain,
"The Lord is risen, risen from the dead,"
And with the joyful news the light will
come.

O lily white, yield all your rich perfume!
O bird, sing ever sweet your vernal song!
O brook, glance brightly in the morning
sun!

Lend all your charms to grace the hallowed
day

Wherein we sing the ever-new, glad song,
"The Lord is risen, risen from the dead."

Christ is risen! Let the swell
Of the holy Easter bell
All the wond'rous story tell.

Sound, O bell, your dulcet ring!
Lift, O child, your voice, and sing,
For again has come the King.

And, fair lily, lift your head;
All your sweetest incense shed;
Christ is risen from the dead!

—*Marion Riche.*



THE BUILDERS.

ONCE there was a sort of a sailor
man—

Kind that loves to study an' plan;
Had no reverence under the sun
For a thing that's only half-way done.
Made no difference to him, it 'pears,
If it'd been that way ten thousand years.
So he sailed, one day, out into the sea,
Past the bound of all seas that used to be;
Past the rim of the world; past the edge
of things,
Down the slant of the sky where chaos
springs;

Past the hem of the twilight's dusky robe;
Down the slope of the globe—'fore there
was a globe!

And what do you reckon he goes and does?
Spoiled every map of the world there was!
But he made a better one.

Once was a man who had an idee
That everything was 'cause it had to be.
An' every "must," he used to say,
Had a law behind it, plain as day;
An' he used to argy, if you could find
The law that gave the "thing" its mind,

By using your brains, and hands, and eyes,
You could break the "must" to be bridle
wise;

To "haw" an' "gee," "geddap" an' "whoa!"
To stand an' back; to come an' go;
Jest learn to use, this man, says he,
Your "think" instead of your memory.

So he got to thinkin' one day 'bout steam;
An' he'd think, an' study, an' whittle, an'
dream—

An' 'fore he got through, what you reckon
he'd done?

Wrecked every stage-coach under the sun!
But he made a better one.



SISTER SALLIE JONES.

IN big revival-meetin' time, when sinners
crowded round

The mourner's bench to git their feet sot
onto solid ground,

To git 'em pulled by Christian faith from
out the mire an' clay

An' have their strayin' footsteps sot toward
eternal day,

One voice 'd rise above the rest in clear and
searchin' tones,—

The wonderful arousin' voice of Sister Sal-
lie Jones;

'T'd cheer the mourners, prayin' there, to
hear her glad refrain:

*There is a land o' pure delight where saints
immortal reign!*

Ol' Jonas Treat 'd start the tune, pitched in
the proper key,

An' then Aunt Sallie she'd break in, an'
goodness! mercy me!

But how that meetin'-house 'd ring till
every head 'd swim

To hear her jerk the music from some ol'
revival hymn!

She'd look 'way back towards the door,
where unsaved sinners sot,

An' sing right at 'em till they seemed all
rooted to the spot:

*There is a fountain filled with blood drawn
from Immanuel's veins,*

*An' sinners plunged beneath that flood lose
all their guilty stains.*

She'd long to stand where Moses stood, an'
view the lan'scape o'er,

Would some day set her ransomed feet on
Canaan's happy shore,

An' sometimes sing until I thought the
angels all could hear:

*Amazin' grace, how sweet the sound in a
believer's ear!*

An' every heart 'd feel a thrill o' sympa-
thetic pain

When she would raise her tender eyes an'
sing the sad refrain:

*Alas, an' did my Savior bleed an' did my
sovereign die?*

*Would He devote that sacred head fur sich
a worm as I?*

I've o'n heerd the preacher say that voice
to her was given

To rescue sinners from their sins an' start
'em up to heaven,

An' cheer the droopin' hearts o' them
whose burdens bent them down

An' fill them full o' new resolves to fight
an' win the crown.

Sometimes I sit in wakin' dreams an'
memory takes wing

Back to the long ago an' I kin hear Aunt
Sallie sing:

*When I can read my title clear to mansions
in the skies,*

*I'll bid farwell to every fear an' wipe my
weepin' eyes.*

She's been at rest fur many years beside
the church that she
Once filled with sweet an' soul-felt strains
o' sacred melody;
An' I've an idee' fore she died the mourn-
ers heerd her sing:
*O, grave, where is thy victory? O, death,
where is thy sting?*

An' when she entered heaven's gate, with
glad, triumphant tongue,
I bet she clapped her saintly hands an'
rapturously sung:
*Here will I bathe my wearied soul in seas
o' heavenly rest,
An' not a wave o' trouble roll across my
peaceful breast.*



THAT OLD RED SUNBONNET.

HOW dear to my heart are the scenes
of my childhood

When fond recollection presents them
to view!

The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled
wildwood

And every fond spot which my infancy
knew."

So sang the old poet in rhythmical measure,
And millions have dreamed of his
picture so fair,

But never a word of that one crowning
treasure,

The old red sunbonnet our girls used to
wear.

The bells of to-day in their scorn would
deride it

And wonder how maidens could wear
such a fright!

But when 'twas protecting a dear head in-
side it

To old-fashioned boys 'twas a heavenly
sight.

No ornaments decked it, it bore no fine
laces,

No ribbons of bright colored hues did it
bear,

But hid in its depths was the sweetest of
faces—

That old red sunbonnet our girl used to
wear.

When school was dismissed, on her head
we would set it

And tie the long strings in a knot 'neath
her chin,

Then claim from her red lips a kiss and
would get it,

For kissing in old days was never a sin.
Then homeward we'd speed where the
brooklet was plashing

Down through the old wood and the
meadow so fair,

The skies not more blue than the eyes that
were flashing

Inside that sunbonnet our girl used to
wear.

In front of her mirror a proud dame is
standing

Arranging a prize on her head, now so
white!

She turns, while her bosom with pride is
expanding,

And asks if it is not a dream of delight!

I speak of the past as I make the inspec-
tion,

Of days when to me she was never more
fair,

And tears gem her eyes at the fond recol-
lection

Of that old sunbonnet she once used to
wear.

—James Barton Adams.

O CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN!

(This exquisite poem refers to our martyred Lincoln.)

O CAPTAIN, my Captain! our fearful
trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the
prize we sought is won,
The port is near; the bells I hear, the people
all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the
vessel grim and daring;
But O heart, heart, heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies
Fallen, cold and dead.

O Captain, my Captain! rise up and hear
the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you
the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths, for
you the shores a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their
eager faces turning:
Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are
pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no
pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its
voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in
with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck—my Captain lies
Fallen, cold and dead.



THE GOOD OLD TIME RELIGION.

THE good old time religion that we
have in Bowerville;
This is the kind that suits me, an' the kind
that always will.
There ain't no pew that isn't free—the
same as heav'nly grace—
But then I sort of claim a seat up in the
"Amen" place.
An' it is good to hear the way the old-time
stanzas ring
When Parson Brown lines out the hymn
an' says, "Arise an' sing."

The good, old-time religion, an' the old-
time music, too,
It sets your soul a-singin' 'fore the verse is
half way through.
There ain't no high priced singer, who
seems too good fer earth,

A-warblin just enough to give the folks
their money's worth.
The congregation sings the song; it may
get off the key,
But still the old-time praise an' song is
good enough for me.

The good, old-time religion—the new kinds
are too strange,
But, thank the Lord that heaven hasn't suf-
fered any change!
We still believe that heaven is our home up
in the skies,
An' it is still old fashioned when we call it
"paradise."

We've got new streets an' 'lectric lights an'
waterworks, but still
We've got old-time religion in the church
at Bowerville.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

IN speaking of a person's faults,
 Pray don't forget your own;
 Remember those with homes of glass,
 Should seldom throw a stone.
 If we have nothing else to do
 But talk of those who sin,
 'Tis better we commenced at home,
 And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
 Until he's fairly tried;
 Should we not like his company,
 We know the world is wide.
 Some may have faults—and who has
 not?—
 The old as well as young;
 Perhaps we may, for aught we know,
 Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
 And find it works full well:
 To try my own defects to cure
 Before of others' tell;
 And though I sometimes hope to be
 No worse than some I know,
 My own shortcomings bid me let
 The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we commence
 To slander friend or foe,
 Think of the harm one word may do
 To those we little know.
 Remember, curses sometimes, like
 Our chickens, "roost at home;"
 Don't speak of others' faults until
 We have none of our own.



MEMORY.

(The following poem was written by President Garfield during his senior year in William's College, Mass.)

THIS beauteous night; the stars look
 brightly down
 Upon the earth decked in her robe of snow.
 No lights gleam at the windows save my
 own
 Which gives its cheer to midnight and to
 me.

And now with noiseless step sweet memory
 comes
 And leads me gently through her twilight;
 What poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung
 realms
 Or delicatest pencil e'er portrayed
 The enchanted shadow land where memory
 dwells?
 It has its valleys, cheerless, lone and drear,
 Dark, shaded, mournful, cypress tree;
 And yet its sunlit mountain tops are bathed

In heaven's own blue. Upon its craggy
 cliffs
 Robed in the dreamy light of distant years,
 Are clustered joys serene of other days.
 Upon its gently sloping hillsides bend
 The weeping willows o'er the sacred dust
 Of dear departed ones; yet in that land,
 Where'er our footsteps fall upon the shore,
 They that were sleeping rise from out the
 dust
 Of death's long, silent years, and round us
 stand
 As erst they did before the prison tomb
 Received their clay within its voiceless
 halls.
 The heavens that bend above that land are
 hung
 With clouds of various hues. Some dark
 and chill,

Surcharged with sorrow, cast their sombre
shade

Upon the sunny, joyous land below.

Others are floating through the dreamy air,
White as the falling snow, their margins
tinged

With gold and crimson hues; their shadows
fall

Upon the flowery meads and sunny slopes,
Soft as the shadow of an angel's wing.

When the rough battle of the day is done,
And evening's peace falls gently on the
heart,

I bound away, across the noisy years,
Unto the utmost verge of memory's land,
Where earth and sky in dreamy distance
meet,

And memory dim with dark oblivion joins;
Where woke the first remembered sound
that fell

Upon the ear in childhood's early morn;
And, wandering thence along the rolling
years,

I see the shadow of my former self,
Gliding from childhood up to man's estate;
The path of youth winds down through
many a vale,

And on the brink of many a dread abyss,
From out whose darkness comes no ray of
light,

Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf
And beckons toward the verge. Again the
path

Leads o'er the summit where the sunbeams
fall:

And thus in light and shade, sunshine and
gloom,

Sorrow and joy this life-path leads along.

—James Abram Garfield.



A TALE OF "WHOA."

MORNING.

GOODBY, old horse, we'll turn you out
To roam o'er hill and plain;
We've bought a horseless carriage, and
We'll never need you again.
With naphtha, oil or gasoline
We'll ride from morn till dark
And on a Sunday afternoon
Go puffing through the park.
You're hardly worth a piece of pie!
Goodby, old horse, goodby!

EVENING.

Come here, old horse, we need your pull
To get us home to-night;
This nasty, stinking, puffing thing
Is not perfected—quite.
Ten miles from home it fussed and fumed
And then refused to go,
And, minus both a push and pull,
It was a case of whoa!
If you'll return, so will our joy,
Good boy, old horse, good boy.



THE MAN WHO KNOWS IT ALL.

YOU bump against him everywhere, in
country and in town;
Upon his sadly swollen head he wears the
knowledge crown.
His bump of self-esteem stands out like
knots upon a log;

His egotism never yet was known to slip
a cog.
His self assurance has its stamp forever in
his eyes;
No gray and patriarchal owl could ever
look so wise;

He is a constant sufferer from enlargement
of the gall
And petrification of the cheek, the man who
knows it all.

He has an unimpeded flow of language at
command;
His active, tireless tongue is of the auto-
matic brand.
His nasal organ he inserts in every one's
affairs;

He sows the grain of knowledge, while his
neighbors sow the tares.
No matter what the theme may be, he's
posted up to date;
The information that he bears would wreck
a common pate.
He thinks without his guidance this ter-
restrial whirling ball
Would cease to take its daily spin, the man
who knows it all.

—James Barton Adams.



THE COURTIN'.

GOD makes sech nights, all white an'
still

Fur'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur;
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A1,
Clear grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,—
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in April.

She thought no voice hed such a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hundred ring,
She knowed the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin' bunnet
Felt somehow thru its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked some!
 She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
 For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
 Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
 A-raspin' on the scraper, —
 All ways to once her feelin's flew,
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
 Some doubtfe o' the sekle;
 His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a juerk
 Ez though she wished him funder,
 An' on her apples kep' to work,
 Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
 "Wal—no—I come dasignin'—"
 "To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
 Agin to-morrer's i'nin."

To say why gals acts so or so,
 Or don't 'ould be presumin';
 Mebby to mean yes an' say no
 Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
 Then stood a spell on t'other,
 An' on which one he felt the wust
 He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin,"
 Says she, "Think likely, Mister,"
 Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
 An'—wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
 Huldry sot pale ez ashes,
 All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
 An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jest the quiet kind
 Whose naturs never vary,
 Like streams that keep a summer mind
 Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost 'roun' her heart felt glued
 Too tight for all expressin'
 Tell mother see how metters stood,
 An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
 Down to the Bay of Fundy,
 An' all I know is they was cried
 In' meetin' come nex' Sunday.



MY BOB-SLED.

MADE it all myself, you see; it wasn't
 much fer fine;
 Fellers all began to laugh at that ol' sled uv
 mine,
 When they see me climbin' up ther hill we
 used to slide,
 A-draggin' it along behin', all ready for a
 ride—
 Then they shouted, scornful like: "Say,
 Jimmie, what it is?"
 Didn't feel like sayin' much, so 'tended to
 my biz;
 Jes' let 'em keep on laughin' an' a-tauntin'
 me, until

I squared my ol' bob-sled around fer my
 first slide down ther hill.

The runners were of hickory, and the top
 was made uv oak.
 When I got her finished, wa'n't no part
 could be broke;
 But the other fellers' sleds were all so
 bang-up slick and fine,
 Kinder knocked the spots all off that home-
 made one uv mine;
 The bottoms were so slippery, an' polished
 up so bright,

I was ready to bet she'd go ahead uv every
thing in sight;

But I never answered back a word, an' was
mighty quiet till

I laid right down an' hugged her tight, fer
my first run down ther hill.

Didn't have a mite uv paint on bottom,
sides, or top;

Knew if she once got started though,
'twould be mighty hard to stop.

'Twas seasoned stuff she was made uv, an'
jes' ther shape fer speed,

Might 'keep a-pokin' lots uv fun, I knew
she'd take ther lead.

There was Clipper, Comet, Reindeer, an'
Dexter there, an' Dart—

All lined up on ther hillside, an' ready fer
the start.

My ol' bob-sled didn't hev no name. I'se
bound she wouldn't till

I found out which would suit her best, by
my first slide down ther hill.

An' then we shouted: "One, two, three, an'
altogether. Go!"

Gee whiz! the way that bob-sled flew was
anything but slow:

She shot ahead like a rocket that's got lots
uv powder behin';

None uv the rest was in it, when you
looked back up ther line.

She beat 'em like a thoroughbred, if she did
look like a scrub,

'Twas my turn now ter laugh an' shout:
"Gimme yer heads to rub!"

"Say, Jimmie, won't yer let us ride?" an' I
said: "Course I will;"

For they owned my bob-sled beat 'em all
a-slidin' down ther hill.



THE MITES IN THE CHEESE.

THE cheese mites asked how the cheese
got there,

And warmly debated the matter.

The orthodox said it came from the air,

And the heretics said from the platter.

They argued it long, and they argued it
strong,

And I hear they are arguing it now,

But of all the choice spirits who lived ix
the cheese

Not one of them thought of a cow.

—A. Conan Doyle.



PITCHER OR JUG.

THEY toiled together side by side,

In the field where the corn was grow-
ing;

They paused awhile to quench their thirst,
Grown weary with the hoeing.

"I fear, my friend," I said to one,

"That you will ne'er be richer;

You drink, I see, from the little brown jug,

Whilst your friend drinks from the
pitcher.

"One is filled with alcohol,

The fiery drink from the still;

The other with water clear and cool

From the spring at the foot of the hill.

"In all of life's best gifts, my friend,

I fear you will ne'er be richer,

Unless you leave the little brown jug,

And drink, like your friend, from the
pitcher."

My words have proved a prophecy,
 For years have passed away;
 How do you think have fared our friends
 That toiled in the fields that day?

One is a reeling, drunken sot,
 Grown poorer instead of richer;
 The other has won both wealth and fame,
 And he always drank from the pitcher.



VAT I CALL HIM.

DER leddle boy vot yust arrived
 About some veeks ago,
 His voice was learning for to make
 Dot noise vich is a crow.
 Und also somedimes ven I vent
 Und sboke mit him a vile,
 He tvists his leddle face aount
 Und makes vot is a smile!—
 I vonder vot to call him?

Some say Thomas,
 Some say Tim;
 Some say Stephen,
 Some say Jim;
 Some say Diederich,
 Some say Matt;
 Some say Daniel,
 Some say Pat;
 Some say Goethe,
 Some say Choe;
 Vot to call him
 I doan'd know.

I ask dot leddle boy himself
 Vot name he dinks vill do,
 Und den he makes a funny vink
 Und says py me, "Ah, Goo!"
 Ah Goo! dot is a Chinese name!
 I guess vot he doan'd like
 To be called dot ven he grows up,
 Much bedder id vas Mike!
 I wonder vot I call him?

Some say Heinrich,
 Some say Net;
 Some say Villum,
 Some say Fret;
 Some say Dewey,
 Some say Schley,
 Some say Sampson,
 Some say Si;
 Some say Chasper,
 Some say Snitz;
 So I dink I
 Call him Fritz.



WATER.

WINE, wine, thy power and praise
 Have ever been echoed in minstrel
 lays;
 But water, I deem, hath a mightier claim
 To fill up a niche in the temple of Fame.
 Ye who are bred in Anacreon's school
 May sneer at my strain, as the song of a
 fool;
 Ye are wise, no doubt, but have yet to learn
 How the tongue can cleave, and the veins
 can burn.

Should you ever be one of a fainting band,
 With your brow to the sun and your feet
 to the sand
 I would wager the thing I'm most loth to
 spare,
 That your Bacchanal chorus would never
 ring there.
 Traverse the desert, and then ye can tell
 What treasures exist in the cold, deep well;
 Sink in despair on the red, parched earth,
 And then you may reckon what water is
 worth.

Famine is laying her hand of bone
 On the ship becalmed in a torrid zone;
 The gnawing of Hunger's worm is past,
 But fiery Thirst lives on to the last.
 The stoutest one of the gallant crew
 Hath a cheek and lips of ghastly hue;
 The hot blood stands in each glassy eye;
 And, "Water, O God!" is the only cry.

There's drought in the land, and the herbage
 is dead,
 No ripple is heard in the streamlet's bed:
 The herd's low bleat, and the sick man's
 pant,
 Are mournfully telling the boon we want.
 Let Heaven this one rich gift withhold,
 How soon we find it is better than gold;
 And water, I say, hath a right to claim
 The minstrel's song, and a tithe of Fame.



CONTENTMENT BETTER THAN RICHES.

Arthur Rich:

YOUR hat is too big for your head,
 Martin Lee,
 Your jacket is threadbare and old,
 There's a hole in your shoe and a patch on
 your knee,
 Yet you seem very cheerful and bold.

Martin Lee:

Why not, Arthur Rich? for my lesson I say,
 And my duty I try hard to do;
 I have plenty of work, I have time, too, to
 play,
 I have health, and my joys are not few.

Arthur Rich:

See my vest, Martin Lee, and my boots how
 they shine!
 My jacket, my trousers, all new!

Now, would you not like such a nice ring
 as mine?

Come, give me the answer that's true.

Martin Lee:

Such clothes, Arthur Rich, would become
 me, and please,
 But I'm content in the thought,
 Since my mother is poor, that I'd rather
 wear these
 Than make her work more than she
 ought.

Arthur Rich:

You are right, Martin Lee, and your way
 is the best;
 Your hat is now handsome to me;
 I look at the heart beating under your vest,
 And the patches no longer I see.



THE TABLES TURNED.

(Can be used as a dialogue.)

I KNOW what you're going to say," she
 said,
 And she stood up, looking uncommonly
 tall;
 "You are going to speak of the hectic fall,
 And say you are sorry the summer's dead,
 And no other summer was like it, you
 know,

And can I imagine what made it so?
 Now, ain't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she
 said;
 "You're going to ask if I forget
 That day in June when the woods were
 wet,

And you carried me"—here she dropped her head—

"Over the creek; you are going to say,
Do I remember that horrid day?
Now, ain't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said;

"You are going to say that since that time

You have rather tended to run to rhyme;
And,"—her clear glance fell, and her cheek
grew red,—

"And have I noticed your tone was queer;

Why, everybody has seen it here!
Now, ain't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," I said,
"You are going to say you've been much
annoyed,

And I'm short of tact—you will say, de-
void—

And I'm clumsy and awkward, and call me
Ted,

And I'll bear abuse like a dear old lamb,
And you'll have me, anyway, just as I
am?

Now, ain't you, honestly?" "Ye—es," she
said.



"ONE, TWO, THREE."

IT was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy who was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin, little, twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game they played, I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were play-
ing,
Though you'd never known it to be,
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down,
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china-closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee,

It wasn't the china-closet,
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are warm and
warmer;
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard,
Where Mamma's things used to be—
So it must be the clothes-press, Grandma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they had never stirred from their
places,
Right under the maple-tree—
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear, old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

—H. C. Bunner.

Pauline Pavlovna

T. B. ALDRICH.

PERIOD: *The present time.*

SCENE: *St. Petersburg. A ballroom in the winter palace of the Prince. The ladies in character costumes and masks. The gentlemen in official dress and unmasked, with the exception of six tall figures in scarlet kaftans, who are treated with marked distinction as they move here and there among the promenaders. Quadrille music throughout the dialogue. Count Sergius Pavlovich Panshine, who has just arrived, is standing anxiously in the doorway of an antechamber with his eye fixed upon a lady in costume of a maid of honor in the time of Catherine II. The lady presently disengages herself from the crowd, and passes near Count Panshine, who impulsively takes her by the hand and leads her across the threshold of the inner apartment, which is unoccupied.*

HE.

Pauline!

SHE.

You knew me?

HE.

How could I have failed?

A mask may hide your features, not your soul.

There's an air about you like the air that folds a star.

A blind man knows the night, and feels the constellations.

No coarse sense of eye or ear had made you plain to me.

Through these I had not found you; for your eyes,

As blue as violets of our Novgorod, look black behind your mask there,

And your voice—I had not known that either.

My heart said, "Pauline Pavlovna."

SHE.

Ah, your heart said that?

You trust your heart, then!

'Tis a serious risk!

How is it you and others wear no mask?

HE.

The emperor's orders.

SHE.

Is the emperor here? I have not seen him.

HE.

He is one of the six in scarlet kaftans and all masked alike.

Watch—you will note how every one bows down

Before those figures, thinking each by chance

May be the Tsar; yet none know which is he.

Even his counterparts are left in doubt.

Unhappy Russia! No serf ever wore

Such chains as gall our emperor these sad days.

He dare trust no man.

SHE.

All men are so false.

HE.

Spare one, Pauline Pavlovna.

SHE.

No! All, all!

I think there is no truth left in the world, In man or woman.

Once were noble souls——

Count Sergius, is Nastasia here to-night?

HE.

Ah, then you know! I thought to tell you first.

Not here, beneath these hundred curious eyes,

In all this glare of light; but in some place
Where I could throw me at your feet and weep.

In what shape came the story to your ears?
Decked in the tellers' colors, I'll be sworn;
The truth, but in the livery of a lie,
And so must wrong me. Only this is true:
The Tsar, because I risked my wretched life
To shield a life as wretched as my own,
Bestows upon me as supreme reward—
O irony!—the hand of this poor girl.
Says: "Here I have the pearl of pearls for
you,

Such as was never plucked from out the
deep

By Indian diver for a Sultan's crown;
Your joy's decreed."

And stabs me with a smile.

SHE.

And she—she loves you.

HE.

I know not, indeed. Likes me, perhaps.
What matters it?—her love!

Sidor Yurievich, the guardian, consents,
and she consents.

No love in it at all—a mere caprice,

A young girl's spring-tide dream.

Sick of her earrings, weary of her mare,
She'll have a lover—something ready-made
Or improvised between two cups of tea—
A love by imperial ukase!

Fate said the word—I chanced to be the
man!

If that grenade the crazy student threw
Had not spared me as well as spared the
Tsar

All this would not have happened; I'd have
been a hero,

But quite safe from her romance.

She takes me for a hero—think of that!

Now, by our holy Lady of Kazan,

When I have finished pitying myself I'll
pity her.

SHE.

Oh, no; begin with her; she needs it most.

HE.

At her door lies the blame, whatever falls.
She, with a single word, with half a tear,
Had stop't it at the first,
This cruel juggling with poor human
hearts.

SHE.

The Tsar commanded it—you said the Tsar.

HE.

The Tsar does what she wills—God fath-
oms why.

Were she his mistress now! but there's no
snow

Whiter within the bosom of a cloud;

Nor colder, either. She is very haughty,

For all her fragile air of gentleness;

With something vital in her, like those
flowers

That on our desolate steppes outlast the
year.

Resembles you in some things. It was that
First made us friends. I do her justice,
see!

For we were friends in that smooth sur-
face way

We Russians have imported out of France.
Alas! from what a blue and tranquil heaven
This bolt fell on me! After these two years,
My suit with Ossip Leminoff at end,
The old wrong righted, the estates restored,
And my promotion, with the ink not dry!
Those fairies which neglected me at birth
Seemed now to lavish all good gifts on
me—

Gold roubles, office, sudden dearest friends.

The whole world smiled ; then, as I stooped
to taste

The sweetest cup, freak dashed it from my
lip.

This very night—just think—this very
night

I planned to come and beg of you the alms
I dared not ask for in my poverty.

I thought me poor, then. How stript am I
now!

There's not a ragged mendicant one meets
Along the Nevski Prospekt but has leave
to tell his love,

And I have not that right!

Pauline Pavlovna, why do you stand there
Stark as a statue, with no word to say?

SHE.

Because this thing has frozen up my heart.
I think that there is something killed in me,
A dream that would have mocked all other
bliss.

What shall I say? What would you have
me say?

HE.

If it be possible, the word of words!

SHE (*very slowly*).

Well, then—I love you. I may tell you so
This once—and then forever hold my peace.
We cannot stay here longer unobserved.

No—do not touch me, but stand further off,
And seem to laugh, as if we jested—

Eyes, eyes everywhere!

Now turn your face away—

I love you!

HE.

With such music in my ears I would death
found me.

It were sweet to die listening! You love
me—prove it.

SHE.

Prove it—how? I prove it saying it.
How else?

HE.

Pauline, I have three things to choose
from; you shall choose.

This marriage, or Siberia, or France.

The first means hell; the second, purgatory;

The third—with you—were nothing less
than heaven!

SHE (*starting*).

How dared you even dream it!

HE.

I was mad. This business has touched me
in the brain.

Have patience! the calamity's so new.

Pauses—

There is a fourth way, but the gate is shut
To brave men who hold life a thing of God.

SHE.

Yourself spake there; the rest was not of
you.

HE.

Oh, lift me to your level! So, I'm safe.

What's to be done?

SHE.

There must be some path out. Perhaps the
Emperor—

HE.

Not a ray of hope!

His mind is set on this with that insistence
Which seems to seize on all match-making
folk—

The fancy bites them, and they straight go
mad.

SHE.

Your father's friend, the metropolitan—
A word from him.

HE.

Alas, he, too, is bitten!

Gray-haired, gray-hearted, worldly wise, he
sees

This marriage makes me the Tsar's protege
And opens every door to preference.

SHE.

Think while I think. There surely is some
key
Unlocks the labyrinth, could we but find it.
Nastasia!

HE.

What, beg life of her? Not I.

SHE.

Beg love. She is a woman, young, perhaps
Untouched as yet of this too poisonous air.
Were she told all would she not pity us?
For if she love you—as I think she must—
Would not some generous impulse stir in
her,

Some latent, unsuspected spark illumine?
How love thrills even commonest girl-clay!
Ennobling it an instant, if no more!
You said that she is proud; then touch her
pride,

And turn her into marble with the touch.
But yet the gentle passion is the stronger.
Go to her, tell her in some tenderest phrase
That will not hurt too much—ah, but 'twill
hurt!—

Just how your happiness lies in her hand
To make or mar for all time; hint, not say,
Your heart is gone from you, and you may
find——

HE.

A casemate in St. Peter and St. Paul
For, say, a month; then some Siberian
town.

Not this way lies escape. At my first word
That sluggish Tartar blood would turn to
fire

In every vein.

SHE.

How blindly you read her
Or any woman! Yes, I know, I grant
How small we often seem to our small
world

Of trivial cares and narrow precedents—
Lacking that wide horizon stretched for
men—

Capricious, spiteful, frightened at a mouse;

But when it comes to suffering mortal
pangs,

The weakest of us measures pulse with you.

HE.

Yes, you, not she. If she were at your
height!

But there's no martyr wrapt in her rose
flesh.

There should have been, for Nature gave
you both

The self-same purple for your eyes and
hair,

The self-same southern music to your lips—
Fashioned you both, as 'twere, in the same
mold,

Yet failed to put the soul in one of you!
I know her wilful—her light head quite
turned

In this court atmosphere of flatteries;
A Moscow beauty, petted and spoiled there,
And since, spoiled here; as soft as swan's
down, now,

With words like honey melting from the
comb,

But being crossed, vindictive, cruel, cold.
I fancy her between two rosy smiles
Saying, "Poor fellow, in the Nertchinsk
mines!"

That is the sum of her.

SHE.

You know her not.

Count Sergius Pavlovich, you said no mask
Could hide the soul; yet how you have mis-
taken

The soul these two months—and the face
to-night!

(She remove mask.)

HE.

You!—it was you!

SHE.

Count Sergius Pavlovich, go find Pauline
Pavlovna—she is here—

And tell her that the Tsar has set you free.
(Goes out hurriedly.)

Historical and Pathetic

In this department have been grouped many choice selections adapted to the highest forms of emotional expression.



THE FADING LEAF.

WE all do fade as a leaf." The sad voice whispers through my soul, and a shiver creeps over from the churchyard. "How does a leaf fade?" It is a deeper, richer, stronger voice, with a ring and an echo in it, and the shiver levels into peace. I go out upon the October hills and question the genii of the woods. "How does a leaf fade?" Grandly, magnificently, imperially, so that the glory of its coming is eclipsed by the glory of its departing; thus the forests make answer to-day. The tender bud of April opens its bosom to the wooing sun. From the soft airs of May and the clear sky of June it gathers greenness and strength. Through all the summer its manifold lips are open to every passing breeze, and great draughts of health course through its delicate veins and meander down to the sturdy bark, the busy sap, the tiny flower and the maturing fruit, bearing life for the present, and treasuring up promise for the future.

Then its work is done, and it goes to its burial, not mournfully, not reluctantly, but joyously, as to a festival. Its grave-clothes wear no funereal look. It robes itself in splendor. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. First there was a flash of crimson in the lowlands, then a glimmer of yellow on the hillside, then, rushing on exultant, reckless, rioting in color, grove vies with grove till the woods are all aflame. Here the sunlight streams through the pale gold tresses of the maple,

serene and spiritual, like the aureole of a saint; there it lingers in bold dalliance with the dusky orange of the walnut.

The fierce heart of the tropics beats in blood-red branches that surge against deep, solemn walls of cypress and juniper. Yonder a sober, but not sombre, russet tones down the flaunting vermilion. The intense glow of scarlet struggles for supremacy with the quiet sedateness of brown, and the numberless tints of year-long green come in everywhere to enliven and soothe and subdue and harmonize. So the leaf fades—brilliant, gorgeous, gay, rejoicing—as the bride adorned for her husband, as a king goes to his coronation.

But the frosts come whiter and whiter. The nights grow longer and longer. Ice glitters in the morning light, and clouds shiver with snow. The forests lose their flush. The hectic dies into sere. The little leaf can no longer breathe the strength-giving air, nor feel juicy life stirring in its veins. Fainter and fainter grows its hold upon the protecting tree. A strong wind comes and loosens its clasp, and bears it tenderly to earth. A whirl, an eddy, a rustle, and all is over—no, not all; its work is not yet done. It sinks upon the protecting earth, and, Antæus like, gathers strength from the touch, and begins a new life. It joins hands with myriads of its mates, and takes up again its work of benevolence.

No longer sensitive itself to frosts and

snows, it wraps in its warm bosom the frail little anemones, and the delicate spring beauties that can scarcely bide the rigors of our pitiless winters, and, nestling close in that fond embrace, they sleep securely till the spring sun wakens them to the smile of the blue skies and the song of dancing brooks. Deeper into the earth go the happy leaves, mingling with the moist soil, drinking the gentle dews, cradling a thousand tender lives in theirs, and springing again in new forms—an eternal cycle of life and death “forever spent, renewed forever.”

We all do fade as a leaf. Change, thank God, is the essence of life. “Passing away” is written on all things, and passing away is

passing on from strength to strength, from glory to glory. Spring has its growth, summer its fruitage, and autumn its festive ingathering. The spring of eager preparation waxes into the summer of noble work; mellowing, in its turn, into the serene autumn, the golden-brown haze of October, when the soul may robe itself in jubilant drapery, awaiting the welcome command, “Come up higher,” where mortality shall be swallowed up in life. Let him alone fear who does not fade as the leaf—him whose spring is gathering no strength, whose summer is maturing no fruit, and whose autumn shall have no vintage.

—Gail Hamilton.



“LIMPY TIM.”

ABOUT the big post-office door
Some boys were selling news,
While others earned their slender store
By shining people’s shoes.

They were surprised the other day
By seeing “Limpy Tim”
Approach in such a solemn way
That they all stared at him.

“Say, boys, I want to sell my kit;
Two brushes, blacking-pot
And good stout box—the whole outfit;
A quarter buys the lot.”

“Goin’ away?” cried one. “O no,”
Tim answered, “not to-day;
But I do want a quarter so,
And I want it right away.”

The kit was sold, the price was paid,
When Tim an office sought
For daily papers; down he laid
The money he had brought.

“I guess, if you’ll lend me a pen,
I’ll write myself,” he sighed;
With slowly moving fingers then
He wrote this notice, “DIED—

*Of scarlet fever—Litul Ted—
Aged three—gon up to heaven—
One brother left to mourn him dead—
Funeral to-morrow—eleven.”*

“Was it *your* brother?” asked the man
Who took the notice in;
Tim tried to hide it, but began
To quiver at the chin.

The more he sought himself to brace
The stronger grew his grief;
Big tears came rolling down his face,
To give his heart relief.

“By selling out—my kit—I found—
That quarter—” he replied;
“B—but he had his arms around
My neck—when he d—died.”

Tim hurried home, but soon the news
Among the boys was spread;
They held short, quiet interviews
Which straight to action led.

He had been home an hour, not more,
When one with naked feet
Laid down Tim's kit outside his door—
With flowers white and sweet.

Each little fellow took a part,
His penny freely gave

To soothe the burdened brother's heart
And deck the baby's grave.

Those flowers have faded since that day,
The boys are growing men,
But the good God will yet repay
The deed he witnessed then.

The light which blessed poor "Limping Tim"
Descended from above—
A ladder leading back to Him
Whose Christian name is LOVE.



THE DYING BOY.

A FRIEND of mine, seeking for objects of charity, reached the upper room of a tenement house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through a hole in the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself through the hole, and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's eye in the place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them lay a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"Hush, don't tell anybody, please, sir."

"What are you doing here?"

"Hush, please don't tell anybody, sir; I'm a-hiding."

"What are you hiding for?"

"Don't tell anybody, please, sir."

"Where's your mother?"

"Please, sir, mother's dead."

"Where's your father?"

"Hush, don't tell him. But look here." He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt my friend saw that the boy's flesh was terribly bruised, and his skin was broken.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"

"Father did, sir."

"What did he beat you for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal."

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir; I was a street-thief once."

"And why won't you steal any more?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission school, and they told me there of God and of heaven, and of Jesus, and they taught me, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again, if my father kills me for it. But please don't tell him."

"My boy, you mustn't stay here. You'll die. Now you wait patiently here for a little time. I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."

"Thank you, sir; but please, sir, would you like to hear me sing my little hymn?"

Bruised, battered, forlorn, friendless, motherless, hiding from an infuriated father, he had a little hymn to sing.

"Yes, I will hear you sing your little hymn."

He raised himself on his elbow and then sang:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,

Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

"Fain would I to Thee be brought
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace,
Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir. Good-bye."

The gentleman hurried away for restoratives and help, came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, there were the shavings, and

there was the little motherless boy with one hand by his side and the other tucked in his bosom—*dead*. Oh, I thank God that he who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," did not say "respectable children," or "well-educated children." No, he sends his angels into the homes of poverty and sin and crime, where you do not like to go, and brings out his redeemed ones, and they are as stars in the crown of rejoicing to those who have been instrumental in enlightening their darkness.



CHARITY'S MEAL.

A RICH man sat by his chamber window,
Viewing the skies, where the clouds
hung low;

'Twas a darksome day in raw December,
And the air was filled with the falling
snow.

But he was rich in worldly treasure,
And none of the outside cold did feel;
Fortune had blest him with heaping
measure,
And he knew not the chill of a charity
meal.

A wayfaring man in rags and tatters,
Weary and hungry, sick and sore—
Clothes all covered with muddy spatters,
Came knocking at the rich man's door.

A plate of cold potatoes was given,
(The snow on the window panes con-
geal),

But, oh, there is nothing 'twixt earth and
heaven,

So cold to the heart as a charity meal.

Ask the winds why poor men wander,
Ask the storm why the wild geese fly;
Or, why does the slave on liberty ponder,
Or the weary wish for the sweet by and
by.

We must take this world just as we find it,
And not judge it by what we think it
should be;

Nor lay all the blame on the powers behind
it—

Most of the blame lays on you, sir, and
me.

Slowly the old man munched his dinner,
For his molars had long since gone to de-
cay,

He may have been a hardened old sinner,
But what was that to charity, pray?

Cold were the looks which the rich man
gave him,

Cold were the thoughts in his heart of
steel;

But, colder than all for the tramp, God save
him,

Were the cold potatoes of charity's meal.

There he sat eating and silently weeping,
For the old man's spirit was broken, I
know;

And sad were the thoughts in his shattered
mind creeping—

Thoughts of the night in the wind and
the snow.

To lay by the fire all night was denied him,
 (Some human hearts no compassion can
 feel) ;

But, with words cold and stern, the rich
 man did chide him,

And sent him adrift with that charity
 meal.

Down the bleak road he watched the tramp
 going,

Then turned from the window with a
 yawn of content ;

Forgetting the tramp and the winter winds
 blowing,

For vagabonds seemed but a common
 event.

That night sleeping soundly on his soft
 yielding pillow,

The rich man dreamed of his childhood
 day ;

And visions came to him on memory's bil-
 low,

And again with his brother in the old
 home did play.

Again they were swimming in the old mill
 basin,

And the air was scented from the red
 clover field ;

And again in the water the brothers were
 racing

Almost tired out, but neither would yield.

The miller came out on seeing their danger,
 For both of the swimmers were nearing
 the wheel,

And he shouted to them to go back, in
 anger,

Or a blow from his pole on their heads
 they would feel.

And now both the boys are alive to their
 danger,

For the current is drawing them into the
 flume ;

And the miller, in fright, forgets all his
 anger,

And plunged in to save the bad boys from
 their doom.

"Take Edward out first, for he is the light-
 est!"

The one brother shouted while panting
 for breath.

And then, great God! that loved face, the
 whitest

Went under the wheel, and, they thought
 to sure death.

They found him below with legs and arms
 broken,

And long weary months was he gaining
 his health,

"And where is he now?" said the rich man
 awaking ;

"To see him again I would give half my
 wealth."

Next morning the earth was all covered
 with whiteness,

For all the night long came the snow
 tumbling down ;

But now the sunbeams were glimmering in
 brightness,

And the rich man felt happy as he rode
 towards town.

But what are these men doing here by the
 bushes?

Lifting some object from off the cold
 ground.

"What is it? who is it?" he asks, as he
 rushes

Up to the spot where the dead tramp was
 found.

"Some poor tramp," one said. "We found
 him here lying

As dead as a door nail—as stiff as a log.

It must have been hard to be all alone—
dying,
Dying alone, like some poor homeless
dog.”

The rich man knelt down, and helped by
another,

They opened his coat and his old ragged
vest.
“Oh God!” he shouted, “My brother! my
brother!
Oh, heaven forgive me—see the scar on
his breast!”



DEATH OF LITTLE JO.

JO is very glad to see his old friend; and says, when they are left alone, that he takes it uncommon kind as Mr. Sangsby should come so far out of his way on accounts of sich as him. Mr. Sangsby, touched by the spectacle before him, immediately lays upon the table half-a-crown, that magic balsam of his for all kinds of wounds.

“And how do you find yourself, my poor lad?” inquires the stationer, with his cough of sympathy.

“I’m in luck, Mr. Sangsby, I am,” returns Jo, “and don’t want for nothink. I’m more cumf’bler nor you can’t think, Mr. Sangsby. I’m werry sorry that I done it, but I didn’t go fur to do it, sir.”

The stationer softly lays down another half-crown, and asks him what it is that he is sorry for having done.

“Mr. Sangsby,” says Jo, “I went and giv a illness to the lady as was and yet as war’nt the t’other lady, and none of ’em never says nothink to me for having done it, on accounts of their being so good and my having been ’o unfertnet. The lady come herself and see me yes’day, and she ses, ‘Ah Jo!’ she ses. ‘We thought we’d lost you, Jo!’ she ses. And she sits down a smilin’ so quiet, and don’t pass a word nor yit a look upon me for having done it, she don’t, and I turns agin the wall, I does, Mr. Sangsby. And Mr. Jarnders, I see him a forced to

turn away his own self. And Mr. Woodcot, he come fur to give me somethink fur to ease me, wot he’s allus a doin’ on day and night, and wen he come a bendin’ over me and speakin’ up so bold, I see his tears a fallin’, Mr. Sangsby.”

The softened stationer deposits another half-crown on the table. Nothing less than a repetition of that infallible remedy will relieve his feelings.

“Wot I was thinkin’ on, Mr. Sangsby,” proceeds Jo, “wos, as you wos able to write very large, p’raps?”

“Yes, Jo, please God,” returns the stationer.

“Uncommon precious large, p’raps?” says Jo, with eagerness.

“Yes, my poor boy.”

Jo laughs with pleasure. “Wot I was thinkin’ on then, Mr. Sangsby, wos, that when I wos moved on as fur as ever I could go, and couldn’t be moved on no furder, whether you might be so good, p’raps, as to write out, wery large, so that anyone could see it anywheres, as that I wos wery truly hearty sorry that I done it, and that I never went fur to do it; and that though I didn’t know nothink at all, I know’d as Mr. Woodcot once cried over it, and wos allus grieved over it, and that I hoped as he’d be able to forgive me in his mind. If the writin’ could be made to say it wery large he might.”

"It shall say it, Jo; very large."

Jo laughs again. "Thankee, Mr. Sangs-by. It's very kind of you, sir, and it makes me more cumf'bler nor I wos afore."

The meek little stationer, with a broken and unfinished cough, slips down his fourth half-crown,—he has never been so close to a case requiring so many,—and is fain to depart. And Jo and he, upon this little earth, shall meet no more. No more.

(*Another Scene.—Enter Mr. Woodcourt.*)

"Well, Jo, what is the matter? Don't be frightened."

"I thought," says Jo, who has started, and is looking round, "I thought I was in Tom-all-Alone's agin. An't there nobody here but you, Mr. Woodcot?"

"Nobody."

"And I an't took back to Tom-all-Alone's, am I, sir?"

"No."

Jo closes his eyes, muttering, "I am very thankful."

After watching him closely a little while, Allan puts his mouth very near his ear, and says to him in a low, distinct voice: "Jo, did you ever know a prayer?"

"Never knowd nothink, sir."

"Not so much as one short prayer?"

"No, sir. Nothink at all. Mr. Chadbands he wos a prayin' wunst at Mr. Sangs-by's and I heerd him, but he sounded as if he wos a speakin' to hisself, and not to me. He prayed a lot, but I couldn't make out nothink on it. Different times there wos other gen'l'men come down Tom-all-Alone's a prayin', but they all mostly sed as the t'other wuns prayed wrong, and all mostly sounded to be a talkin' to theirselves, or a passin' blame on the t'others, and not a talkin' to us. *We* never knowd nothink. I never knowd what it wos all about."

It takes him a long time to say this; and

few but an experienced and attentive listener could hear, or hearing, understand him. After a short relapse into sleep or stupor, he makes, of a sudden, a strong effect to get out of bed.

"Stay, Jo, stay! What now?"

"It's time for me to go to that there berryin' ground, sir," he returns with a wild look.

"Lie down, and tell me. What burying ground, Jo?"

"Where they laid him as wos wery good to me; wery good to me indeed, he wos. It's time for me to go down to that there berryin' ground, sir, and ask to be put along with him. I wants to go there and be berried. He used fur to say to me, 'I am as poor as you, to-day, Jo,' he ses. I wants to tell him that I am as poor as him, now, and have come there to be laid along with him."

"By-and-by, Jo; by-and-by."

"Ah! P'raps they wouldn't do it if I wos to go myself. But will you promise to have me took there, sir, and laid along with him?"

"I will, indeed."

"Thankee, sir! Thankee, sir! They'll have to get the key of the gate afore they can take me in, for it's allus locked. And there's a step there, as I used fur to clean with my broom. It's turned wery dark, sir. Is there any light a comin'?"

"It is coming fast, Jo."

Fast. The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end.

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a gropin'—a gropin'—let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anythink as you say, sir, for I knows it's good."

"OUR FATHER."

"Our Father!—yes, that's very good, sir."

"WHICH ART IN HEAVEN."

"Art in Heaven!—Is the light a comin', sir?"

"It is close at hand. HALLOWED BE THY NAME."

"Hallowed be—thy—name!"

The light is come upon the dark benighted way. Dead.

Dead, your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day.

—Charles Dickens.



THE SINGER'S CLIMAX.

IF you want to hear 'Annie Laurie' sung come to my house to-night," said a man to his friend. "We have a love-lorn fellow in the village who was sadly wrecked by the refusal of a young girl to whom he had been paying attention for a year or more. It is seldom he will attempt the song, but when he does I tell you he draws tears from eyes unused to weeping."

A small select party had assembled in a pleasant parlor, and were gayly chatting and laughing when a tall young man entered whose peculiar face and air instantly arrested attention. He was very pale, with that clear, vivid complexion which dark-haired consumptives so often have; his locks were as black as jet, and hung profusely upon a square white collar; his eyes were very large and spiritual, and his brow was such a one as a poet should have. But for a certain wandering look, a casual observer would have pronounced him a man of uncommon intellectual powers. The words "poor fellow," and "how sad he looks" went the rounds, as he came forward, bowed to the company, and took his seat. One or two thoughtless girls laughed as they whispered that he was "love-cracked," but the rest of the company treated him with respectful deference.

It was late in the evening when singing

was proposed, and to ask him to sing "Annie Laurie" was a task of uncommon delicacy. One song after another was sung, and at last that one was named. At its mention the young man grew deadly pale, but he did not speak; he seemed instantly to be lost in reverie.

"The name of the girl who treated him so badly was Annie," said a lady, whispering to the new guest, "but oh! I wish he would sing it; nobody else can do it justice."

"No one dares to sing 'Annie Laurie' before you Charles," said an elderly lady. "Would it be too much for me to ask you to favor the company with it?" she asked, timidly.

He did not reply for a moment; his lip quivered, and then looking up as if he saw a spiritual presence, he began. Every soul was hushed,—it seemed as if his voice were the voice of an angel. The tones vibrated through nerve and pulse and heart, and made one shiver with the pathos of his feeling; never was heard melody in a human voice like that—so plaintive, so soulful, so tender and earnest.

He sat with his head thrown back, his eyes half closed, the locks of dark hair glistening against his pale temple, his fine throat swelling with the rich tones, his

hands lightly folded before him, and as he sung

"And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true,"

it seemed as if he shook from head to foot with emotion. Many a lip trembled, and there was no jesting, no laughing, but instead, tears in more than one eye.

And on he sung and on, holding every one in rapt attention, till he came to the last verse:

"Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' of her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet,

And she's a' the world to me—"

He paused before he added,
"And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me down and dee."

There was a long and solemn pause. The black locks seemed to grow blacker—the white temples whiter—almost imperceptibly the head kept falling back—the eyes were close shut. One glanced at another—all seemed awe-struck—till the same person who had urged him to sing laid her hand gently on his shoulder, saying:

"Charles! Charles!"

Then came a hush—a thrill of horror crept through every frame—the poor, tried heart had ceased to beat. Charles, the love-betrayed, was dead.



IN MANILA BAY.

IN the broad Manila Bay
The Spanish cruisers lay,
In the shelter of their forts upon the shore;

And they dared their foes to sail
Thro' the crashing iron hail
Which the guns from decks and battlements would pour.

All the harbor ways were mined,
And along the channel blind
Slept the wild torpedoes, dreaming dreams of wrath.

Yea! the fiery gates of hell
Lay beneath the ocean's swell,
Like a thousand demons ambushed in the path.

Breasting fierce Pacific gales,
Lo! a little squadron sails,
And the Stars and Stripes are floating from its spars.

It is friendless and alone,

Aids and allies it has none,
But a dauntless chorus sing its dauntless tars:

"We're ten thousand miles from home;
Ocean's wastes and wave and foam
Shut us from the land we love so far away.

We have ne'er a friendly port
For retreat as last resort,
But we'll beard the ships of Spain in their own bay.

"They have mines beneath the sea,
They have forts upon their lee,
They have everything to aid them in the fray;

But we'll brave their hidden mines,
And we'll face their blazing lines;
Yes! We'll beard the ships of Spain in their own bay.

"If we're worsted in the fight,

We shall perish in the right—

No hand will wipe the dews of death
away.

The wounded none will tend,
For we've not a single friend;

But we'll beard the ships of Spain in
their own bay.

"No ironclads we sail,
Only cruisers light and frail,

With no armor plates to turn the shells
away.

All the battleships now steer
In another hemisphere,

But we'll beard the ships of Spain in
their own bay.

"Ho! Remember now the Maine!

Up! And smite the ships of Spain!

Let them not forget for years this first
of May!

Though hell blaze up from beneath,
Forward through the cannon's breath,

When Dewey leads into Manila Bay."

There, half-way round the world,

Swift and straight the shots were hurled,

And a handful of bold sailors won the
day.

Never since earth was begun

Has a braver deed been done

Than when Dewey sailed into Manila
Bay.

God made for him a path

Thro' the mad torpedoes' wrath,

From their slumbers never wakened into
play.

When dawn smote the east with gold,

Spaniards started to behold

Dewey and his gallant fleet within their
bay.

Then from forts and warships first

Iron maledictions burst,

And the guns with tongues of flame be-
gan to play;

Like demons out of hell

The batteries roar and yell,

While Dewey answers back across the
bay.

O gods! it was a sight,

Till the smoke, as black as night,

Hid the fire-belching ships from light of
day.

When it lifted from the tide,

Smitten low was Spanish pride,

And Dewey was the master of their bay.



THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

HE offered himself for the land he loved,
But what shall we say for her?

He gave to his country a soldier's life;

'Twas dearer by far to the soldier's wife,

All honor to-day to her!

He went to the war while his blood was
hot,

But what shall we say of her?

He saw himself through the battle's flame

A hero's reward on the scroll of fame;

What honor is due to her?

He offered himself, but his wife did more,
All honor to-day to her!

For dearer than life was the gift she gave,

In giving the life she would die to save;

What honor is due to her?

He gave up his life at his country's call,

But what shall we say of her?

He offered himself as a sacrifice,

But she is the one who pays the price;

All honor we owe to her.

LEAVE "OLD GLORY" AS IT IS.

IF "Old Glory" remains in its present starred and barred form it will be no fault of several well-meaning but sadly distorted minds. Every day brings forth somebody with a "plan" of a new flag to fit the newer national conditions. All are interesting as showing the deep concern in the country's development; some display signs of artistic conception, others have nothing to recommend them at all.

A western man thinks the stars should be rearranged so as "to make room for those symbolizing Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines," and the bars of red as now arranged are "indistinct when seen at a distance" and ought to be either broader or farther separated by the white stripes. All the "plans" suggest a rearrangement of the stars so as to include the "island possessions."

The vital mistake in these new flag plans is that they provide for something which does not exist. The United States has no "island possessions," and it is doubtful if it will have in the sense that they must or will be entitled to representation on the blue field. The stars stand for the forty-five states in the Union. The several territories

are not manifest, nor will they be so long as they remain out of the statehood.

The United States flag is one of the most beautiful in a purely artistic sense in the whole international collection. It is clear, bold in lines, and the red, white and blue make a harmonious whole in color effect. The person who can't see the red and white bars at a reasonable distance ought to consult an oculist; his vision is defective or he is color-blind.

If anybody wants to know how really beautiful "Old Glory" is, he or she should behold it in foreign lands waving and cracking from the peak of one of Uncle Sam's war vessels, or from the masthead of a merchant ship. All the paintings of Angelo, Rubens, Vandyke, Corot and the whole world of masters combined are not half so beautiful or inspiring or enchanting or soulful or anything else. Men have been known to jump into the air, shout themselves hoarse, swing their arms and twist their legs at the sight of the American flag away from home.

"Old Glory" is all right as it is, and so is the country it represents and the 75,000,000 people who are always ready to fight to defend it.



ABSALOM.

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil
hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curl'd
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream; the willow
leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long
stems,

Whose flowers the water, like a gentle
nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And lean'd in graceful attitudes to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashion'd for a happier world!

King David's limbs were weary. He had
fled

From far Jersusalem; and now he stood,
 With his faint people, for a little rest
 Upon the shores of Jordan. The light wind
 Of morn was stirring, and he bared his
 brow

To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
 The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
 That he could see his people until now.
 They gather'd round him on the fresh green
 bank,

And spoke their kindly words; and, as the
 sun

Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them
 there,

And bow'd his head upon his hands to pray.
 Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter
 thoughts

Come crowding quickly up for utterance,
 And the poor common words of courtesy
 Are such an empty mockery—how much
 The bursting heart may pour itself in
 prayer!

He pray'd for Israel—and his voice went up
 Strongly and fervently. He pray'd for
 those

Whose love had been his shield—and his
 deep tones

Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom—
 For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
 The proud, bright being who had burst
 away,

In all his princely beauty, to defy
 The heart that cherish'd him—for him he
 pour'd

In agony that would not be controll'd,
 Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
 Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
 Was straighten'd for the grave; and, as the
 folds

Sank to the still proportions, they betray'd
 The matchless symmetry of Absalom.

His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls

Were floating round the tassels as they
 sway'd

To the admitted air, as glossy now
 As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bath-
 ing

The snowy fingers of Judea's daughters.
 His helm was at his feet; his banner, soil'd
 With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
 Reversed, beside him; and the jewell'd hilt,
 Whose diamonds lit the passage of his
 blade,

Rested, like mockery, on his cover'd brow.
 The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
 Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
 The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
 And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
 As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
 A slow step startled him. He grasp'd his
 blade

As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
 Of David enter'd, and he gave command,
 In a low tone, to his few followers,
 And left him with his dead. The king stood
 still

Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
 The sackcloth from his brow, and laying
 back

The pall from the still features of his child,
 He bow'd his head upon him, and broke
 forth

In the resistless eloquence of woe.

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst
 die!

Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
 That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
 And leave his stillness in this clustering
 hair!

How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
 My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son, and I am chill,
 As to my bosom I have tried to press
 thee:

How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
 Like a rich harp-string, yearning to
 caress thee,
 And hear thy sweet 'My father?' from these
 dumb
 And cold lips, Absalom!

"But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush
 Of music and the voices of the young;
 And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
 And the dark tresses to the soft wind
 flung;
 But thou no more, with thy sweet voice,
 shalt come
 To meet me, Absalom!

"And oh! when I am stricken, and my
 heart,
 Like a bruised reed, is wasting to be
 broken,
 How will its love for thee, as I depart,
 Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep
 token!

It were so sweet, amid death's gathering
 gloom,
 To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee
 up;
 With death so like a slumber on thee;
 And thy dark sin!—oh! I could drink the
 cup,
 If from this woe its bitterness had won
 thee.
 May God have call'd thee like a wanderer,
 home,
 My lost boy, Absalom!"

He cover'd up his face, and bow'd himself
 A moment on his child; then giving him
 A look of melting tenderness, he clasp'd
 His hands convulsively, as if in prayer!
 And, as if a strength were given him of
 God,
 He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
 Firmly and decently, and left him there,
 As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.



THE COUNTERSIGN WAS "MARY."

'T WAS near the break of day, but still
 The moon was shining brightly;
 The west wind as it passed the flowers
 Set each one swaying lightly;
 The sentry slow paced to and fro,
 A faithful night-watch keeping,
 While in the tents behind him stretched
 His comrades—all were sleeping.

Slow, to and fro, the sentry paced,
 His muskè on his shoulder,
 But not a thought of death or war
 Was with the brave young soldier;
 Ah, no! his heart was far away,
 Where on a western prairie,
 A rose-twined cottage stood. That night
 The countersign was "Mary."

And there his own true love he saw,
 Her blue eyes kindly beaming;
 Above them on her sun-kissed brow,
 Her curls like sunshine gleaming,
 And heard her singing as she churned
 The butter in the dairy,
 The song he loved the best. That night
 The countersign was "Mary."

"Oh, for one kiss from her!" he sighed,
 When up the lone road glancing,
 He spied a form, a little form,
 With faltering steps advancing.
 And as it neared him silently,
 He gazed at it in wonder,
 Then dropped his musket to his hand,
 And challenged, "Who goes yonder?"

Still on it came. "Not one step more,
 Be you man, child or fairy,
 Unless you give the countersign,
 Halt! Who goes there?"—" 'Tis Mary,"
 A sweet voice cried, and in his arms
 The girl he'd left behind him
 Half fainting fell. O'er many miles
 She'd bravely toiled to find him.

"I heard that you were wounded, dear,"
 She sobbed. "My heart was breaking,
 I could not stay a moment, but
 All other ties forsaking,

I traveled, by my grief made strong,
 Kind heaven watching o'er me,
 Until unhurt and well"—"Yes, love,
 At last you stood before me."

"They told me that I could not pass
 The lines to seek my lover
 Before day fairly came; but I
 Pressed on ere night was over,
 And as I told my name I found
 The way as free as prairie."
 "Because, thank God! to-night," he said,
 "The countersign is 'Mary.'"



THE AGED PRISONER.

N IGH on to twenty years
 Have I walked up and down this
 dingy cell!

I have not seen a bird in all that time
 Nor the sweet eyes of childhood, nor the
 flowers

That grow for innocent men,—not for the
 curst,

Dear God! for twenty years.

"With every gray-white rock
 I am acquainted; every seam and crack,
 Each chance and change of color; every
 stone

Of this cold floor, where I by walking much
 Have worn unsightly smoothness, that its
 rough

Old granite walls resent.

"My little blue-eyed babe,
 That I left singing by my cottage door,
 Has grown a woman—is perchance a wife.
 To her the name of 'father' is a dream,
 Though in her arms a nestling babe may
 rest,

And on her heart lie soft.

"Oh, this bitter food
 That I must live on! this poisoned thought

That judges all my kind, because by men
 I have been stripped of all that life holds
 dear—

Wife, honor, reputation, tender child—
 For one brief moment's madness.

"If they had killed me then,
 By rope, or rack, or any civil mode
 Of desperate, cruel torture,—so the deed
 Were consummated for the general good—
 But to entomb me in these walls of stone
 For twenty frightful years!

"Plucked at my hair—
 Bleached of all color, pale and thin and
 dead—

My beard that to such sorry length has
 grown;

And could you see my heart, 'tis gray as
 these—

All like a stony archway, under which
 Pass funerals of dead hopes.

"To-morrow I go out!
 Where shall I go? what friend have I to
 meet?

Whose glance will kindle at my altered
 voice?

The very dog I rescued from his kind

Would have forgotten me, if he had lived.
I have no home—no hope!"

An old man, bent and gray,
Paused at the threshold of a cottage door.
A child gazed up at him with startled eyes,
He stretched his wasted hands—then drew
them back

With bitter groan: "So like my little one
Twenty years ago!"

A comely, tender face
Looked from the casement; pitying all
God's poor,
"Come in, old man!" she said, with gentle
smile,
And then from out the fullness of her heart,
She called him "Father," thinking of his
age;
But he, with one wild cry,

Fell prostrate at her feet.
"O child!" he sobbed, "now I can die.
When last
You called me father—was it yesterday?
No! no! your mother lived,—now she is
dead!
And mine was living death—for twenty
years—
For twenty loathsome years!"

Her words came falteringlly:
"Are you the man—who broke my mother's
heart?
No! no! O father,—speak!
Look up—forget!" Then came a stony
calm.
Some hearts are broken with joy—some
break with grief,
The old gray man was dead.



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

THE birthday of the "Father of his Country!" May it ever be freshly remembered by American hearts! May it ever re-awaken in them a filial veneration for his memory; ever rekindle the fires of patriotic regard for the country which he loved so well, to which he gave his youthful vigor and his youthful energy, during the perilous period of the early Indian warfare; to which he devoted his life in the maturity of his powers, in the field; to which again he offered the counsels of his wisdom and his experience, as president of the convention that framed our Constitution; which he guided and directed while in the chair of State, and for which the last prayer of his earthly supplication was offered up, when it came the moment for him so well, and so grandly, and so calmly, to die. He was the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and

most sacred in our love, and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and of might.

Yes, gentlemen, there is one personal, one vast felicity, which no man can share with him. It was the daily beauty, and towering and matchless glory of his life which enabled him to create his country, and at the same time secure an undying love and regard from the whole American people. "The first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Yes, first! He has our first and most fervent love. Undoubtedly there were brave and wise and good men before his day in every colony. But the American nation, as a nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774. And the first love of that Young America was Washington. The first word she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It still is her proud ejacu-

lation; and it will be the last gasp of her expiring life! Yes; others of our great men have been appreciated—many admired by all;—but him we love; him we all love. About and around him we call up no dissentient and discordant and dissatisfied elements—no sectional prejudice nor bias—no party, no creed, no dogma of politics. None of these shall assail him. Yes: when the storm of battle blows darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm, and cheer every American heart. It shall relume that Promethean fire, that sublime flame of

patriotism, that devoted love of country which his words have commended, which his example has consecrated:

“Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great;
Where neither guilty glory glows
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one—the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one.”
—*Rufus Choate.*



THE BOOTBLACK.

HERE y’are—? Black your boots, boss,
Do it for jest five cents;
Shine ’em up in a minute—
That is ’f nothin’ prevents.

Set your right foot on there, sir;
The mornin’s kinder cold—
Sorter rough on a feller
When his coat’s gettin’ old.

Well, yes—call it coat, sir,
Though ’tain’t much more’n a tear;
Can’t get myself another—
Ain’t got the stamps to spare.

Make as much as most on ’em?
That’s so; but then, yer see,
They’ve only got one to do for;
There’s two on us, Jack and me.

Him? Why—that little feller
With a doubled-up sorter back,
Sittin’ there on the gratin’
Sunnin’ hisself—that’s Jack.

Used to be round sellin’ papers,
The cars ther was his lay,

But he got shoved off the platform,
Under the wheels, one day.

Yes, the conductor did it—
Gave him a reg’lar throw;
He didn’t care if he killed him;
Some on ’em is just so.

He’s never been all right since, sir,
Sorter quiet and queer—
Him and me go together,
He’s what they call cashier.

Trouble? I guess not much, sir,
Sometimes when biz gets slack
I don’t know how I’d stand it
If ’twasn’t for little Jack.

Why, boss, you ought to hear him;
He says we needn’t care
How rough luck is down here, sir,
If some day we git up there.

All done now—how’s that, sir?
Shine like a pair of lamps.
Mornin’—give it to Jack, sir,
He looks after the stamps.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

WORD was brought to the Danish king, (Hurry!)

That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;

(O! ride as though you were flying!)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown-jewels of ruby and pearl;

And his Rose of the Isles is dying.

Thirty nobles saddled with speed; (Hurry!)
Each one mounted a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
(O! ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers struggled and sank;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;

But ride as they would, the king rode first;
For his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

His nobles are beaten, one by one;
(Hurry!)

They have fainted, and faltered, and
homeward gone;

His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage crying.
The king looked back at that faithful child;

Wan was the face that answering smiled.

They passed the drawbridge with clattering din;

Then he dropped; and the king alone rode in

Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;
(Silence!)

No answer came, but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.

The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride;

For, dead in the light of dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying.

The panting steed with a drooping crest
stood weary,

The king returned from her chamber of rest,

The thick sobs choking in his breast;

And, that dumb companion eyeing,

The tears gushed forth, which he strove to check;

He bowed his head on his charger's neck;

"O, steed, that every nerve didst strain,

Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain,

To the halls where my love lay dying!"

—*Caroline E. Norton.*



NOBODY'S CHILD.

(A girl dressed in ragged clothes, and the stage darkened.)

ALONE, in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old dress and bare cold feet,

All day I wandered to and fro
Hungry and shivering and nowhere to go;
The night's coming on in darkness and dread,

And the chill sleet beating upon my bare head;

Oh! why does the wind blow upon me so wild?

Is it because I'm nobody's child?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty, and all things bright;

Beautiful children, in robes so fair,
Are caroling songs in rapture there.

I wonder if they, in their blissful glee,
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering and nothing to eat?

Oh! what shall I do when the night comes
down

In its terrible blackness all over the town?
Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
On the cold, hard pavements alone to die?
When the beautiful children their prayers
have said,

And mammas have tucked them up
snugly in bed,

No dear mother ever upon me smiled—
Why is it, I wonder, that I'm nobody's
child?

No father, no mother, no sister, not one
In all the world loves me; e'en the little
dogs run

When I wander too near them; 'tis
wondrous to see,

How everything shrinks from a beggar
like me!

Perhaps 'tis a dream; but sometimes when
I lie

Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
Watching for hours some large bright star,
I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar.

And a host of white-robed nameless
things,

Come fluttering o'er me on gilded wings;
A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some wild
bird—

The sweetest voice that ever was heard—
Calls me many a dear pet name,
Till my heart and spirits are all aflame;
And tells me of such unbounded love,
And bids me come up to their home above,
And then, with such pitiful, sad surprise,
They look at me with their sweet blue eyes,
And it seems to me out of the dreary night,
I am going up to the world of light,
And away from the hunger and storms so
wild—

I am sure I shall then be somebody's
child.



MEASURING THE BABY.

WE measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage wall—

A lily grew on the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall;

A royal tiger-lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jeweled chalice,
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the bluebirds whistled
High up in the old roof-trees,
And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby
Were never a moment still,

Snatching at shine and shadow
That danced on the lattice-sill.

His eyes were wide as bluebells—
His mouth like a flower unblown—
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
That had yet a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with her roses,
We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! in a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
We measured the boy to-day;

And the little bare feet that were dimpled
 And sweet as a budding rose,
 Lay side by side together,
 In a hush of a long repose!

Up from the dainty pillow,
 White as the risen dawn,
 The fair little face lay smiling,
 With the light of heaven thereon;
 And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
 Dropped from a rose, lay still,

Never to snatch at the sunshine
 That crept to the shrouded sill!

We measured the sleeping baby
 With ribbons white as snow,
 For the shining rosewood casket
 That waited him below;
 And out of the darkened chamber
 We went with a childless moan—
 To the height of the sinless angels
 Our little one had grown.



REGULUS TO THE ROMAN.

ILL does it become me, O Senators of Rome,—ill does it become Regulus, after having so often stood in this venerable assembly clothed with the supreme dignity of the Republic, to stand before you a captive,—the captive of Carthage. Though outwardly I am free, though no fetters encumber the limbs, or gall the flesh,—yet the heaviest of chains,—the pledge of a Roman Consul,—makes me the bondsman of the Carthaginians. They have my promise to return to them, in the event of the failure of this, their embassy. My life is at their mercy. My honor is my own;—a possession which no reverse of fortune can jeopard; a flame which imprisonment cannot stifle, time cannot dim, death cannot extinguish.

Of the train of disasters which followed close on the unexampled successes of our arms,—of the bitter fate which swept off the flower of our soldiery, and consigned me, your General, wounded and senseless, to Carthaginian keeping,—I will not speak. For five years, a rigorous captivity has been my portion. For five years, the society of family and friends, the dear amenities of home, the sense of freedom, and the sight of country, have been to me a recollection and a dream,—no more. But

during that period Rome has retrieved her defeats. She has recovered under Metellus what under Regulus she lost. She has routed armies. She has taken unnumbered prisoners. She has struck terror into the hearts of the Carthaginians, who have now sent me hither with their ambassadors to sue for peace, and to propose that, in exchange for me, your former Consul, a thousand common prisoners of war shall be given up. You have heard the ambassadors. Their intimations of some unimaginable horror, I know not what, impending over myself, should I fail to induce you to accept their terms, have strongly moved your sympathies in my behalf. Another appeal, which I would you might have been spared, has lent force to their suit. A wife and child, threatened with widowhood and orphanage, weeping and despairing, have knelt at your feet on the very threshold of the Senate-chamber:—Conscript Fathers! Shall not Regulus be saved? Must he return to Carthage to meet the cruelties which the ambassadors brandish before your eyes? With one voice you answer, No!

Countrymen! Friends! For all that I have suffered,—for all that I may have to suffer,—I am repaid in the compensation

of this moment! Unfortunate you may hold me; but oh, not undeserving! Your confidence in my honor survives all the ruin that adverse fortune could inflict. You have not forgotten the past. Republics are not ungrateful. May the thanks which I cannot utter bring down blessings from the gods on you and Rome!

Conscript Fathers! There is but one course to be pursued. Abandon all thought of peace. Reject the overtures of Carthage. Reject them wholly and unconditionally. What! give back to her a thousand able-bodied men, and receive in return one attenuated, war-worn, fever-wasted frame,—this weed, whitened in a dungeon's darkness, pale and sapless, which no kindness of the sun, no softness of the summer breeze, can ever restore to health and vigor? It must not,—it shall not be! Oh! were Regulus what he was once, before captivity had unstrung his sinews and enervated his limbs, he might pause,—he might proudly think he were well worth a thousand of his foe; he might say, "Make the exchange! Rome shall not lose by it!" But now, alas! now 'tis gone,—that impetuosity of strength, which could once make him a leader indeed, to penetrate a phalanx or guide a pursuit. His very armor would be a burden now.

His battle-cry would be drowned in the din of the onset. His sword would fall harmless on his opponent's shield, But if he cannot live, he can at least die for his country. Do not deny him this supreme consolation. Consider: every indignity, every torture, which Carthage shall heap on his dying hours, will be better than a trumpet's call to your armies. They will remember only Regulus, their fellow-soldier and their leader. They will regard only his services to the Republic. Tunis, Sardinia, Sicily, every well-fought field, won by his blood and theirs—will flash on their remembrance, and kindle their avenging wrath. And so shall Regulus, though dead, fight as he never fought before against the foe.

Conscript Fathers! There is another theme. My family,—forgive the thought! To you and to Rome I confide them. I leave them no legacy but my name,—no testament but my example.

Ambassadors of Carthage! I have spoken, though not as you expected. I am your captive. Lead me back to whatever fate may await me. Doubt not that you shall find, to Roman hearts, country is dearer than life, and integrity more precious than freedom!



THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

HE had played for his lordship's levee,
He had played for her ladyship's
whini,

Till the poor little head was heavy
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said—too late—"He's weary!
He shall rest for, at least, to-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent gloom,
With the sound of a strained cord break-
ing

A something snapped in the room.

'Twas a string of his violoncello
And they heard him stir in his bed:—
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
King God!" was the last that he said.

CATO ON IMMORTALITY.

IT must be so.—Plato, thou reasonest well!

Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,

This longing after immortality?

Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,

Of falling into naught! Why shrinks the soul

Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;

'Tis heaven itself, that points our here-after,

And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

Through what variety of untried being,

Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!

The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;

But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.

Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,—

And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works, He must delight in
virtue;

And that which he delights in must be happy,

But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures,—this must end them.

(Laying his hand on his sword.)

Thus am I doubly armed. My death and life,

My bane and antidote, are both before me.

This in a moment brings me to my end;

But this informs me I shall never die.

The soul, secure in her existence, smiles

At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself

Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,

Unhurt amid the war of elements,

The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

—Joseph Addison.



DEATH-BED OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.

(This oration has now become the "banner oration," having taken more medals at oratorical contests than any other written,—is suitable for any patriotic occasion.)

FIFTY years ago, in a rude garret, near the loneliest suburbs of the city of London, lay a dying man. He was but half dressed; though his legs were concealed in long military boots. An aged minister stood beside the rough couch. The form was that of a strong man grown old through care more than age. There was a face that you might look upon but once, and yet wear it in your memory forever.

Let us bend over the bed, and look upon that face. A bold forehead seamed by one deep wrinkle visible between the brows—long locks of dark hair, sprinkled with gray; lips firmly set, yet quivering, as though they had a life separate from the life of the man; and then, two large eyes—vivid, burning, unnatural in their steady glare. Ay, there was something terrible in that face—something so full of unnatural lone-

liness—unspeakable despair, that the aged minister started back in horror. But look! those strong arms are clutching at the vacant air; the death-sweat stands in drops upon that bold brow—the man is dying. Throb—throb—throb—beats the death-watch in the shattered wall. “Would you die in the faith of the Christian?” faltered the preacher, as he knelt there on the damp floor.

The white lips of the death-stricken man trembled, but made no sound. Then, with the strong agony of death upon him, he rose into a sitting posture. For the first time he spoke. “Christian!” he echoed in that deep tone which thrilled the preacher to the heart. “Will that faith give me back my honor? Come with me, old man, come with me, far over the waters. Ha! we are there! This is my native town. Yonder is the church in which I knelt in childhood; yonder the green on which I sported when a boy. But another flag waves yonder, in place of the flag that waved when I was a child.

“And listen, old man, were I to pass along the streets, as I passed when but a child, the very babes in their cradles would raise their tiny hands, and curse me! The graves in yonder churchyard would shrink from my footsteps; and yonder flag would rain a baptism of blood upon my head!”

That was an awful death-bed. The minister had watched “the last night” with a hundred convicts in their cells, but had never beheld a scene so terrible as this. Suddenly the dying man arose; he tottered along the floor. With those white fingers, whose nails were blue with the death-chill, he threw open a valise. He drew from thence a faded coat of blue, faced with silver, and the wreck of a battle-flag.

“Look ye, priest! this faded coat is

spotted with my blood!” he cried, as old memories seemed stirring at his heart. “This coat I wore, when I first heard the news of Lexington; this coat I wore, when I planted the banner of the stars on Ticonderoga! that bullet-hole was pierced in the fight of Quebec; and now, I am a—let me whisper in your ear!” He hissed that single burning word in the minister’s ear. “Now help me, priest! help me to put on this coat of blue; for you see”—and a ghastly smile came over his face—“there is no one here to wipe the cold drops from my brow; no wife, no child. I must meet Death alone; but I will meet him, as I have met him in battle, without a fear!”

And while he stood arraying his limbs in that worm-eaten coat of blue and silver, the good minister spoke to him of faith in Jesus. Yes, of that great faith, which pierces the clouds of human guilt, and rolls them back from the face of God. “Faith!” echoed that strange man, who stood there, erect, with the death-chill on his brow, “Faith! Can it give me back my honor? Look ye, priest! there, over the waves, sits George Washington, telling to his comrades the pleasant story of the eight years’ war; there, in his royal halls, sits George of England, bewailing, in his idiotic voice, the loss of his colonies! And here am I!—I, who was the first to raise the flag of freedom, the first to strike a blow against that king—here am I, dying! oh, dying like a dog.”

The awe-stricken preacher started back from the look of the dying man, while throb—throb—throb—beats the death-watch in the shattered wall. “Hush! silence along the lines there!” he muttered, in that wild, absent tone, as though speaking to the dead; “silence along the lines! not a word—not a word, on peril of

your lives! Hark you, Montgomery! we will meet in the center of the town;—we will meet there in victory, or die!—Hist! silence, my men—not a whisper, as we move up those steep rocks! Now on, my boys—now on! Men of the wilderness, we will gain the town! Now up with the banner of the stars—up with the flag of freedom, though the night is dark, and the snow falls! Now! now, one more blow, and Quebec is ours!”

And look! his eye grows glassy. With that word on his lips, he stands there—ah! what a hideous picture of despair! erect, livid, ghastly; there for a moment, and then he falls!—he is dead! Ah, look at that proud form, thrown cold and stiff upon the damp floor. In that glassy eye there lingers, even yet, a horrible energy—a sublimity of despair. Who is this strange man lying there alone, in this rude garret; this man, who, in all his crimes, still treasured up in that blue uniform, that faded flag? Who is this being of horrible remorse—this man, whose memories seem

to link something with heaven, and more with hell?

Let us look at that parchment and flag. The aged minister unrolls that faded flag; it is a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars. He unrolls that parchment; it is a colonel's commission in the Continental army addressed to Benedict Arnold! And there, in that rude hut, while the death-watch throbbed like a heart in the shattered wall—there, unknown, unwept, in all the bitterness of desolation, lay the corpse of the patriot and the traitor.

Oh that our own true Washington had been there, to sever that good right arm from the corpse; and, while the dishonored body rotted into dust, to bring home that noble arm, and embalm it among the holiest memories of the past! For that right arm struck many a gallant blow for freedom; yonder at Ticonderoga, at Quebec, Champlain, and Saratoga—that arm, yonder, beneath the snow-white mountains, in the deep silence of the river of the dead, first raised into light the Banner of the Stars.

—George Leppard.



MOTHER AND POET.

(The “mother” in this superb ode was Laura Savio, a poet and ardent patriot of Turin, who lost two sons in the revolutionary struggles—one at Ancona on the Adriatic Sea, the other at Gaeta, on the Mediterranean.)

DEAD! one of them shot by the sea in the east,

And one of them shot in the west by the sea.

Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast,

And are wanting a great song for Italy free,

Let none look at me!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,

And good at my art for a woman, men said.

But this woman, this, who is agonized here,
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head

Forever instead.

What art's for a woman? To hold on her knees

Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat

Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees
And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little coat!

To dream and to dote.

To teach them. It stings there. I made
them indeed

Speak plain the word "country." I
taught them no doubt

That a country's a thing men should die
for at need.

I prated of liberty, rights and about
The tyrant turned out.

And when their eyes flashed. . . O my
beautiful eyes! . . .

I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the
wheels

Of the guns, and denied not.—But then
the surprise,

When one sits quite alone!—Then one
weeps, then one kneels!

—God! how the house feels!

At first happy news came, in gay letters
moiled

With my kisses, of camp-life and glory
and how

They both loved me, and soon, coming
home to be spoiled,

In return would fan off every fly from
my brow

With their green laurel-bough.

Then was triumph at Turin. "Anacona was
free!"

And some one came out of the cheers in
the street

With a face pale as stone, to say some-
thing to me.

My Guido was dead!—I fell down at his
feet,

While they cheered in the street.

I bore it—friends soothed me: my grief
looked sublime

As the ransom of Italy. One boy re-
mained

To be leant on and walked with, recalling
the time

When the first grew immortal, while
both of us strained

To the height he had gained.

And letters still came,—shorter, sadder,
more strong,

Writ now but in one hand. "I was not
to faint.

One loved me for two. . . would be with me
ere long:

And 'Viva Italia,' he died for, our saint,
Who forbids our complaint."

My Nanni would add "he was safe, and
aware

Of a presence that turned off the balls
. . . . was imprest

It was Guido himself, who knew what I
could bear,

And how 'twas impossible, quite dis-
possessed,

To live on for the rest."

On which without pause up the telegraph
line

Swept smoothly the next news from
Gaeta:—Shot.

Tell his mother. Ah, ah,—“his,” “their”
mother: not “mine.”

No voice says “my mother” again to me.
What?

You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy
with Heaven,

They drop earth's affections; conceive
not of woe?

I think not. Themselves were too lately
forgiven

Through that Love and Sorrow which
reconciled so

The Above and Below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who
look'dst through the dark

To the face of Thy mother! consider, I
 pray,
 How we common mothers stand desolate,
 mark,
 Whose sons, not being Christs, die with
 eyes turned away,
 And no last word to say!

Both boys dead! but that's out of nature.
 We all
 Have been patriots, yet each house must
 always keep one.
 'Twere imbecile, hewing our roads to a
 wall.
 And, when Italy's made, for what end is
 it done
 If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what
 then?

When the fair wicked queen sits no
 more at her sport
 Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls
 out of men?

When your guns of Cavalli with final
 retort

Have cut the game short,—

When Venice and Rome keep their new
 jubilee,

When your flag takes all heaven for its
 white, green and red,

When you have your country from moun-
 tain to sea,

When King Victor has Italy's crown on
 his head,
 (And I have my Dead,)

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring
 your bells low,
 And burn your lights faintly!—My
 country is there,
 Above the star pricked by the last peak of
 snow.

My Italy's there,—with my brave civic
 Pair,
 To disfranchise despair.

Forgive me. Some women bear children
 in strength,
 And bite back the cry of their pain and
 self-scorn.

But the birth-pangs of nations will wring
 us at length

Into wail such as this!—and we sit on
 forlorn

When the man-child is born.

Dead!—one of them shot by the sea in the
 west,

And one of them shot in the east by the
 sea!

Both! both my boys!—If in keeping the
 feast

You want a great song for your Italy
 free,

Let none look at me!

—Mrs. Browning.



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